



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

Br 49.8

Bound

18 18 1908

Harvard College Library



FROM THE GIFT OF

ERNEST BLANEY DANE

(Class of 1892)

OF BOSTON

FOR ENGLISH HISTORY

WALES.

A NATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR THE ENGLISH SPEAKING
PARTS OF WALES.

EDITED BY
OWEN M. EDWARDS, M.A.

VOL. I.



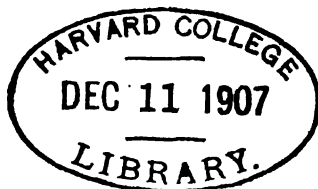
ON THE CONWAY.

1894.

WREXHAM: HUGHES AND SON, 56, HOPE STREET.

~~TX. 409~~

Bx 49.8



Gift of
Ernest B. Lane
Boston
(I-IV)

INTRODUCTION TO VOLUME I.



WHILE preparing the first number of WALES during the early part of the year, I had not fully realized what a great and what an important work can be done by means of a non-political magazine. There is, undoubtedly, something like a literary awakening among English-speaking Welshmen; there

is a strong desire for a literature that will be English in language but Welsh in spirit. If this desire can be fostered and rightly led, Wales will gain much, and will be a benefactor to the English-speaking world; a broad and a generous sympathy will enable Welshmen of all creeds and

parties to see each other's point of view; and Welshmen will become a thoughtful people, tempering their religious creeds and political opinions by a love for literature and a sound knowledge of history. The desire for knowledge is gaining strength every day; the question for us is this,—must this desire rest content with the nonsense of would-be antiquarians, with selected bits about the daily habits of a puglist, with the enervating and unhealthy “short story,” with the spirit-rapping inanities that have none of the charm of our weird old superstitions? In English Wales, there is an aroused spirit crying for education. It can brutalize and weaken, it can refine and strengthen. It is asking us to-day which of the two kinds of work we wish it to do.

The absorbing question in Wales at the present time is education. The Welsh people may be divided into two classes,—those who are striving to give their countrymen the best education, and those who are striving to get it. As far as the first class is concerned, there is no great difference between English and Welsh Wales. To it belong the enlightened aristocracy and squirearchy, clergymen and ministers of religion, doctors, bankers, the leaders of the various industries, tradesmen who travel. All these know English, most of them know Welsh, all take an interest in Welsh literature. As far as my Welsh magazines are concerned, I owe much to the generous co-operation of this class; as far as WALES is concerned, I owe everything.

The other class is composed of Welshmen who are confined by their occupations to one place, and who see little of the world,—farmers, farm labourers, quarrymen, tin-platemen, small tradesmen and artisans, colliers. As far as this class is concerned there is the greatest difference between the English and the Welsh parts of Wales. As far as culture and thoughtfulness are concerned, even in these days of rapid progress it is not too much to say that English Wales is at least half a century behind Welsh Wales. By means of CYMBU I have been in close touch with the Welsh reading public during the last three years and a half, and I find that, among Welsh working men, there is a demand for longer and more thoughtful articles than the historical and literature articles of that magazine. So, in addition to the numerous Welsh magazines already in existence, I have to edit a new quarterly, containing exhaustive articles on the latest philosophical theories, on the most recent discoveries in Egypt and Palestine, on the latest developments of political science and economics. In English Wales this thoughtful lower class is almost entirely wanting. The peasant poet, the agricultural labourer with a well-stocked library, the farmer who writes local history as if he had been trained in a Modern History school, the stone-breaker who knows how much Islwyn owes to Wordsworth, and Glasynys to Byron,—these are all in Welsh Wales.

One aim of WALES is to foster the literary awakening which is evidently spreading to English Wales. It is to be hoped that, some day, the Radnorshire farmer will be as fond of reading as the Lleyn farmer, the working man of the Montgomery borders will be as intelligent as the working man of Cardigan or Merioneth, that the peasant of eastern Monmouth will be as intelligent as the peasant of Arvon or the Vale of Towy. Why should the land of Henry Vaughan and George Herbert be less fond of literature than the land of Islwyn and Ceiriog?

Another aim of WALES is to bring the influence of Welsh literature to act upon the thought of English Wales. It is a purifying, ennobling, strengthening influence. My ambition is, before my working day is over, to give English Wales translations of the hundred best Welsh prose works. Why should not the English literature of Wales have characteristics of its own,—like Scotch literature or American literature? It is not by slavishly imitating the most worthless and ephemeral productions of an English period of decadence that a Welsh literature is to be formed. It must be characteristically Welsh before it will be of value to England and to the world. To give the best thought of Wales to other nations is a noble work, to ape the shallowest manners of the poorest English thinkers is despicable. We could undoubtedly produce a luxurious hothouse crop of W. T. Steads and Conan Doyles, —but has not England too many of these already? Our aim should be higher, to give to the world a Sir Walter Scott or a Nathaniel Hawthorne. The Scotchman or the American gives his own contribution to English literature, and not a weak echo. Mediæval Wales has as rich and as picturesque materials as the Scotland of Sir Walter Scott, eighteenth century Wales has a life as attractive as that of the New England of Hawthorne. Let us give the Englishman our own, not a feeble imitation of what he has already.

The second volume of WALES will be devoted especially to the history of Welsh industries, to the development of technical education, and to Welsh history and literature. In history, it will contain all the laws relating to Wales from the beginning of the English Parliament, facsimiles of important documents, sketches of great movements, accounts of the friar and the Jesuit and the Jacobite and the revivalist. In literature, it will contain translations of Welsh poems and prose works, original poetry, and articles on Welshmen who have a lasting place in English literature. There will be stories illustrative of the various phases of Welsh life, and an occasional play on a Welsh subject. The struggle for intermediate education in each county will be fully described, and it is intended that WALES shall be of standard authority to the future historian of Welsh education.

As far as illustrations and printing are concerned, the editor and publishers are determined to make WALES a credit to Welsh printing.

If WALES is to succeed, I must have the continued support of those,—of all classes and of all parties,—who have so generously helped me. No poor expression of gratitude from me is necessary, the love and the labour are all for Wales.

OWEN M. EDWARDS.

Lincoln College, Oxford.



CAERPHILLY AND HARLECH CASTLES.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME I.

THE HISTORY OF WALES,—	PAGE.	THE INDUSTRIES OF WALES,—	PAGE.
An outline of the History of Wales	33	i. Mountain Sheep Farming	79
Why Wales has a history	57	ii. Quarrying at Bethesda	162
How the Welsh Shires were made	139	iii. Making Roller Leather at Wrexham ..	195
Who the Welsh are	193	iv. Tin Plating at Llanelly	353
The Roman in Wales	241	SCIENCE AND ART IN WALES,—	
Owen, by the grace of God Prince of Wales	289	A Welsh Sculptor	115
The Mendicant Orders in Wales	155	The Telescope in Wales	145
Wales and the White Rose	337	Astronomical Photography	246
The English Speaking Population of Wales	11	OUR TRADITIONS,—	
The Story of Howell Harris' Life, 28, 71, 109,	182	i. Arthur's Sleep	43
Wales at the beginning of the Methodist		ii. The Red Men of the Dusk	92
Revival	235	iii. The Heiress of Llwyn Gwern	125
The Vale of Clwyd a hundred years ago ..	130	iv. The Men under the Lascan	221
Anglesey Parsons	212	v. Y Garrog	279
The English Laws relating to Wales ..	204, 360	vi. Derwellion, the Legend of Llantrisant	312
The Diocese of Bangor in 1776 ..	266, 294, 362	WELSH EDUCATION,—	
Scenes from Welsh History	181	A Welsh Movement	5
Questions on Welsh History	281, 333	The First Meeting of the Guild of Graduates	23
THE LITERATURE OF WALES,—Welsh and		The Second Meeting of the Guild of	
English,—		Graduates	176
An outline of the History of Welsh Literature	44	The Court of the University of Wales ..	39
The Diary of a Bard .. 8, 60, 210, 269, 313,	358	The Third Meeting of the University Court	264
The Welsh Bible	302	Ploughed in Smalls	105
The Welsh Drama	372	My First Days at the Univ. College of Wales	169
English Literature of Wales,—		American Experience and Welsh Education	328
Maurice Kyffin	306, 366	A Glorious Privilege	238
Lord Herbert of Cherbury	316	Culture and Cheek	325
The two Vaughans	17	THE HOME READING CIRCLE,—	
Cowper and Henry Vaughan	198	i. First Evening with Henry Vaughan ..	37
The Chair in Mourning	126	ii. Second Evening with Henry Vaughan ..	102
Ieuan Brydydd Hir	186	WALES TO OTHER EYES,—	
An Angry Bard's Letter	91	Wales to English Eyes	51
A Lay of Cardiff Castle	197	A Trip to North Wales in 1700	53, 142
A Poet who Died Young	64	North Wales Defended	173
Original Poetry,—		Carnarvon in 1790	97
The House of Hendra	3	A Jesuit's Description of Wales	299
Howel the Tall	84	Celtic Women in Shakespeare	261
Put Me Under the Leaves	114	Wordsworth and Wales	342
Llandaff	168	WALES TO OUR EYES,—	
The Kingdom by the Sea	182	The Itinerary through Wales (1188), 75, 111,	158
Sonnet to an April Shower	237	Conway	65
A Ballad of Conway	245	St. David's	85
For Country or for King	293	A Radnorshire Ramble	251
A Sonnet	272	Sketches in Monmouthshire	257
Porthkerry Bay	285	Sketches in North Wales	297
Translations from the Welsh,—		Some Merionethshire Churches	305
The Immoveable Covenant (<i>Huau Derfel</i>)	10	The Rise of Tenby	278
To the Lark (<i>Dafydd ab Gwilym</i>)	21	STORIES OF WELSH LIFE,—	
The Bard and the Cuckoo (<i>Owen Gruffydd</i>)	22	The Sin of the Father	132
The Angels' Song (<i>Hiraethog</i>)	125	A Life's Failure	184
A Pastoral (<i>Glasynys</i>)	129	A Particular Job	190
The Old Minister (<i>Ishwyn</i>)	145	Precedence	196
The Song of the Fisherman's Wife (<i>Alun</i>)	161	The Rape of the Manuscript	218
And Form Thou Heedest Not (<i>Ishwyn</i>) ..	209		
Rhuddlan Marsh (<i>I. G. Geirionnydd</i>) ..	222		
The Song of the Nightingale (<i>Alun</i>) ..	304		
When comes my Gwen (<i>Mynyddog</i>) ..	321		
Night (<i>Teganwy</i>)	374		
The Cataloguing of Welsh Manuscripts, 88,	205		
The National Eisteddfod of 1894	227		

	PAGE.		PAGE.
Dafydd	231	WELSHMEN ABROAD,—	
In Fear of a Ghost	254	The Welsh in America	349
The Terror of Twll y Garreg	283		
A Legacy	319	QUERIES AND REPLIES	235, 281, 332, 371
Mary's First Victory	346		
Enoch Hughes .. 49, 135, 178, 201, 273, 322, 375		EDITOR'S PAGES .. 41, 48, 94, 128, 189, 233, 256,	
Gabriel Yoreth .. 94, 121, 148, 223, 286, 333, 368		280, 310, 324, 344, 361, 370.	

AUTHORS OF VOLUME I.

WRITERS.

Aberdare, The Right Hon. Lord	Jones, Rev. T., M.A., Llandinorwic.
Ballinger, John, Cardiff.	Jones, T. Artemus.
Boone, Beatrice E., Ramsgate.	Jones, J. W. (<i>Andronicus</i>), Carnarvon.
Boulton, Harold, (<i>Prydydd Cenhedloedd Prydain</i> .)	Jones, R. Bellis, Llanrhaidr.
Darlington, Principal T., M.A.	Lewis, R. Morris, Swansea.
David, R., Maes y Ffynnon, Treharris.	Lewis, Zechariah H., Cardiff.
Davies, Rev. E. Cynffig, M.A., Menai Bridge.	Matthews, J. Hobson, Cardiff.
Davies, G. A. Tudor, Newport.	Mee, Arthur, F.R.A.S., Cardiff.
Davies, J. Percival, Liverpool.	Morgan, E. E., Bronllys, Talgarth.
Edwards, O. M., M.A., Lincoln College, Oxford.	Owen, Daniel, Mold.
Edwards, J. M., Jesus College, Oxford.	Owen, T. L., Carnarvon.
Evans, Rev. E. D. P., Kidderminster.	Owen, W., Mobile, U.S.A.
Evans, J. Gwenogfryn, M.A., Oxford.	Price, J. Arthur, M.A., Barmouth.
George, Owen.	Pughe, J. Edwyn, Ludlow.
Griffith, Maggie, Clydach.	Palmer, A. N., F.G.S., Wrexham.
Griffith, R. A., B.A., Carnarvon.	Powel, J., Ludlow.
Grosart, Rev. A. B., D.D., LL.D., Dublin.	Poole, Edwin, Brecon.
Hughes, Miss Millicent, Univ. College, South Wales.	Price, Kate, Lampeter.
Hughes, Rev. H., Brynkir.	Rhys, Ernest.
James, Ivor, University College, South Wales.	Roberts, R., J.P., Carnarvon.
Jenkins, G. P., F.R.A.S., Llangefni.	Roberts, R. D., D.Sc.
Jenkins, Rev. J. A., B.A., Cardiff.	Roberts, W. J. (<i>Gwilym Cowlyd</i>), Llanrwst.
Jones, Rev. D. M., M.A., Llanelly.	Samuel, D., M.A., Aberstwyth.
Jones, Rev. E. Ceredig, M.A.	Spencer, J. D., Newtown.
Jones, Rev. E. O., M.A., Llanidloes.	Thomas, J. Craven, Cardiff.
Jones, T. Hamer, Newtown.	Thomas, W. Jenkyn, M.A., Univ. College, Bangor.
Jones, J. (<i>Myrddin Fardd</i>), Chwilog.	Vivian, Hon. Claud, Chester.
Jones, T., C.C., Llanuwchllyn.	Warren, F. J., (<i>Gwynfardd Dyfed</i>), Haverfordwest.
Jones, W. Lewis, B.A., University College, Bangor.	Williams, R., J.P., Newtown.
Jones, Rev. J. Owen, B.A., Bala.	Williams, W., Llywelyn, M.A., Cardiff.

ARTISTS.

Davies, D. J., Castle Buildings, Llanelly.
 Goddard, W. W., 31, Brooklands Terrace, Swansea.
 Jones, S. Maurice, Segontium Terrace, Carnarvon.
 Thomas, M., 111, Gladstone Road, Watford.

PHOTOGRAPHERS.

Gilman & Co., St. Aldate's, Oxford.
 Gyde, E. R., Pier St., Aberystwyth.
 Lock & Whitefield, 178, Regent Street, London, W.
 Symmonds, W., Pier Studio, Llandudno.
 Thomas, John, Cambrian Gallery, 47, Everton Rd.,
 Liverpool.

A NATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR THE ENGLISH SPEAKING PARTS OF WALES

IX. 409



SIR HUGH OWEN



WALES

EDITED BY

Owen M. Edwards, M.A.,

Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford.

Contents:

FRONTISPIECE.—*Right Honorable Lord Aberdare.*
OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS.—*Eben Fardd; Dr. Isambard Owen; W. Cadwaladr Davies; Shrewsbury;—St. Mary's Church, the Pont, Tower in walls, the Market Place, Butcher's Row, Old House, Battlefield Church; Wales in 1818.*

	PAGE.
INTRODUCTION	1
THE HOUSE OF HENDRA. By Ernest Rhys	3
A WELSH MOVEMENT. By R. D. Roberts, D.Sc.	5
THE DIARY OF A WELSH BARD. I. Beginnings	8
THE ENGLISH IN WALES. By T. Darlington, M.A.	11
THE TWO VAUGHANS. By W. Lewis Jones, M.A.	17
THE BARD AND THE CUCKOO. By Right Hon. Lord Aberdare	22
THE FIRST MEETING OF THE GUILD OF GRADUATES	23
THE STORY OF HOWELL HARRIS' LIFE. By himself	28
THE HISTORY OF WALES. I. An Outline	33
THE FIRST EVENING WITH HENRY VAUGHAN	37
THE COURT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WALES	39
OUR TRADITIONS. I. Arthur's Sleep	43
THE LITERATURE OF WALES. I. An Outline	44
MISCELLANEOUS.—Editor's Pages, 41; To the Lark, 21; The Immoveable Covenant, 10; Welsh History, 48; "Enoch Hughes," 48.	

Sixpence.



S.M.J.



THOMAS CHARLES



GLYN-DWR



PIANOS! PIANOS!! PIANOS!!

From 10/- Monthly.

— ON NEW HIRE SYSTEM. —

LARGEST STOCK IN THE KINGDOM.

Thompson & Shackell,

(LIMITED,)

QUEEN'S MUSIC WAREHOUSE, CARDIFF,

*Also at Swansea, Newport, Bristol, Merthyr, Gloucester, Cheltenham, Pontypridd,
Llanelly, &c., &c.*

✂ Sole Agents for South Wales for the Estey Organs and the Neumeyer and Ibach Pianos.

Agents for Pianos by Collard & Collard, Broadwood, Brinsmead, Kirkman, & all Leading Makers.

Organs by Estey, Mason & Hamlin, and all best American Firms.

[Illustrated Catalogues FREE.]

IDRIS

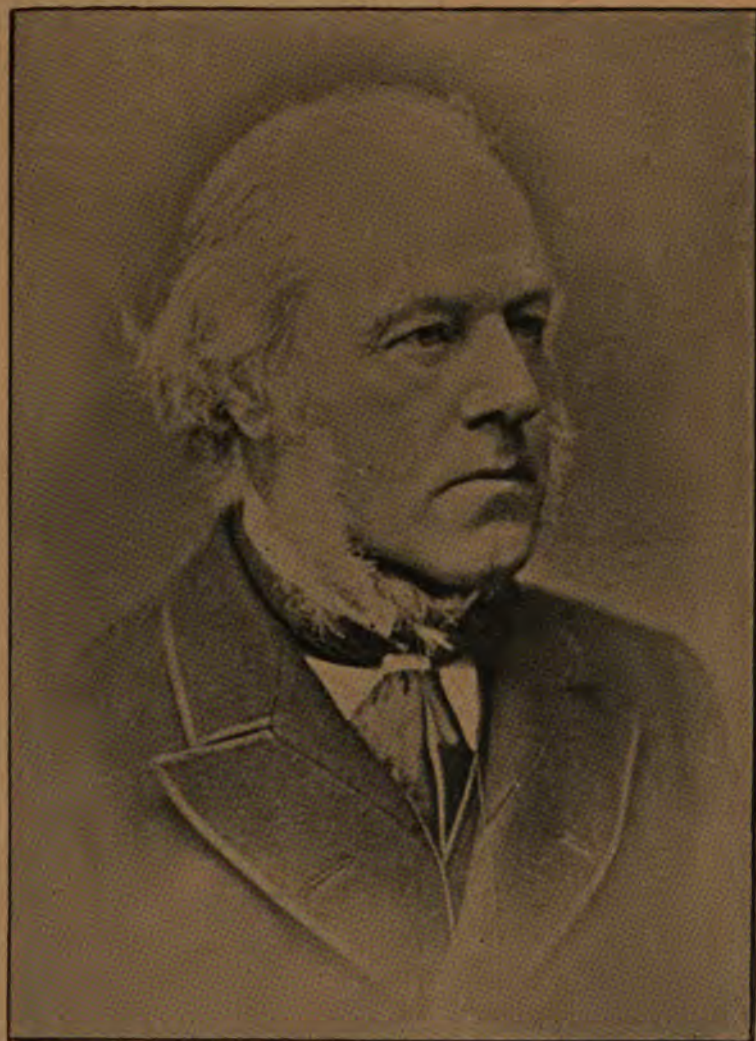


TABLE WATERS

THE PUREST & THE BEST.

As supplied to the Queen.

**Idris Table Waters in Syphons and Bottles may be
obtained of All Chemists.**



THE RIGHT HON. LORD ABERDARE.
CHAIRMAN OF THE SHREWSBURY DRAFT CHARTER COMMITTEE.

(From a photograph by Lock and Whitfield, 178, Regent St., W.)

WALES.

VOL. I.]

MAY, 1894.

[No. 1.

INTRODUCTION.



PERHAPS, in introducing this new magazine to Welshmen, I should say a word or two about my aims in connection with it, and about the method I mean to take in order to attain those aims.

Some two or three years ago I offered to the Welsh-speaking

public a magazine that was neither sectarian nor political. It dealt exclusively with the history and literature of Wales, its aim was to enlighten patriotism and to strengthen that keen desire for knowledge which is characteristic,—with gladness be it said,—of the poorest Welshman of this day.

My good cautious friends gave me much advice at that time, which did much to discourage me. "You cannot edit a magazine," said one, "to please more than one sect at a time; for there are three things unfathomable in that country,—sectarian bigotry, political animosity, and Bala Lake." "Not the waste-paper baskets of all the world," another friend said, "will contain the rubbish those bards will send you." "Who in his senses," asked one who had spent years at a Welsh grammar school, "would believe that a Welsh peasant cares anything about the love songs of Dafydd ab Gwilym or about the ideals of Owen Glendower?" "You are a happy man now," was the parting advice of the wisest of them, "but once you throw yourself into

an attempt to get those Welsh to take an interest in anything save politics and theology, you will be happy no more."

The magazine appeared, however, and it was with difficulty that the publisher could meet the demand for it, a demand that is increasing up to this day. The quarrymen of North Wales welcomed it with enthusiasm, the tin-plate workers of South Wales gave it an equally cordial reception, and no thoughtful publication ever appealed for support in vain to the upland farmers of Merioneth and Cardigan. A short time ago the printer furnished me with a list of the classes of people who read the magazine. First came the quarrymen of North Wales, especially of Festiniog and Bethesda; then came the farmers and agricultural labourers of Anglesey, Carnarvon, Merioneth, and Cardigan; then the tin-plate men of Glamorgan and Carmarthenshire; these were closely followed by the Welsh inhabitants of Liverpool and London, closely followed in their turn by the colliers of Denbighshire, Flintshire, Glamorgan, and Monmouthshire. It should be remembered that sixpence a month was a serious item of expenditure to these readers, especially when it is remembered that the magazine had nothing to do with their daily bread, their place of worship, or their representation in Parliament.

I had always believed that the Welsh peasant was fond of literature and history,—I knew peasant farmers and agricultural labourers who had read through the ten volumes of the Encyclopædia Cambrensis. But I did not know that this love of knowledge was so deep or so universal until, by means of my Welsh magazine, I was the humble means, to some extent, of guiding their studies. Among those who write the most thoughtful articles for me are quarry-

men and agricultural labourers. They have found the means, somehow or other, of mastering the elements of Welsh history, and of getting a very thorough knowledge of modern Welsh poetry. To them Ceiriog and Islwyn, as they would be to any Wordsworthian, are a never ending source of happiness. The man who writes the most graceful bits for me is a labourer, working hard and contentedly on a farm, for one shilling a day.

But Wales is not entirely Welsh-speaking. Radnorshire was Welsh two hundred years ago; now Welsh is not spoken in it at all. Herefordshire, three hundred years ago, was largely Welsh-speaking; even from the valley of the Honddu Welsh has retreated, as a widow told me some years ago, telling me at the same time that her husband was the last man who could speak Welsh and play the harp in that valley. I saw the harp, with all its strings broken.

According to the census of 1891, nearly one half of the inhabitants of Wales can not speak Welsh, and more than three-fourths can understand English. My aim is now to help English-speaking Welshmen as I have tried to help their Welsh-speaking brothers. I want to tell you the history of your forefathers,—of the men who fought for you, and sacrificed for your sake, and preached for you, and prayed for you. I want you to know what Llywelyn suffered, and what Glendower hoped for. I want you to know the friar as he was before his order degenerated, and before Basingwerk and Tintern fell to ruins. I want you to see the bishop who gave your country its Bible when your forefathers knew nothing but Welsh, and to hear the preacher whose frenzied eloquence roused your fathers from mental sloth and from superstition.

Many weird tales are still told on Radnorshire moors. I wish to give you those. There are striking traditions connected with the castles of Brecon and the Vale of Glamorgan,—those, also, will be told. There is endless material for the novelist in the hitherto unwritten legendary lore of Wales, much of this will be found in these pages.

The story of the lives of Welshmen who have worked for the good of Wales and of

mankind will be told, from Giraldus Cambrensis and Llywelyn the Great to Lord Overstone and Robert Owen. Pictures will be given of the homes of some of these benefactors,—of George Herbert, and Henry Vaughan, and John Dyer, and John Gibson, and Richard Wilson, and George Cornewall Lewis.

There is much interesting and valuable matter relating to Welsh history that has not been published, from the thirteenth century on; and there is much in Latin and in Welsh that has not been translated into English. Among these Gerald the Welshman's account of his own life, the untranslated and unpublished letters of Llywelyn and Glendower, the diaries of Eben Fardd and Howell Harris, will be found in the first volume of WALES.

The literary activity of Wales is to be found chiefly in the Welsh-speaking districts. It is from these districts that most of its teachers come. It is in these districts that the great poets have lived. It will be one of the aims of this magazine to lay before the English-speaking Welshman the treasures of his ancestors' thoughts. Translations will be given, in prose and poetry, of Dafydd ab Gwilym, and of the chief poets of the golden age of Welsh literature, from Dafydd Nanmor to Tudur Aled. At the same time, attempts will be made to translate into English some of the masterpieces of modern Welsh prose and poetry.

I hope that those who have hitherto given me such valuable help, help without which nothing could have been done, will make WALES as successful in doing good as they have made *Cymru*. At this time,—the period of the rise of the Welsh Intermediate Schools and of the creation of the University of Wales,—it is the duty of every Welshman to do what he can to make the lives of his fellow-countrymen better and happier. They have a natural love for literature and a great desire to know the history of their own country. It would be difficult to find a people so susceptible of education, and we should make students, not only at our University Colleges, but at every fire-side in Wales. There is no life so happy, perhaps, as that of the son of an upland farmer who has a bent for literature.



THE HOUSE OF HENDRA

"Sai Plas Hendre
Yng nghaer Fyrddin;
Canu Brechfa,
Tithau Lywelyn."

I.

The House of Hendra stood in Merlin's town, and was sung by Brechva on his harp of gold.

IN the town where wondrous Merlin
Lived, and still
In deep sleep, they say, lies dreaming,
Near it, under Merlin's Hill,
In that town of pastoral Towy,
Once of old,
Stood the ancient House of Hendra,
Sung on Brechva's harp of gold.
With his harp to Ivor's feasting
Brechva came;
There he sang and made this ballad,
While the last torch spent its flame.
Long they told,—the men of Ivor,—
Of the strain
At the heart of Brechva's harping,
Never heard in Wales again.

II.

Incipit Brechva's ballad of the House of Hendra, and of his broken sleep there on Hallowmas night.

In yon town (he sang), there Hendra
Waits my feet,
In the white-walled town of Merlin,
Where the castle keeps the street.
There, within that house of heroes,
I drew breath:
And 'tis there, my feet must bear me
For the darker grace of death.
There, that last year's night I journeyed,—
Hallowmas!
When the dead, from earth unburied,
In the darkness rise and pass:
Then in Hendra (all his harp cried
At the stroke),
Twelve moons gone, there came upon me
Sleep like death. At length I woke:

I awoke to utter darkness,
Still and deep,
With the walls around me fallen
Of the sombre halls of sleep:
With my hall of dreams downfallen,
Dark I lay,
Like one houseless, though about me
Hendra stood, more fast than they:
But what broke that grave enchantment,—
Light or sound?
There was shown no sign, where only
Night and shadow's heart were found:

III.

Brechva tells how at length he arose, and looked out at the night; and how a voice called him.

Thus it was, till with a troubled
Lonely noise,
Like a cry of men benighted
Midnight made itself a voice:
Then I rose, and from the stair-loop,
Looking down,
Nothing saw, where far below me
Lay, one darkness, all the town.
In that grave, day seemed for ever
To lie dead,
Nevermore at wake of morning
To lift up its pleasant head;
All its friendly foolish clamour,
Its delight,
Fast asleep, or dead, beneath me
In that dark descent of night:
But again, like fitful harping,—
Hark! a noise,
As in dream, suppose the dreamer's
Men of shadow found a voice!
Night-wind never sang more strangely
Song more strange,—
All confused, yet with a music
In confusion's interchange.

Now it cried, like harried night-birds
 Flying near ;
 Now more nigh with multiplying
 Voice on voice,—“ Oh Brechva, hear !”

IV.

*Anon, descending to the postern, Brechva
 sees thence the mystery of the circle
 of death.*

I was filled with fearful pleasure
 At the call ;
 And I turned, and by the stairway
 Gained the postern in the wall :

When I opened, there the darkness
 Of the street,
 Like a yawning grave before me,
 Seemed to gaze beneath my feet.

Deep as Annwn lay the darkness,
 But these eyes
 Yet more deep in their dark seeing,
 From that grave saw light arise,

And, therewith, a mist of shadows
 In a ring,—
 Like the sea-mist on the sea-wind,
 Waxing, waning, vanishing ;—

Circling as the wheel of spirits
 Whirled and spun,
 Spun and whirled, to forewarn Merlin
 In the woods of Caledon.

V.

*The circling spirits were no dream-folk ;
 but ancient inmates of the House of
 Hendra.*

Shades of men, ay ! bards and warriors ;
 Wrought of air,
 It might seem ; but 'twas no dream-folk,
 Born of mist, that crossed me there !

Bards and heroes ! well I knew them :
 They were those
 Who of old had lived and known here
 Life's great sweetness in this house.

I had bid them kinsman's welcome,
 As they passed,
 For the kindly sake of Hendra,
 Whence they fared to death at last.

But as still I watched and waited,
 Solemnly,
 Knowing what they would forewarn me,
 Of my death and destiny,—

At a breath the night grew empty
 Ere I knew,—
 As they lightly came, as lightly
 Now their shadowy life withdrew !

VI.

*The spirits pass away, but a vision visits
 Brechva to a sound of joyous music,
 showing him the Gorsedd of Bards in
 Heaven !*

They were gone. But what sweet wonder
 Filled the air !
 With a thousand harping voices,—
 Singing, harping, chiming there !

At that harping and that chiming,
 Straightway strong
 Grew my heart and out the darkness,
 Winged and swept on wings of song.

High it rose, until its vision,
 Three times fine,
 Saw the seventh heaven of heroes
 Mid a thousand torches shine.

All the bards and all the heroes
 Of old time,
 There with Arthur and with Merlin
 Weave again the bardic rhyme.

And within their golden circle,
 Lo, the name,
 There inscribed and set on high there,—
Brechva of the Bards of Fame.

VII.

*And because of these things, Brechva waits
 Death in great good cheer ; and prays
 for Peace.*

Know then, oh ye men of Ivor,
 How elate
 To his death at last goes Brechva,
 When he goes from Ivor's gate.

Three nights hence, and all his journeying
 Spent and done,
 At the fateful gate of Hendra
 Stands again her destined son.

Once thereafter shall it open,
 And no more,—
 When they bear him out for burial,
 With the singing boys before.

Next, the gate of earth those spirits
 Circling crossed,
 Shall be opened wide, to show him
 Heaven and all the bardic host.

There with Arthur and with Merliu.
 To his peace
 From this torn world passes Brechva,—
 In the soul's most high increase.

And all peace be yours and Brechva's
 Now, and Fate
 In the ancient House of Hendra,
 Yield him soon Death's high estate !

ERNEST RHYS.*1899*

A WELSH MOVEMENT.

THERE has, beyond question, been an outburst of national feeling in Wales of late years which has manifested itself chiefly in political directions. What is to be the result of it? Is it to end in smoke or to grow into a dominant directing spirit animating every department of Welsh life and activity? The answer will depend much upon the events of the next few years. The time is clearly ripe for some really national movement among the whole people which shall focus and stimulate national aspirations. There is a danger lest a bastard patriotism, raising the cry of "Wales for the Welsh," may divert the movement from its natural course, at any rate for a time; but slowly and surely it will be realized that the only patriotism worthy the name is that which seeks to make Wales a leader in social, religious, educational, and political reform. Wales possesses many natural advantages for trying experiments in these directions. The country is small; the people possess a certain coherence by reason of their language, customs, and traditions; and in certain matters public opinion is riper than in England. For example the interest in education is remarkably widely spread and keen in Wales, and many educational experiments could be tried in Wales with far more chance of success than in England. In some directions, however, it must be admitted that Wales is behind hand. The artistic side of character is hardly developed at all in Wales, except only in the department of music. There is plenty of room for advance if only a sufficiently high ideal seizes the public imagination. Wales educating her people to the highest pitch, not only intellectually, but morally and physically; Wales training her sons and daughters for the duties of citizenship and so developing her institutions to the highest possible state of efficiency; Wales encouraging the development of industries by providing technical education in all its various branches; in a word, Wales leading in social, political, educational, and religious reform,—here is an ideal worthy to call forth the best energies of Welshmen and Welshwomen all

the world over. And it should be added, Wales as a leader in order that, having worked out her own salvation, the way may be more open for others to follow. Let us banish from our minds that exclusive feeling which glories in success because it means defeat of a rival. Rather let us be glad because the success of experiments in national development means something contributed to the onward march of mankind. What, then, we may ask, is the step that should next be taken for the right development and extension of the national feeling in Wales? I am convinced that a national gathering or assembly held at some suitable centre in Wales during the summer, after the fashion of the Chautauqua Assembly in the United States, would be of immense value to Wales at this juncture.

I had the opportunity last July of visiting America and of spending a few days at Chautauqua. I saw there much that was full of interest and afforded many suggestive hints to a Welshman watching it from the point of view of Wales. The origin and nature of the movement may briefly be described as follows. The purpose of the Chautauqua movement, according to its leaders, "is to make religion among the people more intelligent, and recreation more truly recreative." The two gentlemen who started the movement twenty years ago, the Rev. J. H. Vincent and Mr. Lewis Miller of Akron, Ohio, feeling keenly that something should be done for the better training of Sunday school teachers, determined to gather together a number of teachers and scholars during a couple of weeks in the summer for the purpose of studying biblical literature and methods of teaching. From that beginning the movement grew and widened its scope from year to year, taking in additional subjects and including various means of recreation and entertainment, until to-day there is provided in the Chautauqua Assembly Meetings something having an elevating tendency to meet the wants of every class of persons.

Chautauqua is the Indian name of a beautiful little lake in the State of New

York, situated about eighteen miles to the east of Lake Erie and at an elevation of 1,300 feet above sea level. It was on the shores of this lake that the first gathering was held in 1873; and the movement which then started, and the town which grew out of it, have both taken the name of the lake. The visitors to Chautauqua include persons of diverse religious views; indeed there is no more impressive or important feature of the Chautauqua Assembly than the meeting together on common ground of members of all religious denominations, who there sink for the time being their sectarian differences, and work together with the utmost cordiality for a common end. There was much in the proceedings to suggest Wales and Welsh methods. In the first place the Assembly was characterised throughout by a religious tone. It is in her religious movements that Wales has most fully expressed herself, and any national movement in Wales is bound to take account of the religious element in the Welsh character. It is clear that the religious bodies and their various developments—especially Sunday schools—cannot be neglected if a successful movement in the direction of an intellectual revival in Wales is contemplated. The Chautauqua Assembly method seems to be singularly well suited to Welsh conditions. The idea of a great gathering of people from all parts of the country is thoroughly Welsh. I can hardly describe the Chautauqua Assembly more concisely than by saying that it is an amalgamation of an "Association" (*Cymanfa*), an "Eisteddfod," and a "College Summer Meeting for Students" all welded together. Wales has already the elements at work separately. The time is ripe for a new national movement starting with the people and among the people, taking out of these three different institutions their best features, and drawing into itself the whole Welsh people.

Three or four years after the Chautauqua Movement was started, the promoters felt the need of encouraging reading and study during the winter months, and they determined to establish a home reading system under the name of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circles. That was a most important step, which had an immensely

stimulating effect upon the Summer Assembly itself, for those in different parts of America who began to read in connection with the Literary and Scientific Circles were eager to come into closer relations with Chautauqua by visiting the Summer Assembly, and from that time the growth of the Assembly has been by large and rapid strides. A list of books, setting out the course of reading for each year, is announced by the Chautauqua Authorities. The list usually includes seven or eight books covering the following range of subjects:—History, Literature, Science, Philosophy and Economics, and Religion. An attempt is also made to arrange the work of successive years in sequence. For example, in 1892-3 Greek History and Literature was studied; in the present year Roman History and Latin Literature; in 1894-5 English History and Literature, and in 1895-6 American History and Literature. At the present time it is estimated that over 70,000 members are actually doing daily systematic reading in connection with the Chautauqua Movement; and since 1878, when this Home Reading branch was started, over 200,000 persons have joined it and carried on the course of reading prescribed.

It is exceedingly interesting, as an indication that the need for something of that kind is already felt in Wales, to find that last year a gathering of ministers at Llandrindod determined to hold a summer School of Theology in the summer of the present year, extending over a fortnight, for ministers and others. This is admirable, but is far from meeting the full need of Wales. An Assembly is needed embracing all subjects of study and every department of life, in which a School of Theology would necessarily find its important place. If such a movement was started, certain conditions essential to success would need to be satisfied. In the first place it would have to begin on a small scale; but whatever was done, should be done supremely well if the movement is to succeed. Every business detail would have to be carefully considered and efficiently carried out; lack of businesslikeness in management has ruined many a good cause in Wales before now, and will ruin many a one yet

there is every reason to fear. The very best lecturers would have to be secured for the work, so that there should be left an impression, upon all those who came, that everything in its way was first-rate.

In the second place it is essential that a fund sufficient to cover expenses should be obtained before anything is attempted. It is quite possible that the receipts, even in the first year, might come near covering expenses; but it is certain that, if the arrangements had to be carried out in total ignorance as to whether expenses would be met or not, the undertaking would assuredly be so crippled and hampered as to court failure.

In the third place it ought to be really national, in the sense of not recognising divisions of Wales into North and South, or other petty local jealousies; it should be for Wales as a whole.

In the fourth place it should absolutely ignore all political and sectarian differences; it should be a movement open to liberal and conservative, churchman and non-conformist alike. For the Welsh people to have one common end, for which they could work heartily and harmoniously without remembering the sectarian and political differences which separate them at other times and at other places, would be an inestimable boon to the country. Such an Assembly should be held in August, at a time when people are taking their holiday and when schools are in vacation, for it seems likely that teachers in elementary schools and secondary schools would largely attend the gathering. It should probably, in the first instance, last ten days or a fortnight, and during that time a programme including such items as the following might be carried out:—

A course of five lectures on Welsh History.

A course of five lectures on some scientific topic, treated from the historical point of view, so as to illustrate the method of scientific study.

One or two courses of five lectures each on education and educational methods, with a special view to teachers in secondary and elementary schools.

Lectures on the history of religious bodies in Wales, dealing historically with the growth and development of the organization rather than with its doctrinal characteristics; say, two lectures on each of the leading religious bodies in

Wales, given by some prominent minister or layman of the particular body in each case.

Special talks (rather than formal lectures) for women, on subjects like sanitation, cookery, health, nursing, etc.

Every evening in the week something specially designed to interest the general public given in the largest available hall, for example, concerts involving competitions in solo and chorus singing after the manner of the Eisteddfod.

Lectures, illustrated by the oxy-hydrogen lantern, on foreign travel, some attractive scientific topic, or other popular subjects.

Lectures on notable Welsh preachers, and any other form of attractive entertainment having an elevating tendency.

Classes might be arranged in subjects like wood-carving, painting, embroidery, or other form of artistic work.

Conferences might be held during the fortnight on subjects of interest to Wales, like Intermediate Education, the development of the new University of Wales, local industries, etc.

Special training classes for Sunday school teachers in biblical study might be arranged, and one day during the Assembly might be given up to a great gathering, when the prizes and certificates in connection with the Sunday school examinations might be awarded.

A parliamentary debating society might be organized, meeting daily, which would be a practising school for the cultivation of public speaking and the management of public affairs; during its proceedings there would be constant opportunities of discussing questions of policy affecting the well-being of Wales.

Finally, a system of reading circles already started in Wales should be connected with such an Assembly as their centre and fountain head, and the further development of such reading circles all over the country ought to form an important part of the business of the Assembly.

The above are only thrown out as suggestions as to the scope of the activities of such a gathering. There are, no doubt, many other useful directions in which it might extend. It seems clear that the time has come for some broad movement of that kind among the whole people, which would stimulate and give form to national life. But if such a movement is started, it should be undertaken with a full sense of the immense responsibility involved in it, and with a full realization of the great difficulties to be overcome in making it the supreme success which is essential for its satisfactory development and continuance. It is idle to attempt to conceal the seriousness of the undertaking, and the many business difficulties connected with

its successful establishment. I press these points because I am convinced that an abortive attempt ending in failure would retard the national movement, and be far more regrettable than mere delay. I commend the idea, however, to the con-

sideration of all those who are stirred by love of their country, and who wish to see Wales take a position in public affairs commanding universal respect and admiration.

R. D. ROBERTS.

THE DIARY OF A BARD.

I. BEGINNINGS.

The diary of EBENEZER THOMAS (*Eben Fardd*), one of the best poets of Wales, is interesting for many reasons. It is a vivid description of the struggles through which the ambitious young men of Wales had to pass, during the first half of this century, in their search for knowledge. It places face to face with us one of the most striking characters in the history of Welsh literature, one who became the literary dictator of his time, in spite of his poverty. It tells us, better perhaps than anything else, the history of the *Eisteddfod* in all its aspects. It throws much light on the real character of the Welsh Revival, and on its effects upon thought and literature.

The diary is printed from a transcript made for John Jones (*Myrddin Fardd*), the blacksmith antiquarian of Chwilog. Myrddin Fardd works at the anvil until he has earned enough money to wander in search of Welsh manuscripts. Besides Eben Fardd's papers, he has a very extensive collection of manuscripts belonging to the last century and to this, manuscripts that would have been lost had it not been for his loving care.

The first few entries of the diary are in Latin, the rest in English.

The diary begins with a dry chronicle of facts, and then expands into the history of an uneventful, but exceedingly interesting life.

* 1802.
at Llanarmon
Born in the month of August; baptized on the 29th.

1808.

In May and June and July, I went to school at Llanarmon church, under Richard Price, master. At this time, when I was five years of age, I remember a cruel punishment. I had been imprisoned alone in the church; and the master appeared in the pulpit, with a surplice on, to frighten me. He inflicted upon me other and more inhuman punishments.

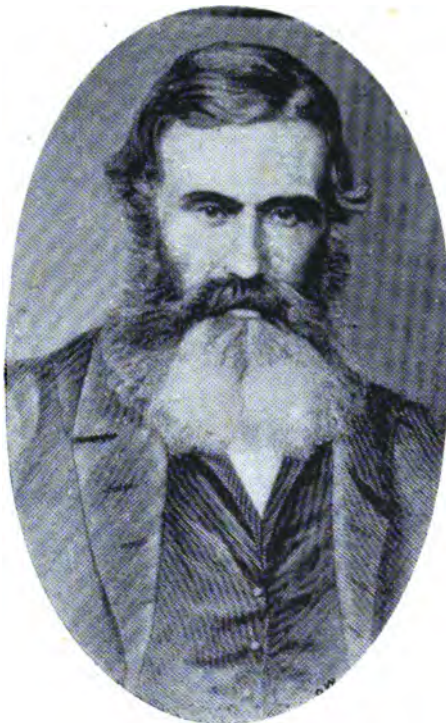
1810.

I went to school at Llangybi church, under the same master, for a short time. I had a sore throat, and I saw the beginning of a long series of years of sickness.

1811.

Removed from the house in which I was born. Went to the Society at Ysgoldy;

* Son of Thomas, the teacher by his wife Catherine (née Price or Price)



EBENEZER THOMAS (*Eben Fardd*.)

great concern about my soul, judgment, &c. About September or October, notice poetry with some interest. Commence learning trade.

1812.

To Llangybi school, under William Owen, September 22nd. Learning trade alternately at home.

1813.

Sore feet and legs, on crutches. Intense interest in reading the Bible, and poetry.

1814.

In school at Llangybi. September 10th, began ciphering. October 12th, in Reduction. Usher. Unwell all this time. Step-brother home occasionally.

1815.

At school in Llangybi, occasionally. April 20th, in Rule of Three Inverse. In summer attended Abercrch school, under same master. Towards year's end step-brother home ill. My journey with him to Llanhaiarn Creek, in the

fishing season. Many family crosses about this time. Writing some poetical attempts. The wet corn harvest ever memorable.

1816.

Step-brother bed-ridden throughout, I mostly attending him. Unkindness in neighbours painful. Increasing pleasure in reading and poetry. A new school by a certain Edward Lewis, at Llangybi; my visit to see it with an old fellow-scholar under William Owen, viz. William Davies, Garddu Bach, subsequently W. R. Davies, Baptist minister, Dowlais; now dead.

1817.

From Fellowship to Vulgar Fractions by end of 1817. In May this year, removed to my birthplace and walks of my infancy. A regular workman now at home. Poetry assuming a decided form. My first consensual song much admired by connoisseurs. Begin learning English; self taught; study hard on grammar; translate laboriously; read higher books. Attended school under Edward Davies, minister of the Independents at Capel Helig. He greatly patronised me, and we were extremely fond of each other. I worked Arithmetic from Fellowship to Multiplications of Decimals here up to latter end of 1817, and perhaps beginning of 1818. The rest I made self-taught. Brother carried on a bier to Cefn, in April or May this year.

1818.

I working. Brother getting better. My delight increasing in English books and Welsh poetry. Revival.

1819.

The revival at its height this year. The memorable Carnarvon Association. Rev. John Elias's Zorobabel Sermon. Getting books from Wm. Robt. Hughes. October this year composed my "*Cân y Greadigaeth*" (*Song of Creation*), the first poetical piece I ventured to shew to people, except some few lines on the breaking up of the school at Llangybi, in the year 1815. Then I knew only *rhyme*; now I had pretty well mastered the *cynghanedd gaeth* (*alliterative metre*), as one Englyn appended to the above song testifies. My remaining work up to December this year was "*Awdl i'r Gwynt*" (*Ode to the Wind*); in Novem-

ber, englynion "*Gwagedd y byd yn angau*" (*The vanity of the world in death*). As far as I can recollect I began my poetical career on an extended scale in October this year and brought out in succession,—October, "*Cân y greadigaeth*,"—November, Englyn "*Gwagedd y byd*,"—December, "*Awdl i'r Gwynt*." Early in the beginning of the ensuing year visited Dewi Wyn with the above as introduction, the first song principally.

1820.

Very far gone in the poetic mania; seeing Dewi Wyn now and then; working at home; reading and studying much in the fields and at my work. Revival abating. Received *Seren Gomer* from brother; brother at John Parry's school in Pwllheli the summer of this year—to qualify him for keeping school at Llangybi, which I think he had commenced a little before. September 20th this year, composed my song to the Sabbath breakers at Carn Bentyrch; also my Ode on the 24 metres.

1821.

Mother died! Removed to Kybi Village, in May. Entered Tydweiliog School in June; about Pwllheli Association time returned home to keep school for a short time for brother, whose illness had returned malignantly; he recovered a little, I had some little more time at Tydweiliog. See *Seren Gomer*; visited John Thomas, Chwilog, spring of this year, and Robt. ap Gwilym Ddu. My Cywydd to the Plas Du stallion 5th June; "*Myfyrdod ar oes Dyn*" (*Thoughts on human life*), two englynion suggested by the death of mother. Cywydd "*Yr Hen Wr*" (*The Old Man*) this year. Cywydd "*I ofyn bwyall*" (*To ask for an axe*), November 23rd, and the English elegy for mother in April 29th.

1822.

Brother died; open school on my own account at Llangybi. Bought my brother's effects of uncle, who claimed all in respect of debt. Take *Dysgedydd*; visited Dewi Wyn, on Easter Monday. April 23rd,—"*Cywydd y Cenin*" (*Poem to leeks*); marriage ode to Sion Cawrdaf, April 8th; also Friday, October 31st, was written "*Myfyrdod ym mysg y Beddau*" (*Thoughts among the*

Graves). I addressed the literary societies of Dolbenmaen and Llanystumdwy, meeting together at Criccieth, November 10th. Quit Society.

1823.

Removed lodgings to Cefn. July 10th, addressed Cymrodorion of Llangybi. April, to P. y Moel. June, to Liverpool, Manchester, and Stalybridge; back in July; try again for school, very poor result. Father off as journeyman, towards end of year returns in bad health; parish find him lodgings. Beginning Ode on "Dinistr Jerusalem" (*Destruction of Jerusalem*), or at least deciding on beginning. Ode to "Liberty," Ode to "Content," &c. August, Englynion "Ar ben Carn Bentyrch" (*Seren and Dysgedydd*); address to Welsh Society of Llanystumdwy, read it at a meeting there, where Morris Williams was a fellow-member, and made a speech October 6th. September 25th, composed Awdl "Gwerth Rhyddid" (*Ode to Liberty*). October 20th, addressed Welsh Literary Society of Dolgellau.

1824.

January 6th, met Gwilym Owen, and read

part of my Ode to him at Penttyrch. Sometime in spring or earlier removed lodgings to uncle Thomas'. Proceeding with my Ode "Dinistr Jerusalem." Father died! in May or June. In September gained the CHAIR PRIZE at the Powys Eisteddfod. Delivered £5 to Mr. Wm. Jones, Druggist, to be deposited in the Savings Bank at Pwllheli, September 20th.

1825.

March this year, went to keep school at Llanarmon. Lodging at Tynrhos for one quarter, then to John Williams, Llanarmon, in June. In May to Clynog with Robt. Griffith, Tynrhos, and William Jones, tailor. 24th February, applied for situation as attorney's clerk at Pwllheli, but did not succeed.

1826.

At Llanarmon; recollect nothing particular this year, except translating Dewi Wyn's "Elusengarwch" (*Ode to Charity*) to English, for J. Vaughan, Esq., at Dewi's earnest request, and to his extreme satisfaction as he expressed himself.

THE IMMOVEABLE COVENANT.

It is almost impossible to exaggerate the influence of the Hebrew idea of a covenant,—the covenant of peace between God and man,—upon the history of the world. During the period of the Protestant Reformation it was transformed into many political theories, it found expression in many mighty movements. In Wales, it became the chief idea of the peasants during the second half of the eighteenth century. It raised them from abject superstition, from a state of cringing servility; it made them withstand their landowner and spiritual guide, once so loved and feared, for conscience' sake. It is a grand idea, desert-born, causing endless cycles of progress in human history,—absolutism, the rise of the spirit of freedom, rebellion, and absolutism again.

The following poem was composed by a Welsh labourer, Huw Derfel, while crossing the Berwyn from Llangynog to Llandderfel. The silence and the grandeur of those mountains,—though so bleak and lonely,—can never be forgotten by those who have made the long mountain journey in solitude. It was a scene well calculated to bring into the peasant bard's mind the favourite verse of his people,—“For the mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall my covenant of peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee.”

The poem was translated by D. L. Pughe, a minister who died young. I have often heard it repeated from beginning to end by farm servants.

YE cloud piercing mountains so mighty,
Whose age is the age of the sky;
No cold blasts of winter affright ye,
Nor heats of the summer defy;
You've witnessed the world's generations
Succeeding like waves on the sea;
The deluge you saw, when doomed nations
In vain to your summits would flee.
You challenge the pyramids lasting
That rolling millenniums survive;
Fierce whirlwinds, and thunderbolts blasting,
And oceans with tempests alive!

But lo! there's a day fast approaching
Which shall your foundations reveal,—
The powers of heaven will be shaking,
And earth like a drunkard shall reel!
Proud Aran, and Snowdon so towering,
Ye now will be skipping like lambs;
The Alps will, by force overpowering
Propelled, be disporting like rams!
The breath of Jehovah will hurl you—
Aloft in the air you shall leap:
Your crash, like his thunders who'll whirl you,
Shall blend with the roars of the deep.

All ties, and strongholds, with their powers,
 Shall, waterlike, melting be found ;
 Earth's palaces, temples, and towers,
 Shall then be all dashed to the ground :
 But were this great globe plunged for ever
 In seas of oblivion, or prove
 Untrue to its orbit, yet never,
 My God, will thy covenant move !

The skies, as if kindling with ire and
 Resentment, will pour on this ball
 A deluge of sulphurous fire, and
 Consume its doomed elements all !
 But though heaven and earth will be passing
 Away on time's Saturday eve ;
 The covenant-bonds, notwithstanding,
 Are steadfast to all that believe.

I see—but no longer deriding—
 The sinner with gloom on his brow :
 He cries to the mountains to hide him,
 But nothing can shelter him now !
 He raves—all but demons reject him !—
 But not so the Christian so pure ;
 The covenant-arms will protect him,
 In these he'll be ever secure !

Thus fixed, while his triumphs, unfolding,
 Enrapture his bosom serene ;
 In sackcloth the heavens he's beholding,
 And nature dissolving is seen ;
 He mounts to the summits of glory,
 And joins with the harpers above,
 Whose theme is sweet Calvary's story—
 The issue of covenant love.

Methinks, after ages unnumbered
 Have rolled in eternity's flight,
 I see him, by myriads surrounded,
 Enrobed in the garments of light ;
 And shouting o'er this world's cold ashes—
 " Thy covenant, my God, still remains :
 No tittle or jot away passes,
 And thus it my glory sustains."

He asks, as around him he glances,
 " Ye sovereigns and princes so gay,
 Where are your engagements and pledges ?
 Where are they—where are they to-day ?
 Where are all the covenants sacred
 That mortals with mortals e'er made ?"
 A silent voice whispers—" Departed—
 'Tis long since their records did fade !"

I hear him again, while he's winging
 His flight through the realms of the sky.
 Th' immoveable covenant singing
 With voice so melodious and high
 That all the bright mountains celestial
 Are dancing, as thrilled with delight :
 Too lofty for visions terrestrial—
 He vanishes now from my sight.

Blest Saviour, my rock, and my refuge,
 I fain to thy bosom would flee ;
 Of sorrows an infinite deluge
 On Calv'ry thou barest for me :
 Thou fountain of love everlasting—
 High home of the purpose to save,
 Myself on thy covenant casting,
 I triumph o'er death and the grave.

THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING POPULATION OF WALES.

SINCE the results of the linguistic census of 1891 were published, the question of the relation between the Welsh and English populations of Wales has occupied a prominent place in public attention. In view of the interest thus created, it may not be out of place to attempt some account, as far as this is possible within the narrow limits of a magazine article, of the origin and growth of the English-speaking population of Wales. In order to do so, it is necessary to go back to very ancient times. The first English-speaking districts in what is now called Wales must have been in Flint and Denbigh. Some early Saxon

settlements in this part of Wales, such as Prestatyn (= *préosta tūn*, priests' town), Mostyn, and others of similar termination, have later on become thoroughly Cymricised ; but there can be little doubt that in the portions of Flint and Denbigh east of Offa's Dyke, English has continued to be spoken since the time of the Anglian conquest. Both the place-names and the dialect of these districts seem to bear testimony to this fact ; the latter is distinctly Mercian or Midland in character, and shows little trace of that Celtic influence which is noticeable in the westerly districts of Shropshire and in English Maelor. Later on, (probably

when the Danish invaders were occupying the attention of the English), there is evidence that the Cymric tongue made considerable inroads upon English-speaking territory eastward of the Dyke, though not to the extent of ousting the English speech altogether.* In other respects, the incoming of the Danes made little difference to Wales, as far as language was concerned. Their descents on the coast of North Wales, and their settlements in South Wales, seem to have left no permanent trace in the language of the country.

The policy of the Norman kings in the institution of lordship marchers along the eastern and southern fringes of Wales was attended with important results to the linguistic condition of the Welsh Marches. Every Norman castle and town became a centre, at first no doubt partly of French, but afterwards mainly of English, customs and speech. The number of English names among the litigants mentioned in the Ruthin Court Rolls (just published in the *Cymmrodorion Record Series*) will furnish some indication of the extent to which English settlers poured over the Welsh border in the train of their Norman lords. This foreign influence was doubtless much more permanent in certain districts than in others. The towns of Wales remained largely English-speaking down to John Penry's time. But as a general rule the descendants of the English settlers became sooner or later absorbed in the Welsh-speaking population. There were, however, some conspicuous instances in which the English language finally prevailed over the Welsh. In South Pembrokeshire, which was ruled over by the Clares and early organised on the model of an English county palatine, the displacement of the earlier inhabitants and their language by the English and Flemish invaders was complete and permanent. In the Vale of Glamorgan, won from the Welsh by Robert Fitzhamon and his traditional twelve knights, the process of displacement was less thoroughly carried out; but it appears very probable that the English-speaking

element in the Vale must have been at least as strong five hundred years ago as it is now. Another district which became thoroughly Anglicised was the peninsula of Gower, which remained until the time of Henry VIII. an independent lordship, separate from the rest of Glamorgan.

We come now to consider the question of the English-speaking districts on the eastern border. This question stands in intimate relation with the formation of the Welsh shires by Edward I. and Henry VIII. and the consequent final settlement of the eastern limits of Wales. The Statute of Rhuddlan, in the thirteenth year of the reign of Edward I., provided for the government of the dominions of Llywelyn by dividing them into shires, organised after the English manner. But the dominions of Llywelyn (with those of his brother Dafydd) had included a part of what is now Flintshire. A new county was therefore formed out of this eastern portion of the domain of the Welsh princes, and placed under a sheriff of Flint in an anomalous kind of dependence on the adjacent county of Chester. The county thus formed, with a few later additions, became the modern Flintshire. The remaining five eastern counties, viz., Denbigh, Montgomery, Radnor, Brecknock, and Monmouth, were formed by Henry VIII. in 1536 out of the ancient lordship marchers, which were then finally abolished; and the eastern border of Wales was finally settled in its present form.

It is scarcely necessary to say that, in determining the geographical limits of Wales, neither Edward I. nor Henry VIII. were influenced in the least by linguistic considerations. The mother-tongue of Edward I. was Norman French; and, although he was well acquainted with English, he would probably have regarded both English and Welsh as destined ultimately to give place to the French language. The attitude of Henry to the Welsh tongue was not so much one of indifference as of positive hostility. As is well known, it was part of his settled policy to discourage and suppress by every means in his power the use of the national language in Wales. We need not therefore be surprised that

* See the whole question discussed in a very able paper in *Y Cymmrodor* (1889), by Mr. A. N. Palmer—a paper which even those who do not agree with its conclusion cannot fail to appreciate for its admirable statement of the facts.

the political boundary line of Wales, as settled by these two sovereigns, by no means coincided with the linguistic one. The county of Flint contained from the first an English portion (including among other districts the whole of Maelor Saesneg) as well as a Welsh portion. Under the settlement of Henry VIII., several districts which had hitherto been regarded as in Wales, and which were wholly or partly Welsh-speaking, were annexed to adjacent English counties. Such were the lordships of Oswestry, Whittington, and Ellesmere, which were now joined to Salop; and several lordships in the south-east of the modern Herefordshire. On the other hand a considerable fringe of the newly created counties of Denbigh, Montgomery, and Monmouth was English-speaking. The most striking example of the transference of Welsh territory to England occurred in the case of the newly created county of Monmouth, which was formally withdrawn from the judicial system of Wales, and placed under the jurisdiction of the courts at Westminster. But this purely legal distinction between Monmouthshire and the rest of Wales was not recognised by popular sentiment, and in the next century we find writers of repute still speaking of the "thirteen shires of Wales." In our own day the unity of Monmouthshire with Wales has once more been decisively asserted and has received official recognition. It should be noted that boundaries of the Welsh dioceses in many cases follow the older limits of Wales more closely than do the modern shire-divisions. Thus, Oswestry and Whittington are in the diocese of St. Asaph; Monmouthshire is in the diocese of Llandaff; on the other hand, the fact that the Gower peninsula belongs ecclesiastically not to Llandaff but to St. David's is an interesting reminder that, previous to 1536, the lordship of Gower had a separate jurisdiction from that of the county palatine of Glamorgan.

When Wales, then, received its present limits in 1536, the exclusively English-speaking districts within its borders would comprise the eastern portions of Flint (including English Maelor) and of Denbigh, a fringe of Montgomeryshire and Radnor-

shire, the peninsula of Gower, and the larger half of Pembrokeshire. The Vale of Glamorgan, and most of the towns throughout the country, were also very largely English-speaking. Everywhere the upper classes were beginning to abandon their Welsh. The oft quoted testimony of John Penry* shows decisively that a knowledge of English was at least as widely diffused in Wales in his time as it was fifty years ago. Sir Thomas Phillips calculated that the population of Wales in 1570 would be about 325,000, of whom 75,000 would be English monoglots; but if Penry's statements are to be trusted, the number of those well acquainted with English must have been very much greater.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the fortunes of the Welsh language seemed to be at their lowest ebb.† To this result many causes contributed besides the attitude of the Tudor sovereigns toward the tongue of their Cymric ancestors. We have, above all, to take account of the decay of Welsh literature. The magnificent literary achievements of the middle ages had been followed in Wales, as in nearly every other country of Europe, by several centuries of intellectual sterility. In England this period of literary decline was terminated earlier than in other Germanic countries by the splendid outburst of poetic activity which marked the reigns of Elizabeth and the early Stuarts, and which went hand in hand with a remarkable development of national sentiment and pride in England's greatness. It certainly seemed for a moment as though the Welsh people were about to be swept along in this tide of enthusiasm for all things English to the extent of forgetting that they had a history, a literature, and a language of their own. At the beginning of the seven-

* "Admit we cannot haue Welsh preachers, yet let vs not be without English, where it is vnderstood. There is neuer a market towne in Wales where English is not as rife as Welsh. From Cheapstow to Westchester (the whole compass of our land) on the Sea-side they all vnderstand English. Where Munmoth & Radnock shiers border vpon the marches, they all speake English. In Penbrok sheer no great store of Welsh. Consider Anglsey, Havgymra, Caernarvon, and see if all these people must dwell vpon mount Gerizim and be subject to the curse, because they vnderstand not the English toung."—*Humble Supplication* (Oxford, 1587). The whole pamphlet contains most valuable information on the linguistic condition of Wales in Penry's time.

† See Mr. Ivor James' able essay, "Welsh in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries," (Cardiff, 1887.)

teenth century Welsh was still spoken throughout the greater part of Wales, but had practically abdicated the position of a literary language.*

From this condition of degradation and decay the Welsh language was rescued by the translation of the Bible into Welsh in the early part of the seventeenth century. The Welsh people were thus supplied with a literary model which made them less dependent upon English as a medium of cultivated expression. Doubtless, too, as Mr. Ivor James has so ably pointed out, the spread of English was further checked by the decay of education consequent upon the impoverishment caused by the Civil Wars. In spite of the well-meant efforts of Gouge and others in the latter part of the seventeenth century for teaching Welsh children English, it seems tolerably clear that by the end of that century the population throughout the greater part of Welsh Wales was relapsing into a state of complete monoglottism. On the other hand, there can be no doubt that English was even then slowly gaining ground on Welsh along the eastern border of Mid and South Wales. This process continued steadily during the next century, when portions of Brecknock and Monmouth, and the greater part of Radnorshire, became exclusively English-speaking.

But influences were already at work to counterbalance this wearing away process on the English border. In the eighteenth century occurred that great religious awakening known as the Methodist movement, as the result of which the bulk of the Welsh people became dissenters from the Church of England. From the first the new movement took a distinctively Welsh character. Welsh was the language in which the great preachers of the revival swayed the throngs who listened to them; Welsh was the language of the hymns in which the "sweet singers" of the movement expressed the thoughts and emotions which

were stirring the hearts of thousands; Welsh was the language of the theological literature which grew up as a result of the revival. Outside the domain of religion the national literature was showing signs of renewed vigour; and antiquarian interest in the literary past of Wales was being revived. At the same time, the circulating schools of Griffith Jones, Llanddowror, giving short shrift to the hoary-headed folly of ignoring Welsh as a medium of instruction, were teaching Welsh children by the tens of thousands to read their native tongue. Thus, by the end of the eighteenth century, Welsh had once more become the organ of literary expression for the Welsh nation; and the way was prepared for that extraordinary development of literary and journalistic activity which has done so much in the nineteenth century to maintain the Welsh language in vigorous life.

At the beginning of this century Welsh had disappeared from five-sixths of Radnorshire, and from the adjoining north eastern corner of Brecknockshire. It was still spoken over the greater part of the county of Monmouth. In other respects the boundary line between the two languages in South Wales was much as it is at present, though there can be no doubt that everywhere, especially in Glamorgan and Brecknock, the proportion of English monoglots was much smaller than it is now. In North Wales the boundary line has receded scarcely at all, except in Montgomeryshire. We know on the authority of Gwallter Mechain where the linguistic boundary line ran in this county in 1828. Between then and now Welsh has receded a few miles to the west and south-west of Newtown, elsewhere scarcely more than a mile, at some points not at all. Probably at no point west of Gwallter Mechain's line is Welsh absolutely dead.

The first census of the population of England and Wales was taken in 1801, and we are henceforward on comparatively safe ground. The population of Wales in that year was 587,245. If the above account of the boundary line between Welsh and English Wales be approximately correct, the census of 1801 will also afford us data from which we can make a fairly accurate

* George Owen in his *Description of Penbrokeshire*, written in 1603 (*Cymmrodorion Record Series*, 1892), tells us that Welshmen in his day "although they vsuallye speacke the Welshe tongue, yett will they writte eche to other in Englishe, and not in the speache they vsuallye talke. The reason is the vse they haue to writte in the one, and not vseinge to writte in the other," (p. 38). Other testimonies to the same effect may be found in Mr. Ivor James' paper.

guess at the number of the English monoglot population at the beginning of the century. I think we shall not be far wrong in putting their number between 100,000 and 120,000; and I incline to think that the latter figure is nearer the truth than the former. Within the next fifty years the population of Wales has almost exactly doubled, and at the census of 1891 it had something more than trebled. Many estimates have been made during the century of the relative proportions of the English and Welsh populations in Wales. It will be sufficient to cite two of the most reliable. Sir Thomas Phillips estimated that in 1841, out of a total population of 1,045,958, the number of the Welsh-speaking inhabitants of Wales might be put at 700,000, or about 67 per cent. According to the very careful and exhaustive enquiries made by Mr. Ravenstein thirty years later, the proportions of the Welsh and English populations had not greatly changed during the interval. His estimate of the proportion of Welsh speakers to the whole population, which was calculated on the basis of the census returns for 1871, was 66·2 per cent. According to the census returns of 1891, the proportion had then fallen to 54·5 per cent. Assuming, then, that my estimate of the English population of Wales at the beginning of the century is correct, the relative growth of this population during the last ninety years is as follows:—

1801	1841	1871	1891
20 p.c.	33 p.c.	33·8 p.c.	45·5 p.c.

From another point of view, the matter may be represented thus: The whole population of Wales has trebled during the past ninety years; the Welsh-speaking portion of the population has rather more than doubled in that time; but the purely English population has increased nearly seven-fold.

The question remains to be asked,—How far is this enormous increase of English monoglots in Wales due to the immigration of English-speaking people, and to what extent has it been brought about at the expense of the Welsh-speaking population? The reply is, that it is partly due to both

causes, but that of the two factors immigration has been far the most important. Of the 1,771,451 persons residing in Wales and Monmouthshire in 1891, only 1,491,590 were born there. The remainder, numbering nearly 280,000 persons, are immigrants into Wales, and for the most part, of course, unable to speak Welsh. Three-fourths of these immigrants reside in the most English counties of South Wales; so that the great majority of their descendants may be likewise presumed to be English monoglots. If to these be added the descendants of earlier generations of immigrants during the century, we cannot be far wrong in assuming that over one-third of the present population of Wales are either English immigrants or the descendants of such. Whilst thus the population of English Wales is constantly swelled by fresh arrivals from England, the more Welsh-speaking counties are ever being depleted of their population by emigration to England and elsewhere. But there is also no doubt that the English language has considerably enlarged its borders at the direct expense of Welsh, during the century; and that in three ways. In the first place, there has been a great immigration of Welsh-speaking people from the rural districts into the more English portions of Wales and Monmouthshire. In 1891, for example, there were over 110,000 natives of other parts of Wales residing in Glamorgan and Monmouthshire. The descendants of such immigrants, in so far as they are to be found in English towns like Cardiff and Newport, would tend to become exclusively English in speech. Again, English has undoubtedly gained on Welsh along the eastern border. In Monmouthshire, Welsh has steadily decreased throughout the century. In Brecknockshire, Welsh has receded considerably during the past twenty years. The strip of territory which the English language has won from the Welsh during the century in Montgomeryshire has been described above. Finally, the exclusion of Welsh from the day-schools has undoubtedly tended, in many districts already bilingual, to depress Welsh-speaking in favour of English. The fact that, in spite of all these disadvantages, the number of

Welsh speakers is still on the increase in Wales, is a marvellous testimony to the vitality of the language.

It thus appears that we are rapidly approaching a state of things in which the English-speaking and the Welsh-speaking portions of the population of Wales will balance each other. From the nature of the case, the growth of the English population must continue to outstrip the growth of the Welsh. But the "Welsh-speaking million" (to use a phrase of the late Dean Edwards), will be a permanent element in the population of Wales for some time to come: and as to the time when Welsh shall cease to be a spoken language, that is a point on which no sensible man will care to make rash prophecies. Some there are, who never tire of assuring us that the growth of the English language in Wales will be followed by a revolution in the attitude of the Welsh people towards questions of great public importance. I confess I do not see what ground there is for this opinion. There is no Ulster in Wales. There are not even the materials for a Welsh Ulster. On all matters of public interest, ecclesiastical and political, the voice of Welsh and of English Wales is one. It is the singular good fortune of Wales that the stranger within her gates, who has no part in her past, and does not share her picturesque traditions, should have joined hands so heartily with her in striving to realize her national aspirations, and to shape her future according to her own ideals.

NOTE ON THE LINGUISTIC CENSUS OF 1891.

In the foregoing article, I have assumed that the returns of the linguistic census may be taken as substantially correct. I am aware, of course, that their accuracy has been questioned by two different parties, one complaining that the number returned as speaking "Welsh only" is too large, the other that the number of those stated to speak "English only" is too large. Both parties are right, and for precisely the same reason. At the time of taking the census, it was generally understood that no mere smattering of either language was to count. This, of course, cut both ways. It is a great pity that the *bona fides* of the returns should have been called into ques-

tion. They are quite as near the truth as returns on such a matter as language can ever be expected to be. The different degrees of proficiency in Welsh and English to be found among the inhabitants of Wales are such as to be quite incapable of precise tabulation, and it is doubtful whether there is any possible method of taking a linguistic census which would not be open to cavil. The extraordinary variations in the linguistic returns for Ireland from one census year to another, show how difficult it is to obtain precise data on such a subject. The following, for example, are the numbers of those returned as speaking Irish in the last three censuses: in 1871, 817,875; in 1881, 949,932; in 1891, 680,174. It cannot be seriously contended that the number of Irish speakers increased between 1871 and 1881 by more than 132,000; but I am not aware that anyone has ever called the *bona fides* of the Irish returns into question. It is much to be regretted that the Registrar General, in his Report, should so needlessly have thrown suspicion on the Welsh returns. However, as this official has now admitted that he has no evidence of anyone having wilfully made a false return in Wales, it is clear the "organised mendacity," which he was assumed to have "so mercilessly exposed," was a mere phantom of the imagination.

The following table, which I have compiled from the census returns, may possibly be of use in illustrating some portions of the preceding article:

Proportion per 1000 speaking			
	English.	Welsh.	Welsh and English.
Six Northern Counties ..	236	495	269
Six Western Counties ..	83	668	249
(excluding Pembroke)			
Do. including Pembroke	177	591	232
Six Eastern Counties ..	491	228	281
Do. including Monmouth	568	187	245
Six Southern Counties ..	448	291	261
Do. including Monmouth	530	239	231
Wales & Monmouthshire ..	455	304	241
Wales only ..	383	353	264
The four dioceses: (approximate estimate)—			
Bangor ..	85	690	225
St. Asaph ..	370	320	310
St. David's ..	375	375	250
Llandaff ..	600	170	230

T. DARLINGTON.

THE TWO VAUGHANS.

THE name of Henry Vaughan, of Scethrog, is by this time tolerably familiar to all Welshmen who care in any way for the memory of the Cymric dead. But to a great many even of those who desire to learn and to know, he still remains not much more than a name. His works, in a complete form, are virtually inaccessible, except to the curious who will go to the trouble of hunting them up in the British Museum or the Bodleian or some such well-stocked depository. Even professed students of English literature are not well acquainted with what Vaughan wrote, beyond the collection of religious poems of which we have an Aldine edition by Lyte. The original editions of Vaughan's poems are exceedingly scarce, and the only complete modern edition is an expensive one in four volumes, privately printed for subscribers by Dr. A. B. Grosart. The only collection of his secular poems which, after much diligent search in book-stalls, I myself have been able to secure is a small selection published early last year in a limited edition of 500 copies, by Mr. J. R. Tutin, of Hull. In this little volume a few of the poems of Thomas Vaughan, which have also been edited by Dr. Grosart, are included. It is possible that many who can claim to possess some acquaintance with Henry Vaughan, may not have even as much as heard of Thomas. Students of mystical literature probably know him well, but it may be safely presumed that but very few readers of English poetry know him at all. Thomas Vaughan—"Eugenius Philalethes," as he calls himself in most of his prose works in both Latin and English,—was a twin-brother of Henry Vaughan, after the flesh; and a comparison of their poems will show that, after the spirit also, they were indeed twin sons of Arcady,

Et cantare pares, et respondere parati.

Thomas did not write anything like the same amount of poetry as his brother, but in what he did write we detect the same note and the same inspiration. Had he persevered in his devotion to the Muses, he might have added another to the illustri-

ous trio of names—John Donne, George Herbert, and Henry Vaughan—which give Wales a place of honour in the English literature of the seventeenth century.

The biographical details which we possess about Vaughan and his brother are very scanty and uncertain. They were born probably in 1621, at Newton, in the parish of Llansantffraid, in Brecknockshire. Scethrog was the name of the family seat of the Vaughans, but the grandfather of the two poets appears to have taken up his residence at Newton, a mansion about five miles distant from Scethrog, which is now a farm-house on the road between Crickhowel and Brecon.

The river Usk flows close by. All poets, in whom the love of Nature has been strong, have had their favourite streams to sing of, and most of the picturesque rivers of this country have thus had their names "shrined in the amber of immortal verse." The Thames, the Severn, the Wye, the Yarrow, the Duddon—to mention only a few that at once occur to the mind—have had their praises sung in lines that will live as long as the English language. The verses which the two Vaughans have addressed to the Usk are not unworthy of a place side by side with the praises of mightier and more famous streams. Let us first of all hear the tribute of Henry.

"Mosella boasts Ausonius, and the Thames
Doth murmur Sidney's Stella to her streams;
While Severn, swollen with joy and sorrow, wears
Castara's smiles mixed with fair Sabrin's tears.
Thus poets—like the nymphs, their pleasing
themes—
Haunted the bubbling springs and gliding streams,
And happy banks! whence such fair flowers have
sprung,
But happier those where they have sate and sung!"

But, Isca, whensoever those shades I see,
And thy loved arbours must no more know me,
When I am laid to rest hard by thy streams,
And my sun sets, where first it sprang in beams,
I'll leave behind me such a large, kind light,
As shall redeem thee from oblivious night,
And in these vows which—living yet—I pay,
Shed such a pervious and enduring ray,
As shall from age to age thy fair name lead,
Till rivers leave to run, and men to read."

Like Shakespeare in his Sonnets, and like most great poets, Henry Vaughan is confident of the immortality of his verse; and the verdict of the best modern critics is that this confidence was not ill-placed, for the more his poetry is studied the more will its great merits, in spite of obvious defects, be appreciated. Having thus vaunted that the Usk, like Shakespeare's "Love," "shall ever in his verse live young," Vaughan breathes out a fervent prayer for blessings upon its streams.

"No sullen heats, nor flames that are
Offensive and canicular,
Shine on thy sands, nor pry to see
Thy scaly, shading family,
But noons as mild as Hesper's rays,
Or the first blushes of fair days.
What gifts more Heaven or Earth can add,
With all those blessings be thou clad!"

Thomas Vaughan writes of the river in a more reflective strain, and moralises his song in a way that recalls Denham's famous apostrophe to the Thames in his poem "Cooper's Hill."

"Shall I seek thy forgotten birth, and see
What days are spent since thy nativity?
Didst run with ancient Kishon? canst thou tell
So many years as holy Hiddekel?
Thou art not paid in this: I'll levy more
Such harmless contributions from thy store,
And dress my soul by thee as thou dost pass,
As I would do my body by my glass:
What a clear running crystal here I find!
Sure I will strive to gain as clear a mind."

Henry and Thomas received their early education under the Rev. Matthew Herbert, one of the Herberts of the Pembroke family, and a relation of George Herbert, the poet. In 1638 they both entered Jesus College, Oxford. During his residence at Oxford, Henry Vaughan seems to have found opportunities of paying occasional visits to London, where he soon managed to join the company of wits and poets who met at the Globe Tavern. Although he praises him in his verse, he cannot have met Ben Jonson, for the "great Ben" died in 1637. But Fletcher he seems to have known intimately, and an edition of the dramatist's plays was published in 1647 with some commendatory verses by

Henry Vaughan, in which he speaks of Fletcher as second to Jonson alone.

"This or that age may write, but never see
A wit that dares run parallel with thee,
True, BEN must live! but bate him, and thou hast
Undone all future wits, and matched the past."

Soon after the close of his university career, Henry Vaughan took the degree of Doctor of Medicine, but where he took it, it is impossible to ascertain. He practised first at Brecon, and then in his native village Scethrog, where he died in 1695. He lies buried in Llansantffraid Churchyard, his epitaph, in which he describes himself as "servus inutilis, peccator maximus," being well known. Thomas Vaughan had a more chequered career. He took orders in the church and got himself presented, soon after leaving Oxford, to the living at Llansantffraid. Like his brother he was a sturdy Royalist, and, at the close of the Civil Wars, was expelled from his living on a number of stock charges, of which, perhaps, that of "having borne arms for the king" had alone any foundation in fact. He then retired to Oxford, and devoted himself to the study of chemistry, and to the pursuit of various occult sciences. The results of his speculations appeared in the form of works in both English and Latin prose written under the name of Eugenius Philalethes. The nature of some of these works may best be gauged from their titles. One reads,—"*Magia Adamica*, or the Antiquity of Magic, and the descent thereof from Adam downward, proved; together with a perfect and full discovery of the true *Coelum terrae*, or the Magician's Heavenly Chaos, and first matter of all things." Another extraordinary title runs,—"*Euphrates or the Waters of the East*; being a short discourse of that secret fountain, whose water flows from fire, and carries in it the beams of the sun and the moon." He died at Albury, near Oxford, on February 27th, 1665.

Thomas Vaughan's poetry, or at least as much of it as has come down to us, is but slight in quantity, and in quality is distinctly unequal. He does not appear to have courted the Muses very seriously, and his work is of greater interest as show-

ing what he might have done, than as indicating any very brilliant actual achievement. No one but a man gifted with the true poetic faculty could, for instance, have written such lines as these on "The Dawn,"—

"Now had the night spent her black stage, and all
Her beauteous twinkling flames grew sick and pale.
Her scenes of shades and silence fled; and Day
Dressed the young East in roses; where each ray
Falling on sables, made the Sun and Night
Kiss in a checker of mixed clouds and light."

It would be difficult to find in the whole range of English poetry a passage, dealing with the same subject, to beat those last four lines. Almost perfect of their kind, also, are some lines in which he envies the flowers among which his mistress lay,—

"They found their heaven at hand, and in her eyes
Enjoyed a copy of their absent skies.
Their weaker paint did with true glories trade,
And, mingled with her cheeks, one posy made.
And did not her soft skin confine their pride,
And with a screen of silk both flowers divide,
They had sucked life from thence, and from her heat
Borrowed a soul to make themselves complete."

I will give one more quotation—a little poem of three verses in a style of which George Herbert, and Henry Vaughan, and Herrick in his pious fits, were masters. It is entitled "A Stone, and the Stony Heart."

"Lord God! This was a stone
As hard as any one
Thy laws in Nature framed:
'Tis now a springing well,
And many drops can tell
Since it by art was tamed.

My God! my heart is so,
'Tis all of flint, and no
Extract of tears will yield:
Dissolve it with Thy fire,
That something may aspire,
And grow up in my field.

Bare tears I'll not entreat,
But let Thy Spirit's seat
Upon those waters be;
Then I, new-formed with light,
Shall move without all night
Or eccentricity."

Even these short extracts should suffice to

make us lament that Thomas Vaughan did not devote to poetry the time he spent in exploring the Magician's Heavenly Chaos, or in describing the fountain whose water carried in it the beams of the sun and the moon.

Henry Vaughan's fame has travelled far beyond that of his brother—he has, through his poetry, left behind him that "large, kind light" which he predicted in his address to the Usk. Just now his star is very much in the ascendant, and is likely to remain so with all discerning readers of poetry. Some modern critics,—Mr. Saintsbury, for example, a writer who careers through the field of Elizabethan literature, with a boisterous confidence which consorts ill with the critical temper—are, indeed, apt to depreciate him. The Silurist is not a poet either for the finical or for the feverish. Those who delight in the simpering refinements of the so-called æsthetic poetry of these latter days, or in the wild vagaries of what has been well styled "the Fleshly School" of poetry, will not find much to their taste in Henry Vaughan. He appeals in the main to the constituency of readers among whom Wordsworth finds his greatest admirers. His poems possess, indeed, qualities which should and do recommend him to readers who are inclined to be impatient with the moralising of Wordsworth. He is not altogether without that grace, and that airy play of fancy which the earlier seventeenth century poets, in spite of their fondness for far-fetched conceits and "metaphysical" absurdities, share with the Elizabethans. But what is really great and distinctive in his poetry, is rather an anticipation of the poetry which came in with Cowper and Wordsworth, than an echo of that which died away with Carew and Herrick. Professor Palgrave, of all modern critics, has done most justice to Vaughan, and his article upon the poet in *Y Cymrodor*, for 1890-1, should not be neglected by any student of the Silurist. His estimate of Vaughan as a poet of Nature is very high—but that it is not too high will, I think, be borne out by every one whose avocation or inclination has led him to make a critical study of English poetry.

"It is indeed, safe to affirm," writes Mr. Palgrave, "that of all our poets until we reach Wordsworth, including here Chaucer, Spenser and Milton, Vaughan affords decidedly the most varied and the most delicate pictures from Nature; that he looked upon the landscape, both in its fine details and in its larger, and, as they might be called, its cosmic aspects, with an insight, an imaginative penetration, not rivalled till we reach our own century Depth and delicacy of feeling, the heart speaking and spoken to more than the head, intimate insight into Nature, felicitous touches of description, the eye always upon the object—these are the leading notes. And with these Vaughan has 'the defects of his qualities;' obscurity and abruptness of phrase, though often too concentrated for clearness and melody in words; some defect in form and unity of design—much in short which, in its own way, we must confess to be true of our lately-lost Robert Browning—both requiring close sympathetic attention from their readers, and both rewarding it." In many points Vaughan shows his kinship with the school of poets whom Dr. Johnson labelled "metaphysical." He has their straining after fantastic conceit and remote analogy, but he has a depth of sentiment, and a subtle sympathy with the moods and changes of Nature, which we look for in vain in such poets as Cowley or Crashaw. Nor is it quite correct to classify Vaughan with Herbert, as is generally done. He was not so skilled a metrist as George Herbert, nor do his verses preserve so uniform a level of excellence. But he had far more of the higher poetical qualities, more of "the vision and the faculty divine."

It is impossible for me, within the scope of such an article as this, to quote many passages from Vaughan's poems which give evidence of these qualities. An admirable selection from his religious poems is given in Mr. Palgrave's *Treasury of Sacred Song*, among them being the three or four of Vaughan's poems which various anthologies have made famous. Such are, the poem called "The Retreat," which is popularly supposed to have suggested to

Wordsworth portions of his great "Ode on Intimations of Immortality," and the poem on "The World," with its striking opening,—

"I saw Eternity the other night
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
All calm, as it was bright."

These religious poems contain many a notable image and inspiring thought. Here are one or two, culled at random.

"Man is the shuttle, to whose winding quest
And passage through these looms
God ordered motion, but ordained no rest."

"Walk with thy fellow-creatures: note the hush
And whispers among them. There's not a spring,
Or leaf but hath his morning-hymn; each bush
And oak doth know I AM. Canst thou not
sing?"

"There is in God—some say—
A deep, but dazzling darkness; as men here
Say it is late and dusky, because they
See not all clear.
O for that Night! where I in Him
Might live invisible and dim!"

In these sacred poems also, quite as much as in the secular, we find Vaughan's "deep insight into Nature, the heart speaking and spoken to more than the head." In particular, I might mention a short poem called "The Timber," and another beginning

"I walked the other day, (to spend my hour),
Into a field
Where I sometimes had seen the soil to yield
A gallant flower;"

as striking examples of this insight and sympathy. But of all the poems in which he treats of natural objects, that which exhibits at once the most daring flights of imagination and the most varied play of fancy, is one addressed to "The Eagle." The poem is worth quoting in full, but I must content myself with giving what is, perhaps, the most remarkable passage in it,—

"Resolved he is a nobler course to try,
And measures out his voyage with his eye:
Then with such fury he begins his flight,
As if his wings contended with his sight.
Leaving the moon, whose humble light doth
trade
With spots, and deals most in the dark and shade:
To the Day's royal planet he doth pass
With daring eyes and makes the sun his glass.

Here doth he plume and dress himself, the
beams
Rushing upon him, like so many streams;
While with direct looks he doth entertain
The thronging flames, and shoots them back
again.
And thus from star to star he doth repair
And wantons in that pure and peaceful air."

I have alluded to the fact that Vaughan is not without the lighter lyrical gift which gives to the songs of the Elizabethan age such indefinable charm and grace; and I conclude with a quotation from a description of "Fida, a Country Beauty," which will rank with the best of the love-poetry of that prolific era.

"Her hair laid out in curious sets
And twists, doth shew like silken nets,
Where,—since he played at hit or miss,—
The god of Love her prisoner is,
And, fluttering with his skittish wings,
Puts all her locks in curls and rings.

• • • • •

Beneath these rays of her bright eyes
Beauty's rich bed of blushes lies:
Blushes which, lightning-like, come on
Yet stay not to be gazed upon;
But leave the lilies of her skin
As fair as ever, and run in:
Like swift salutes—which dull paint scorn—
'Twixt a white noon and crimson morn."

W. LEWIS JONES.

University College, Bangor.

TO THE LARK.

BY DAFYDD AB GWILYM.

"SENTINEL of the morning light!
Reveller of the spring!
How sweetly, nobly wild thy flight,
Thy boundless journeying:
Far from thy brethren of the woods, alone
A hermit chorister before God's throne!
"Oh! wilt thou climb yon heavens for me,
Yon rampart's starry height,
Thou interlude of melody
'Twixt darkness and the light,

And seek, with heaven's first dawn upon thy
crest,
My lady love, the moonbeam of the west?

"No woodland caroller art thou;
Far from the archer's eye,
Thy course is o'er the mountain's brow,
Thy music in the sky:
Then fearless float thy path of cloud along,
Thou earthly denizen of angel song."

Translated by the author.



THE BARD AND THE CUCKOO.

From the Welsh of Owen Gruffydd, of Llanystumdwy, 1643-1730.

BY THE RIGHT HONORABLE LORD ABERDARE.

The Bard.

“GOODMORROW to thee, sweet and beauteous
bird!

Once more thy cheerful song at morn is heard!
Late, roaming o'er the primrose-spotted plain,
I paused and listened for thy wished-for strain;
I asked—nor I alone—‘Why sleeps the note
Which oft as spring-tide smiled was wont to float?
The earth is fresh and green, the fields rejoice,
And yet no valley echoes to thy voice;
The genial sun rolls through the cloudless skies,
And flowers spring up; arise, sweet bird, arise!’”

The Cuckoo.

“Thou gentle bard! oh! why should I obey
The voice that chides me for my lingering lay,
Nor wait *his* just command, whose awful name
None save with deep-felt reverence may proclaim?
For his I am, to him my strains belong,
Who gave that voice, who swells that vernal song!
Like me, in deep humility of mind,
Yield grateful homage, to his will resigned;
Thou canst not learn of earthly things the cause;
Be mute and lowly, and revere his laws!”

The Bard.

“Bird of the dark-brown hue! and art thou come
With summons stern to tear me from my home?
Say, dost thou chant thy monitory lay
In sounds prophetic of my life's last day?
And must those tones, just welcomed with delight,
Heralds of death, my trembling soul affright?
Say, must I now, while spring is revelling here,
Quit these bright scenes, so lovely and so dear?
Oh, let me still, while yet the joy remains,
Gaze on these sunlit woods, these flowery
plains!”

The Cuckoo.

“Fair is the earth, and glorious are the skies!
Yet seek not pleasures which thy God denies!
In him alone repose thy hopes and fears,
And mark, oh mark! how fleet thy numbered
years!”

Already threescore springs and threes are past,
And life is short—then think, how near thy last!
Yes, at this age, oh bard! the blessed Maid,
Christ's holy Mother, in the grave was laid;
Grim death smote her, who gave th' Immortal
birth,
The Judge of all, the Saviour of the Earth!”

The Bard.

“And ere that time be come, no more the form,
Erect and firm, resists as once the storm!
And ere those years be fled, the failing eye
And shrunken sinew tell us ‘Man must die!’
Deign, bounteous bird! to guide my erring ways;
How shall I learn the number of my days?
Vast is my debt, and empty is my hand;
I dare not thus before my Saviour stand!
How, when the trumpet breaks the death-like
trance,
Shall I, a sinner, meet his piercing glance?”

The Cuckoo.

“For every foolish thought, for every crime,
Repent while yet for penitence is time!
Leave fancied pleasures, leave earth's tinsel toys,
For endless rapture, and undying joys!
So shall true virtue soothe thy tranquil end,
So Christ himself shall on thy steps attend;
And, victor o'er thy spiritual foes,
Heaven shall be thine and Zion's blest repose.
One boundless bliss, one stream of deep delight.
While seraphs waft thee to thy Master's sight!”

The Bard.

“Oh, God! behold me, by thy mercy moved,
Regret the hateful faults which once I loved!
That I have sinned and spurned thy bounties
high,
I can not and I would not now deny!
Look on me, Father, for I am but weak;
Crushed with the weight of woes, thy aid I seek!
Not through the merit of my own vile deeds,
But lo! for me the blessed Saviour pleads!
Oh! by his latest pangs, his dying love,
Receive thy suppliant to the realms above!”

THE FIRST MEETING OF THE GUILD OF GRADUATES.

March 17, 1894.

TO many, if not to most, of the graduates who came to the Raven Hotel at Shrewsbury on the seventeenth of March, the first meeting of the Guild must have been very disappointing. The graduates came from a long distance, at a considerable sacrifice of time and money, and they probably expected to find the proceedings at the first meeting of the Guild stately, impressive, inspiring. They expected to be told what the plans of leading Welsh educationalists were; they had dreamt, perhaps, that they would be roused by eloquent speeches; speeches unfolding before them vast plans for the immediate regeneration of Wales. And when Principal Jones rose to propose that an old Aberystwyth graduate should take the chair, his words, — the first words uttered in the first meeting of the Guild, — strengthened the belief that the "historic occasion" would, in some way or other, be made memorable.

The first meeting of the Guild will be famous, however, for what it did not do rather than for what it did. The future historian of institutions will be tempted to compare the Guild of Graduates with the English Parliament in one point, — its first meeting has no history.

Still, there was much to arouse sentiment, and to give material to patriotic speeches. The Welsh graduates had their first meeting in the place where Owen Glendower's

plans were foiled. It was that energetic march of Henry the Fourth to Shrewsbury, and the battle fought without the walls on Saturday, July 20, 1403, that destroyed the certainty of Glendower's success. Had it not been for the disaster, Owen Glendower would have had a friend and an ally on the English throne, dependent upon his support. Tradition has given Owen Glendower an impossible friendship with Dante; his

history acknowledges that he was one of the first to welcome the revival of letters. Had he succeeded, Wales would have had a University five hundred years ago; had he succeeded, Wales would have been one of the first to welcome and harbour learning, instead of being one of the last. The University of Wales would have been older than the Universities of St. Andrews or Glasgow or Aberdeen, older than those of Leipzig or Upsala or Geneva. Wales might have been, of the smaller countries, the greatest benefactor of Europe. Its thought, then in its Golden Age, might have been strengthened and organized by a Uni-



DR. ISAMBARO OWEN.

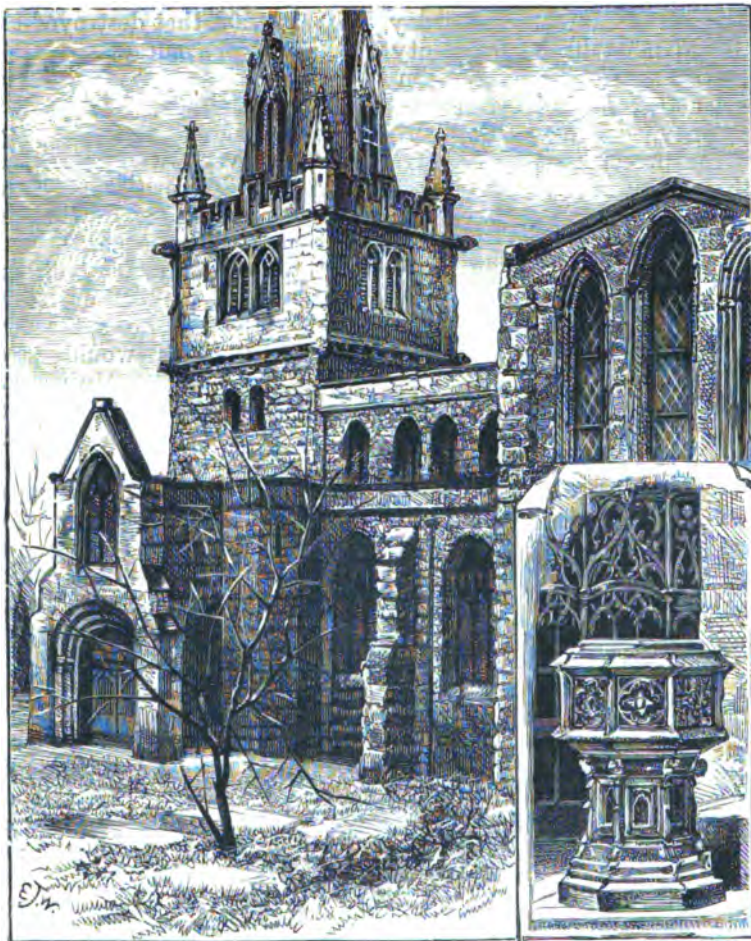
versity, and placed at the service of the world. But the battle of Shrewsbury made it impossible for Owen Glendower to carry his plans out. His poets, — the immediate successors of Dafydd ab Gwilym and Dafydd Nanmor, — were condemned by a harsh English law as "rhymers, minstrels, and wasters." The great literary meetings, which were to have been developed into a

University under Owen Glendower's guiding hand, were prohibited by the English king who stands in our annals as the champion of intolerance and of ignorance. The great awakening of the fourteenth century, when prince and ploughman alike

patriotism, and its purity from a regenerated church. But when he looked for light, darkness came. He was disarmed, disfranchised, and subjected to the most brutal, most ignorant, and most selfish oligarchy that have ever oppressed a peasant or extinguished thought.

And for many centuries, no one dreamed Glendower's dreams again.

The graduates assembled at the Raven Hotel were an insignificant sight when one thinks what the roll of a Welsh University might by this time have been. Still, when one remembers that the oldest of the constituent colleges has not been in existence for more than twenty two years, the roll of three hundred names read by Ivor James may well be a cause of pride. Of these, one hundred and twenty answered to their names. They had come from all parts of Wales, and from many parts of England, they represented all creeds and all professions. Their number was swelled by the professors, lecturers, and teachers connected with the University Colleges. These represented every branch of



ST. MARY'S CHURCH. SHREWSBURY.

THE FONT.

had high ideals, was followed by the iron age of our history. Tudur Aled was soon to mourn over the last patriotic prince; the peasant fell to the lowest stage in the history of Welsh thought,—he hated his oppressor and despised his priest, but had found no new guide. The Welshman had almost realized a great hope,—the thought of his country was to be developed in the universities of a great and enlightened prince, literature was to receive its strength from

knowledge, from Moral Philosophy to the mystery of dressmaking, from Physics to cookery, from Music to bread making. The graduates and teachers had sacrificed in order to come; they were expectant and enthusiastic, but patient. They heard little, they did less. But a glance at the assembly would have shown what possibilities of enthusiastic and interesting meetings there are in the Guild of Welsh Graduates.

The first meeting might have found in-

spiration in this,—it marks the crowning triumph of the cause of Welsh education. The fabric is now complete. The movement which began with Griffith Jones' circulating schools,—maintained in the first instance by the communion half-pence of

and some suggested that we should sing, if not the "March of the men of Harlech," or the "Battle Song of Glamorgan," at least the "Land of my Fathers."

The reasons why the meeting was not inspiring, in spite of all these causes of

TOWER IN SHREWSBURY WALLS.

THE MARKET PLACE.



BUTCHER ROW.

OLD HOUSE.

the church of Llanddowror,—has at last found its rightful form in a University of Wales. A little demonstration of sentiment would have been pardonable. Dr. Joseph Parry and David Jenkins were present;

what would be done the next. Another cause of the uneventful character of the meeting was this,—some of those present had the shadow of a suspicion that one or other of the constituent colleges might be thinking

enthusiasm, are not difficult to see. For one thing the chairman and secretary had an unexpected honour thrust upon them, and had determined upon nothing to suggest to the meeting. No one knew what was to be done, who would speak, what was to be proposed. No one knew during one minute

of its own interests rather than of those of the Guild generally. No one knew, exactly, where he was.

Two dangers, however, were before us. The meeting might have been taken up by an academic discussion on the question whether a member of the Guild must be present at its meetings in order to record his vote. Professor Holman and Principal Roberts stated the old arguments clearly and forcibly on the one side; Professor Conway and Dr. Elliot stated the equally old arguments, with equal clearness and force, on the other side. It was determined, by a substantial majority, that no member of the Guild is to record his vote without being present. This decision, undoubtedly, will help to swell the number of those present at future meetings of the Guild.

The other danger was that the meeting might have degenerated into a struggle between the colleges for the preponderance of power. A resolution was brought forward by one who declared that he did not bring it in the interest of any one college, to ensure to the graduates of each constituent college a representation on the University Court proportionate to their number. Some prepared for a fight, many held their breath, the chairman was the picture of fear and anxiety. Before much harm was done, Principal Jones rose to state that the Cardiff graduates had not even fixed upon the names of candidates for the University Court, and he strongly appealed to the graduates to regard the Guild as one body, and not as a group of warring divisions. Principal Reichel made the same appeal, with great earnestness and unusual warmth. Principal Roberts spoke to the same effect, and it was soon evident that the danger was over. The thirteen representatives of the Guild on the University Court were

elected without any difficulty. It is noteworthy that the great majority are old students of the University Colleges, and that two out of the thirteen are women.

The actual work done may be briefly summed up. W. Cadwaladr Davies,—the associate of Sir Hugh Owen and Ceiriog,—read the Privy Council notice which convened the meeting, and a letter of greeting and congratulation from Lord Aberdare. Ivor James read the roll of graduates, and teachers, from lists furnished to the Privy Council by the registrars of the three constituent colleges. Thirteen members were elected to represent the Guild on the University Court, five for three years, four for two years, and four for one year. These thirteen members, with the Principals of the colleges, were appointed a committee to prepare a revised list of graduates, to determine what matters are to be submitted to the next meeting of the Guild, and to draft such regulations as are required by the Charter in order to submit them to the Guild at its next meeting.

The first meeting, then, was a purely business meeting. It was unfortunate, but absolutely necessary, that it should be so.

Now that the election of

members of the Court is over, the Guild is free to choose its own work.

This first, or rather preliminary, meeting suggests many questions. Will the Guild of Graduates become a power in Wales? It will, undoubtedly; it is a power already. It will bring the united opinion of the men who have been educated at our University Colleges to bear upon the development of the education of our country. It will keep all graduates of the University in touch with it; the life of the University and the life of its graduates will beneficially act upon each other. The Guild is so constituted,—owing, in a great measure, to Dr.



W. CADWALADR DAVIES.

Isambard Owen,—that it can not fail to become a power in Wales. Its members will have a power and an influence, in Wales, greater than those of any other University. The Oxford or Cambridge or London undergraduate practically severs his connection with the University when he takes his degree; the Welsh graduate will be in life-long touch with his University.

What will the Guild of Graduates do? It will meet,—it will bring Welshmen together, it will perpetuate college friendships, it will give Wales a unity it never had before. It will arrange lectures and discussions, and make its members life-long students. It will encourage research. It can do much, especially, for Welsh history and literature.

Is it wise to introduce the college teachers into the Guild, or would it have been better to make it a Guild of graduates only? The teachers should certainly have a right to membership, their residence in a constituent college as teachers should make up for their lack of residence as undergraduates. It is delightful to teacher and pupil to meet again, and on terms of equality.

There is plenty of work awaiting the Guild of Graduates. It can do much for the publication of Welsh manuscripts. It can organize home reading circles, and extension lectures,—the work hitherto attempted by the Welsh Students' Union. It can, in various ways, satisfy the longing of every class in Wales for education.

The first regular meeting of the Guild will probably be at Aberystwyth,—the University College, which has borne the brunt of the struggle for University education in Wales, has the right of welcoming us first. In the first meeting a paper should be read on the history of Aberystwyth, and another on the contents of the University College library and museum. In another meeting a paper should be read on the history of the University College of Wales, and upon the labours of men like Sir Hugh Owen for the furtherance of higher education in Wales.



BATTLE-FIELD CHURCH, SHREWSBURY.

It might be possible to arrange that the Guild should meet in the vacation, so that the graduates might spend a week or a fortnight's holidays in attending lectures specially delivered for them, or in rambling about to recall memories of their college days.

Next to Aberystwyth, I should prefer Swansea as a place of meeting. Swansea has a long history, and an excellent public library; it is, moreover, a most delightful place to spend a holiday in. Morning lectures on interesting subjects, afternoon rambles in Gower, and evenings spent with old college friends, or on that lovely Swansea Bay,—this would be an inestimable blessing to the hard-worked schoolmaster.

The Guild might ask members to prepare Welsh manuscripts for publication. These manuscripts are scattered all over the country in small collections, and it is only by the co-operation of many that we can get editions of our best poets. It is possible that members might present the Guild with a critical edition, say, of the historical poems of Iolo Goch, or of poems throwing light upon the social and economic history of Wales, or of the lyrics of Glasynys, or of the odes of Islwyn. There is no knowing what good the Guild of Graduates may do.

THE STORY OF HOWELL HARRIS' LIFE.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

The beginning of the modern awakening in Wales,—an awakening that has so mightily influenced the religion, the morality, the industries, and the politics of the country,—is to be sought for in the strange life of Howell Harris. The struggle between the old and the new, a struggle that has changed Wales within the last century and a half, first took place in the passionate soul of this man. He was convicted of sin by his own conscience, near that lovely Safaddan Lake, with its traditions of a city swallowed up for its immorality. He journeyed through the length and breadth of Wales, and his wonderful eloquence roused the country, from superstition and apathy, to a mental activity that has been continuously gathering strength since his time. He then retired to his home at Trevecca, in the beautiful country between the head waters of the Wye and the Usk, and gathered around him a "family" of some hundred persons, whom he formed into an interesting religious and industrial community.

Howell Harris was born at Trevecca, a farmhouse owned by his family near Talgarth, in Breconshire, January 23rd, 1713. He matriculated at St. Mary Hall, Oxford, November 25th, 1735. He died July 21st, 1773, and was buried in Talgarth church. He bequeathed Trevecca to the community he had brought together into it, they transferred it to the Breconshire Calvinistic Methodists, and they transferred it to the Calvinistic Methodists of Wales. Trevecca is now the Calvinistic Methodist College for South Wales.

Howell Harris' autobiography is now published for the first time. He began to write it in his twenty second year. When travelling through Wales, he wrote every evening what he had seen during the day. A perusal of the diary will show to what a great extent he was the creator of modern Wales. It is not all about Whitefield and Wesley, it contains an account of many stirring adventures, and the romance of a love affair.

The manuscripts are kept at Trevecca, and I am exceedingly grateful to the College Committee for permission to publish them. I wish, also, to acknowledge the ready and patient assistance of the Rev. E. Williams, M.A., of Trevecca College, in giving to Welshmen this historical treasure.

The first part of the diary is written in Latin.

I. THE TURNING POINT OF A LIFE.

THIS is the story of the life of a grievous sinner, from the time he felt the force of sin, when he was twenty one years and three months old. At that time he was called from death to life by the Almighty, from spontaneous pity, through reading that most excellent book,—*The whole Duty of Man*. This book he first read at T-r-b-n in Ta-l-n, on Sunday, April 20th. From that time to this day,—May 3rd, 1735,—God's grace, advising me and calling me, has at last persuaded me to make the following confession before partaking of the sacred communion. At that time, on the Sabbath immediately before Easter Sunday, I was moved by the feeling of the necessity for communion on the following Sunday; but I did not consider that preparation was necessary. Coming by accident on the first Sabbath after Easter to the communion at Llangorse, without any premeditation, and with great presumption, by the illimitable mercy of a kind and most gracious God, I received the sacred communion. I had a slight and imperfect meditation before and after, but it was soon stifled; before the space of an hour I felt, sought, talked about, and did earthly things,—so blind and presumptuous is man when his conversion is not real. The ordinary worldly cares, frivolity, and voluptuous thoughts made

my resolution empty and dead. For a fortnight's time my conscience was lulled again, until I saw the above-mentioned book, accidentally, at a most happy moment. May God help so miserable a sinner in so great a work.

II. WHAT THE COPYIST LEAVES OUT.

After the fore-going statement comes a minute account of his life before his conversion. It is a confession of sins, he racks his memory in order to bring up every half-forgotten sin to torment him, and to make his penance severe enough. He enumerates his unholy thoughts, his very inmost thoughts, in order to show how unutterably wicked he was.

But, in spite of his efforts to show that he diligently served the devil, we see clearly that Howell Harris was a lovable youth. We pity the bruised heart and the agonized mind, and out of sheer sympathy yearn with him for deliverance and light. The headstrong, passionate youth developed into a young man of strong imagination,—delighting at one time in the sensuous beauty of the earth, and then filled with a burning desire to save souls from the wiles of such delights. The strength of his imagination brought him face to face with eternity, and the grandeur and vastness of the spiritual world made earthly pleasures appear vain and sinful to him. Still, throughout the struggle which made him such a power, his life was pure, and full of modesty. He became what he has ever remained to his countrymen,—a voice from another world, calling men's attention to eternity and God.

It would be unjust to his memory to bring to light these confessions of what he regarded as the sins of his youth, shared by the best and the holiest among men. He describes himself as proud, vain-glorious, and tempted to all sins placed before him by a fervid imagination.

I begin to copy where his confession shades off into a prayer. The following confessions are long, and some may consider them old-fashioned. But is not this passionate desire to serve God, the same as the feeling of citizenship in our own days? I confess that I can linger over every word of Howell Harris' meditations, and that there is nothing that brings more irresistibly to my mind the duty of serving my fellow men.

I copy every word of the prayer which Howell Harris wrote as an introduction to the history of his life. In this prayer we get to know him,—his subsequent life as an evangelist and as a social reformer is by it made easy to understand.

III. THE END OF THE CONFESSION.

Where all these concurred with millions of venial sins and idle words, (for which, if God had not awakened me to penitence, I should give an account in the day of judgment, and no polluted thing shall go to heaven), and these reflected over and over again innumerable times, against the inspiration of the Holy Spirit too, checks of conscience, calls from God's ministers, reading, &c.,—it is no great wonder that I had none of those cardinal virtues, beatitudes, gifts of the Holy Ghost (since I so carefully nourished in all respects the infernal spirit), fruits of the Holy Ghost, works of mercy, or any of the eight beatitudes, viz:—poverty of spirit; meekness; mourning; hunger and thirst after righteousness; mercifulness; cleanness of heart; peace-making, or willingness to suffer persecution for justice' (though for injustice') sake; prudence, or wariness in my actions, neither to deceive others or to be deceived myself, to know according to honesty's rule what is to be avoided and what is to be done, I doing all things that ought to be omitted, and neglecting all things to be done; justice, in giving every one his due according to Rom. xiii.,—to whom honour, honour give, fear, custom, tribute, &c., rendering to all their due, &c., &c., owing nothing; or temperance, to moderate my appetites and desires according to reason and God's rule, according to Eccles. vii.; or fortitude to oppose vice and encourage virtue when despised, and eschew evil and do good courageously, Ps. xxxvi., xxxvii.; wisdom in directing our lives and actions to God's honour and our own salvation,—understanding God's truth and the mysteries of our faith; counsel, to discover the frauds and deceits of the devil, so as not to be cheated by him; fortitude to undergo and despise all hardships for Christ's sake; knowledge to know and understand God's will; piety to be devout and zealous in God's service,—fear of God, to curb my rashness and pride, to withhold me from sin, and make me obedient to God's law.

It is no great wonder, likewise, that I had no charity to be well disposed, wishing well and doing good to all men, and

rejoicing at all's good; joy in serving God cheerfully; peace in the midst of the storms of the world; patience to suffer all adversities for God's sake, shame, ignominy, scorn, and derision; goodness, what might keep me from hurting none while doing good to all; benignity, an affable, sincere sweetness in my manners and conversation; mildness, to allay my passions and angers, which tormented me so much and others too; fidelity, what would have kept me from ingratitude to my friends, and made me observe punctually my promise to all, and my covenants with all; modesty, to observe a fitting mean in all my words, behaviour, and conversation; continency, not only in abstaining from excess of meat or drink, but all sensible* delights; chastity to keep my soul and body pure.

Instead of these heavenly graces, I nourished the contrary infernal flames, and so became a child of the devil. How far was I from feeding or pitying the hungry and thirsty or naked; or harbouring the harbourless, blind, maimed, sick, poor, or imprisoned; or being careful to attend burying the dead, unless something besides conscience attracted me!

Thus I, son of Belial, have nourished all those venial and mortal sins, to each of which eternal damnation is due. I have done everything, to the utmost of my power, vile, rebel, against all God's commands in the whole Scripture. I have, likewise, left undone all those things that God hath commanded me to do, I have put out all those growing flames of heavenly virtues. Upon a serious recollection, I can't think of one sin I have not been guilty of in some manner or other, and most of them to the height. Nor do I see any virtue or goodness I have conscientiously performed, or endeavoured to perform since I became to be able. Therefore, how is it possible for me that never had an eye to my life, till after twenty one years, to confess as I ought? However, I shall endeavour to name some of my greatest sins, the truth and hein-

* Perceivable by the senses. Compare Shakespeare's use of the word.—"Would your cambric were as sensible as your finger."

ousness whereof (if doubted or forgotten) will appear twenty years hence as horribly as they do now by reading the aforewritten catalogue, the truth whereof singularly, every word, I now avow.

Wherefore, let me endeavour to help my memory to confess, work a sincere repentance, contrition, odiousness to the least sin,—since 'twas by the least I came gradually to the greatest,—and sincere resolution and watchfulness for the future. And to that end let me endeavour to pray and confess to God as well as I can, humbly craving the assistance of that spirit now that gave me a first sight of these horrid sins, and still continues to show me the deceitfulness of my heart, and desire to return to embrace its enemies, and helped me to conclude this imperfect and disordered confession. O assist me to conclude; that, having confessed, resolved, and prayed by thy divine assistance, they may never more be a burden to me, as knowing that it is as easy for the Almighty to forgive the most obstinate sinner as the least transgressor, the sins of twenty one years' repetition as of one minute, millions as one. Wherefore, as thou dost show me the example of other returning sinners, I'll by thy assistance (O blessed spirit that kept me hitherto from sliding, which had been without thy assistance impossible), though confusedly and shamefully, yet confidently in Christ's merits, approach the throne of thy grace, O Almighty Father, saying a brief confession.

IV. A BRIEF CONFESSION TO GOD IN PRAYER.

O most gracious Lord and heavenly Father, most holy and pure thou art. Oh, in thy incomprehensible and accustomed mercy towards mankind in general and towards me, vilest of all, suffer me, and send thy Holy Spirit, promised to all the penitent, to assist me, that am but vile dust and ashes, to speak to thee through thy son Jesus Christ who, with his most precious blood has purchased, as thou wert pleased to own, this admittance to vile dust and ashes to come before thee that art a consuming fire. Notwithstanding I

am a withered stubble and a most wicked rebel, yet when I consider and believe the promises of thy gospel, and the example of Peter, Mary Magdalen, the publican, the prodigal child, any many others; how it is as easy for thee to pardon a million as one sin; and thy most gracious calls to the greatest sinners, and promise to pardon and forgive the sinners that are the heaviest laden with sins, whenever with penitent heart they, lamenting those sins, return unto thee, imploring thy peace; notwithstanding the heinous guilt of my sins and the horrid and innumerable sins of all sorts I have endeavoured to recollect of my past life, having most imperfectly drawn and yet not willingly passed by one; when I review what thou hast been pleased to bring here to my mind and helped me to write by thy Holy Spirit, with innumerable others I cannot remember, and when I consider the goodness thou hast ever showed me when I thus rebelled against thee,—I am ashamed of myself, and confusion seems to cover my face as a veil. And though I stand here guilty of the most dreadful sins, and of the breach of all thy holy laws and commandments, and my conscience tells me I am according to my power one of the greatest sinners on earth, yet the inexhaustible fountain of thy most abundant mercy bids me come boldly to the throne of thy grace, that thou art well pleased in thy dear son, that he is willing to take the curse and the burden of all my sins upon him, on condition of sincere repentance and resolution of amendment, which I would do. But, without thy divine help, I cannot do the one or the other, wherefore I most humbly crave that thou wouldest both quicken and help me in my present work of working out my own salvation, through my dear Saviour, with fear and trembling. Look down with pity upon me, now desiring from the bottom of my heart, if my deceitful heart does not still deceive me, to confess with sincere sorrow, and to beg thy most gracious pardon and assistance for the future, else I am still but a miserable creature.

Oh, I tremble to think before whom I stand, and what a stubborn and obstinate

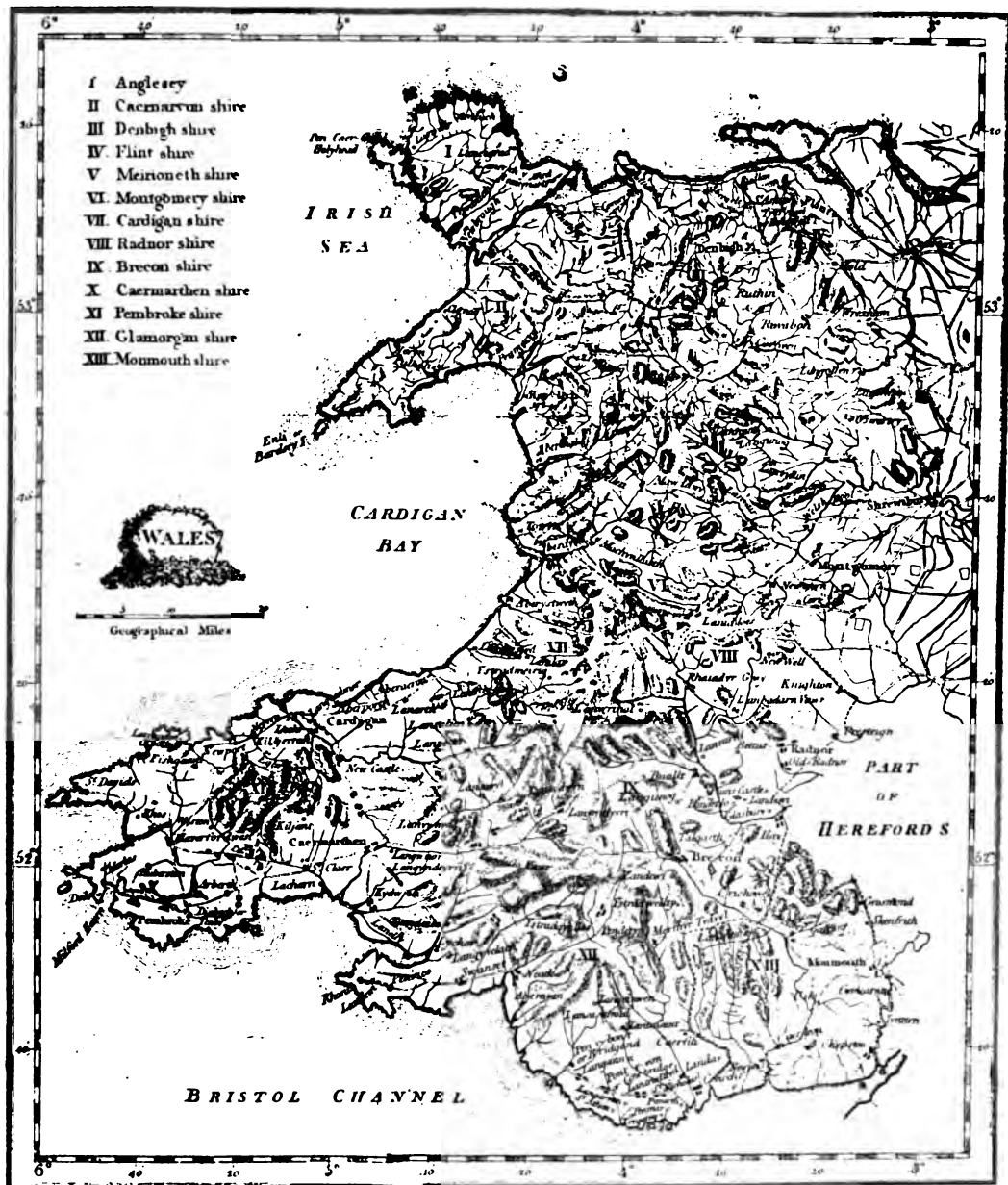
rebel I, most sinful worm, have always been ever since I was able to sin, and how wicked I find my deceitful heart still. Oh, but I would repent, and it is in thy power alone to help me and soften and purify my corrupted heart. O then assist me, O most gracious Lord, with thy divine spirit direct me. I know thou knowest all my misdeeds, and my most secret sins are not hid from thee, and I come to confess them in humble reverence, and in obedience to thy most gracious command and encouraged by thy most merciful invitations to me and to all the greatest sinners. I perceive and confess that in sin I was conceived and born, and that, notwithstanding the vow I made at my baptism, notwithstanding the good instructions and education and example I had from my good parents, as I was able I, according to my ability, broke all thy holy laws, in taking thy name in vain, profaning thy holy day, swearing, telling lies, disobedience to parents, and masters, and brothers and superiors, and stealing several things. Even in my childhood I gave myself to the love of money, women, pride, envy, malice, coveting everything I could have, filthy playing, and all manners of wickedness I could privately be guilty of, notwithstanding the several kind motions of thy Holy Spirit.

But when I grew up in years, and out of man's fear, woe unto me, I grew more in all manner of vice that an hypocrite could do. Having no fear of thee before my eyes in all thoughts, words and actions, I now began to extinguish all checks of conscience, all growing virtues. Oh 'tis with trembling and confusion I think how near I was to repentance being brought upon me by some good sermon from one of thy ministers, and how negligently I slept on it afterwards. How soon did I forget all the good instructions I had, instead of praying for help against temptations,—for prudence, justice, faith, fortitude, temperance, sight, to understand thy blessed Word, and memory to retain it, and there learn to know my Creator in the days of my youth. Nay, instead of reading thy holy Word, and the good books from whence I might

learn to serve thee, and to do my duty to thee, to myself, and to my neighbour I spent my time in reading profane books, ballads, and foolish and corrupt songs. Instead of studying to serve thee, I converted the learning and understanding thou gavest me to be employed in thy service, to the service of the devil. And not being contented with my own service, how often have I enticed others to the same misery.

When I came to years to understand thy will, and fill myself from that with true wisdom and understanding of thy will, and whereon I was to ground my faith; when I came to see thy excellency, power, majesty, goodness, omnipotence, and mercy, with my own miserable condition by nature, and my own actual sins,—instead of prayers for divine counsel to direct my goings in thy way, and fortitude to resist all temptations, and seeking knowledge of thy will from thy Word, or endeavouring to arrive at that piety I so often heard recommended with so many direful threatenings, and thy ever-lasting displeasure on such as despised it, and such extraordinary encouragement to such as study and endeavour to please thee, believe in thee, fear and love thee with all their hearts and souls, worshipping thee, giving thanks unto thee, putting our whole trust in thee, to call upon thee, and honour thee all our days,—instead of remembering these weighty duties, I did not believe thy divine being, or thy holy Word, or my dependence upon thee. I groundlessly, when I was called to consider by thy most gracious Spirit, presumed on thy mercy while I went on in my wilful sins.

I did not love thee, or ever study what love I did owe thy divine majesty, thy excellencies, or providential care of me. And I could not incite in me as much love and admiration as to labour to please thee, or to keep thy holy commandments, or to attend thy divine ordinances out of obedience to thy commands. But I, vile rebel, have made the rule of thy divine worship to be what my mind thought fit, not what thy Word prescribed. I did not at all thirst to enjoy my Saviour in heaven by drawing near to him here in his sacra-



A MAP OF WALES IN HOWELL HARRIS' TIME.

This map appeared in the *Cambrian Register* for 1818. Trevecca is about half an hour's walk south of Talgarth.

ments. I did not fear thee so as to study in the least to keep from offending thee, thy law being now no guide to me, I fearing to do some great crime lest I should be

seen of man. Nay, to shun outward shame or suffering, how many sins have I committed against thee!

[To be continued.]

THE HISTORY OF WALES.

I.—AN OUTLINE OF WELSH POLITICAL HISTORY.

Mountains. THE mountains of Wales are the first and most important element in its history. Races and languages have passed away, but the mountains remain. In the future, as in the past, they will give Wales a separate history; in the future, as in the past, they will make it difficult to unite Wales in the furtherance of a common aim. They have been the cause of Welsh isolation, the strongholds of Welsh independence; they have been an equally mighty cause of Welsh disunion, frowning upon any upstart political institution.

In the history of Wales there are two characteristic struggles,—the struggle for independence and the struggle for unity. The two struggles are always going on,—Arthur is never really asleep,—but the relations are not always the same between Welsh princes, king of Wales, and foreign conqueror.

The Romans in Wales. Far back, when the dark Iberian and the tall fair-haired Celt had not yet coalesced into one people, there was a desire for unity among the people of the mountains, and a difference,—not so much of race or of language,—between them and the people of the lowlands. Caratacus was welcomed by a confederacy of the mountain tribes when the Romans had driven him from the plains of Lloegria. The Romans formed the mountain region, from Carleon to Dumbarton, into one province, and placed it under one head,—the *dux Britanniarum*. The strength of the walls of Chester was to make up for the one break in the long line of mountains.

When the Romans left Britain, about 450, leaving it to the Teutonic tribes who were pouring into its civilized provinces, they left behind them the belief in political unity. Native princes stepped into the power and assumed the dignity of the Roman governor who had just turned his

back upon the island,—Maelgwn Gwynedd still marched along the northern wall, Cunedda Wledig still defended the western coast.

The struggle against the English. Before 600 the Teutonic tribes had reached the Welsh mountains. In 577 the West Saxons reached the mouth of the Severn, and the battle of Deorham severed the connection between Wales and Cornwall. In 613, Aethelfrith and the Northumbrians pierced to the mouth of the Dee, and the battle of Chester severed the connection between Wales and the Strathciyde which lay to the north. The battle of Chester roused the Welsh to a last struggle for the sovereignty of Britain. Cadwallon and Edwin fought, not only for the north, but for the right of wearing the "Crown of Britain." Before 700, the Welsh had given up the hope of re-conquering the mountains of the north; all their energy had to be spent in defending the mountains of Wales.

Between 700 and 1063 three kings,—Rhodri the Great, Llywelyn ab Seisyllt, and Gruffydd ab Llywelyn,—succeeded at various times in uniting Wales. But, at the best, the unity was a loose confederation of princes, owing unwilling allegiance to a powerful prince of Gwynedd. And when the Welsh laws were codified by Howel the Good in the first half of the tenth century, they were written for three separate districts.

The struggle against the Normans. The influence of the Normans upon Wales was even greater, perhaps, than their influence upon England.

They came to Wales just at the time when Harold had broken the power of Gruffydd ab Llywelyn, and had made Wales swerve naturally back, from its newly won unity, into its accustomed feuds. William the Conqueror placed some of his ablest followers on the Welsh borders,—Hugh of Avranches at Chester, Roger of Montgomery at Shrewsbury, William Fitz-Osbern at Hereford,—and the Normans began to conquer the whole country. From

Chester, the lower valley of the Dee and the northern sea border were conquered; the Belesme family obtained the upper valley of the Severn, and aimed at getting supremacy in Wales; a host of Norman adventurers spread over the plain of Gwent and Glamorgan, and occupied all the pleasant regions between the lower Severn and the sea. A long line of stone castles was built along the valleys, monasteries rose under the shadow of the mountains. Normans, like Robert of Belesme, thought of becoming independent in Wales, and of subjecting every native prince.

But the tide of Norman conquest was turned back. A great national outburst found champions in Gruffydd ab Cynan and Gruffydd ab Rhys, and the Norman lords had to call the kings of England to their aid. Owen Gwynedd and Rhys ab Gruffydd held their own against Henry II.; Llywelyn the Great helped the English barons against John, in their struggle for the Great Charter; the last Llywelyn joined the English barons against Henry III., but fell before the united strength of England under Edward I. in 1282.

During the struggle against the Normans, the Welsh kings did not aim at developing any Welsh institutions. They wished to retain the supreme power, and to subject the Norman lordships even. But there is no originality in their plans, they imitated the political and ecclesiastical policy of their Norman neighbours. English law was rapidly encroaching on Welsh law, Welsh institutions were being gradually assimilated to English institutions, and the "Statute of Rhuddlan" is not in any way the beginning of the Anglicising of Wales.

Still this "Statute of Wales,"—the ordinance made at Rhuddlan, in 1284, by Edward I., after the conquest,—marks a new period in Welsh history. It hastened a development that was already going on. The administration of one half of Wales,—the dominion of the fallen Llywelyn,—was made English. All the land that had not been conquered by the Normans was made into shire-ground, with a sheriff and coroner in each shire.

The Church of Wales.

At the same time, the subjugation of the Welsh Church was completed. Wales was partly Christian when the Romans left it, and when Lloegr relapsed into heathenism at the coming of the English. The legends about Saint David probably describe the final victory of Christianity in Wales, about the middle of the sixth century. British Christianity, however, soon lost the fervour of its first missionary spirit, and became permeated by the heathenism it had displaced. It could not withstand the mighty monastic revival of the eleventh century, and Valle Crucis rose on the land of a Welsh prince. It was the aim of Giraldus Cambrensis, and of Llywelyn the Great, to reform the Church of Wales without subjecting it to the metropolitan see of Canterbury. But the attempts at reviving an imaginary archbishopric at St. David's failed, the English archbishop continually encroached upon the Welsh bishops, and followed Edward I., the conqueror of Llywelyn, as the conqueror of the Welsh Church.

The great oppression. 1284—1536.

Between 1284 and 1536 Wales was placed under the rule of the officials of the English king, and under the lords marchers. The one represented law, the other unlaw; and it was difficult to know which was the worse. The English sheriff had by this time become proverbial for extortion and injustice, the justice of the peace followed him to carry out the social war to the bitter end against the farmer and artisan, the king's purveyor was so hated that his name had to be changed by act of Parliament. The border lords were cruel, oppressive, superstitious, absolutely devoid of all ideals of honour and truth; they were the selfish perjured race who were soon to place the Lancastrian kings on the throne, and to plunge the country into the anarchy of the Wars of the Roses. After many abortive attempts, the oppressed Welsh found a leader in Owen Glendower, the most striking figure in Welsh history. His glorious ideals,—a reflection of Dante and the dawn of the Revival of Letters,—disappear in the iron gloom which spread over Wales at the end of the Middle Ages. The aim of the English king was now to pre-

vent the rise of any Welsh institution. Glendower's projected Parliament, archbishopric, and University disappeared; and his fall was followed by a harsh and repressive legislation;—no Welshman was to take office under government, or to defend his house, or to carry arms, or to sit in judgment on an Englishman.

Tudor
unity.
1536.

The Lancastrians introduced no order into Wales, while jealously guarding against the rise of a Welsh prince. Under the New Monarchy, a Court was placed at Ludlow, to carry out the repressive policy that had remained a dead letter so long. In 1536, Henry VIII. drew Wales into a closer union with England,—the march lordships were formed into seven new counties, and the whole of Wales was given a representation in the English Parliament. The old repressive policy was carried out successfully, but in a new spirit. The Welshman was to forget his language, and to become Anglicised, before becoming a true citizen of the state over the prosperity and the law and the religion of which Henry VIII. presided. The Welsh leader ceased to be a rebel, and became an English courtier. He took an honourable place in the history and in the literature of England during the Elizabethan golden age.

A new beginning.
The year 1536 is not the end of the history of Wales; but it may well be taken as the end of one great period. Before 1536, in mediæval Wales, we get the history of the princes. After 1536, in modern Wales, we get the history of the peasantry. Before 1536, we trace the decline and fall of the Welsh ruling aristocracy; after 1536, we trace the rise of the Welsh people. Glendower had done something more wonderful than calling spirits from the vasty deep,—he had called the people into power during a few eventful years. The ploughman had become the hero of Owen's bards.

Justification by faith, presupposing equality among men, became the dominant theological idea soon after 1536; the introduction of printing enabled the people to enter into the pale of literature; the discovery of gunpowder made the coat of mail,

and the hitherto impregnable castle, useless. Clearly, thought and power were no longer the exclusive possession of the aristocracy.

The Great
Civil War.

But the Welsh people waited long before entering into their heritage. They were ignorant and superstitious; the Reformation robbed them of their images and candles, but gave them no new light. They followed the country gentlemen in the Great Civil War, in blind loyalty to the king,—to be massacred on Tewkesbury plain, or within the stormed walls of Bristol. With the exception of English Pembroke,—so important at more than one critical time during the war,—the whole of Wales transferred, to a king it did not know, with its characteristic enthusiasm, the loyalty that had made it suffer so much in the cause of its own princes. Practical and business-like men like Archbishop Williams, and impulsive hot-heads like Sir John Owen, placed their all at the service of the anointed king. During the Commonwealth, the Puritans tried to do for Wales what the Protestant Reformers had done for England. They tried to force upon the people a religion they did not like and could not understand. The parson, who had stepped into the place of the priest, as the priest had stepped into the place of his heathen predecessor, owed much of his influence to his supposed knowledge of magic. The godly Puritan major-general came, and the parson had to give place to preachers who wielded the sword of God and of Gideon. But the echo which Puritanism awakened in Wales was faint and short. The mystic doctrines of Morgan Llwyd,—with Cromwell frowning on every page,—and the intemperate preaching of Vavassour Powel, had no very wide influence. Still, even in Wales, a small minority forsook their traditional fidelity to their superiors, and found what they declared to be perfect freedom in the service of their God. Wales, also, sent many refugees to the wilds of America, which a Welshman had first pointed out as a place of refuge for those who were persecuted for truth's sake. But the great majority welcomed the Restoration, and Wales willingly fell back to its old quietness and superstition.

In Wales, as in England, the Tudors had called into being the power that was to destroy their policy. In 1588, Whitgift,—of all the Tudor ministers the strongest advocate of absolute unity in politics and religion,—had helped a Welsh clergyman to publish the whole of the Welsh Bible. It did not, apparently, do anything to prevent the Anglicising of Wales. The higher classes, in due obedience to their sovereign, were trying to forget their Welsh. Church appointments soon became political, and the bishops had no sympathy with the people and no influence over them. That Welsh Bible, after many days, however, became the inspiration of Welsh national consciousness, the beginning of a new era in Welsh history and in Welsh literature. During the latter half of the eighteenth century it became the property of the whole people,—Howell Harris roused the peasant from his sloth and superstition, and Griffidd Jones' circulating schools brought education within the reach of the poorest. The religious and literary revival did not directly affect the church or the ruling aristocracy; it drew the mass of the people out of the church, and added a difference of religion to the many differences already growing between the people and their rulers.

While this great, but silent, revolution was changing the creed and the character of the Welshman, the mineral wealth of Wales was beginning to affect the history of the country. At the end of the eighteenth century, the copper works of Swansea were a hundred years old, and the furnaces of Merthyr Tydfil half as much, but the population of Cardiff did not reach two thousand, and all the coal of Merthyr was carried on donkeys' backs. Within less than a century the population of Cardiff became 150,000, and Glamorgan and Monmouth made greater strides than any county within our islands. Material wealth and prosperity brought greater independence and new ideals. The new spirit first manifested itself in a wild outburst of Chartism, but it soon settled down into a slow and mighty movement, guided, at the same time, by the revolutionary doctrine of the brotherhood of man, and by the intensely

conservative doctrines of nationalism. The extension of the franchise in 1832, 1864, and 1885, followed by a bitter war between landlord and tenant in many districts, prevented the growth of a rebellious spirit by placing upon every Welshman the responsibility of sharing in the government of Britain.

The legislation of the last ten years has given the Welsh peasantry a large measure of control over their own affairs. The British Parliament has specially legislated for Wales in two directions,—it has struck one blow at the prevailing sin of drunkenness, and it has satisfied the desire for education by the Intermediate Education Act of 1889, followed by the charter which makes the dream of Owen Glendower,—a University of Wales,—a reality.

The County Council Act of 1888 has profoundly affected the history of Wales, and its action will be completed by the Parish Councils Act. It has given the control of local government to the men educated in institutions of their own creation,—the Sunday school and the literary meeting. Even in days gone by, days of the disfranchisement of Wales, the genius of the Welsh people was a genius for construction rather than for rebellion. Unaided by Government, and against the will of officials, it has created its own voluntary system of religion and education. The British Parliament seems now to be recognising the results of the labours of the creators of modern Wales, and to be giving it an opportunity,—by means of the extension of local government which is characteristic of our age,—of still further renewing its youth in the future.

The history of Wales is simple and easy. Its mountains will always give it a history of its own. The history of its princes is complete, Tudur Aled has bewailed the fall of the last of them,—

“Dead chief, the maiden loves
Thy grave's sod for thy sake.”

The history of the Welsh people has begun. Deserted by their princes, led by no Luther or Calvin or Knox, too blind to see what was noble in the ideals of the Puritan Revolution,—still they are people that have emerged out of darkness into light.

THE HOME READING CIRCLE.

I.—THE FIRST EVENING WITH HENRY VAUGHAN.

Let us begin with Henry Vaughan the Silurist. You can easily procure the works of George Herbert, with which it will be interesting to compare some of Vaughan's poems given on these pages. You might profitably read the history of his time also, in S. R. Gardiner's little book—*The Puritan Revolution*.

I select, to begin with, poems illustrating (1) the influence of the Great Civil War on literature, (2) the rise and growth of the feeling of delight in the wild beauty of nature. We hear echoes of the Great War in Vaughan, but the echoes are softer than in Milton. We see in Vaughan the delight in the beauty of nature which is so characteristic of the poetry of our own day, though far removed from the intensity it reaches in Wordsworth. It is worth remembering that the Usk is the first river to have its wild beauty described in English literature, and that Vaughan, in describing it, did much to awaken the muse of Wordsworth.

You will see from the following poems that Henry Vaughan was a strong Royalist, idealising the beheaded king, and referring to Oliver Cromwell as a tyrant. Still he has much of the earnestness of Puritanism. In him, more than in any other poet, we get the grace and beauty of the Cavalier, and the purity of the Roundhead.

I. PEACE.

MY soul, there is a country
Afar beyond the stars,
Where stands a winged sentry
All skilful in the wars.
There, above noise and danger,
Sweet peace sits, crowned with smiles,
And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.
He is thy gracious friend
And (O my Soul awake!)
Did in pure love descend,
To die here for thy sake.
If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the flower of peace,
The rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortress, and thy ease.
Leave then thy foolish ranges;
For none can thee secure,
But One, who never changes,
Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

II. THE RETREAT.

HAPPY those early days, when I
Shined in my angel-infancy!
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy sought a
But a white, celestial thought;
When yet I had not walked above
A mile or two from my first love,
And looking back, at that short space,
Could see a glimpse of his bright face;
When on some gilded cloud or flower
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound,
Or had the black art to dispense
A several sin to every sense,
But felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness.
O how I long to travel back,
And tread again that ancient track!
That I might once more reach that plain,
Where first I left my glorious train;
From whence the enlightened spirit sees
That shady City of Palm trees.

But ah! my soul with too much stay
Is drunk, and staggers in the way!
Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move;
And, when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came, return.

III. THE BRITISH CHURCH.

AH! he is fled!
And while these here their mists and shadows
hatch,
My glorious Head
Doth on those hills of myrrh and incense watch.
Haste, haste, my dear!
The soldiers here
Cast in their lots again.
That seamless coat,
The Jews touched not,
These dare divide and stain.
O get thee wings!
Or if as yet, until these clouds depart,
And the day springs,
Thou thinkest it good to tarry where thou art,
Write in thy books,
My ravished looks,
Slain flock, and pillaged fleeces;
And haste thee so,
As a young roe
Upon the mounts of spices.

IV. THE WORLD.

I SAW eternity the other night,
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
All calm, as it was bright;
And round beneath it, Time, in hours, days, years,
Driven by the spheres,
Like a vast shadow moved, in which the world
And all her train were hurled.
The doting lover in his quaintest strain
Did there complain;
Near him, his lute, his fancy, and his flights,
Wit's sour delights;
With gloves, and knots, the silly snares of pleasure,
Yet his dear treasure,
All scattered lay, while he his eyes did pour
Upon a flower.

The darksome statesman, hung with weights and woe,
 Like a thick midnight fog, moved there so slow,
 He did not stay, nor go;
 Condemning thoughts, like sad eclipses, scowl
 Upon his soul,
 And clouds of crying witnesses without
 Pursued him with one shout.
 Yet digged the mole, and, lest his ways be found,
 Worked under ground,
 Where he did clutch his prey. But one did see
 That policy.

Churches and altars fed him; perjuries
 Were gnats and flies;
 It rained about him blood and tears; but he
 Drank them as free.

The fearful miser on a heap of rust
 Sate pining all his life there, did scarce trust
 His own hands with the dust,
 Yet would not place one piece above, but lives
 In fear of thieves.

Thousands there were as frantic as himself,
 And hugged each one his pelf;
 The down-right epicure placed heaven in sense,
 And scorned pretence;

While others, slipped into a wide excess,
 Said little less;
 The weaker sort alight, trivial wares enslave,
 Who think them brave,
 And poor, despised truth sate counting by
 Their victory.

Yet some, who all this while did weep and sing,
 And sing and weep, soared up into the ring;
 But most would use no wing.
 "O fools," said I, "thus to prefer dark night
 Before true light!

To live in grots and caves, and hate the day
 Because it shews the way,
 The way, which from this dead and dark abode
 Leads up to God,
 A way where you might tread the sun, and be
 More bright than he!"
 But, as I did their madness so discuss,
 One whispered thus,—
 "This ring the Bride-groom did for none provide,
 But for his Bride."

V. THE STORM.

I SEE the use; and know my blood
 Is not a sea,
 But a shallow, bounded flood,
 Though red as he;
 Yet have I flows as strong as his,
 And boiling streams that rave
 With the same curling force, and hiss
 As doth the mountained wave.
 But when his waters billow thus,
 Dark storms and wind
 Incite them to that fierce discuss,
 Else not inclined.
 Thus the enlarged, enraged air
 Uncalms these to a flood;
 But still the weather that's most fair
 Breeds tempests in my blood.

Lord, round me then with weeping clouds,
 And let my mind
 In quick blasts sigh beneath those shrouds,
 A spirit-wind;
 So shall that storm purge this recluse
 Which sinful ease made foul,
 And wind and water, to thy use,
 Both wash and wing my soul.

VI. THE EVENING-WATCH.

A DIALOGUE.

Body.

FAREWELL! I go to sleep; but, when
 The day-star springs, I'll wake again.
Soul.

Go, sleep in peace; and when thou liest,
 Unnumbered in thy dust, when all this frame,
 Is but one dram, and what thou now descriest
 In several parts shall want a name,
 Then may his peace be with thee, and each dust
 Writ in his book, who ne'er betrayed man's trust.

Body.

Amen! but hark, e'er we two stray,
 How many hours dost think till day?

Soul.

Ah! go; thou'rt weak, and sleepy. Heaven
 Is a plain watch, and, without figures, winds
 All ages up; who drew this circle, even
 He fills it; days and hours are blinds.
 Yet this take with thee. The last gasp of time
 Is thy first breath, and man's eternal prime.

VII. THE RELAPSE.

MY God, how gracious art thou! I had slipped
 Almost to hell,
 And, on the verge of that dark, dreadful pit,
 Did hear them yell;
 But O thy love! thy rich, almighty love,
 That saved my soul,
 And checked their fury, when I saw them move,
 And heard them howl!
 O my sole comfort, take no more these ways,
 This hideous path,
 And I will mend my own without delays:
 Cease thou thy wrath!
 I have deserved a thick, Egyptian damp,
 Dark as my deeds,
 Should mist within me, and put out that lamp
 Thy spirit feeds;
 A darting conscience full of stabs and fears,
 No shade but yew,
 Sullen and sad eclipses, cloudy spheres,
 These are my due.
 But he that with his blood, (a price too dear,)
 My scores did pay,
 Bid me, by virtue from him challenge here
 The brightest day;
 Sweet, downy thoughts, soft lily-shades, calm
 Joys full and true, [streams,
 Fresh, spicy mornings, and eternal beams,—
 These are his due.

THE COURT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WALES.

April 7th, 1894.

YESTERDAY, on the sixth of April, 1894, the governing body of the University of Wales met for the first time. It was difficult to realise, as we sat in the dingy Privy Council Chamber at Whitehall, that the hopes of so many years were being amply fulfilled. It was difficult to believe that Wales, so lately without any educational institution at all, was now in possession of a University. To my mind, the day was a prouder one than a day of victory. Our historian has no battle of Granson or battle of Bannockburn to describe, he can not show the fall of tyranny at the dissolution of a Union of Calmar, he can not dilate on the crowning of a heroic struggle for liberty in a Treaty of Munster. But the sixth of April, 1894, was a day for us that Switzerland, or Scotland, or Sweden, or Holland might have placed side by side with their most glorious days.

It was the day of the crowning triumph of a struggle that is almost unique in the history of the world. It was the day of the establishing of a peasants' University. A people, without help from the educated classes, suspected and distrusted by those who ought to have led them, rose out of ignorance and superstition, created a system of education that is second to none in the world, and demanded a University, not as an ornament to please a short-lived patriotism, but as an institution necessary to the working of an enduring educational machinery. The new University has been recognized by government as the University of the peasants of Wales. It can almost be said that there was no class in Wales too ignorant to take an interest in the work of the sixth of April. The University is the glorious result of a struggle carried on by the disinterested labour of peasant leaders, it is the crown of a system of education maintained by the hard-earned pence of the peasant farmer and labourer, it is the long expected realisation of the dream of the peasant poet. "This University," said the Queen's

Prime Minister, in opening the proceedings of the first meeting of its Court, "will be a place in the main for poor students. It will not be a place to which men of wealth will come and put the final polish on a leisurely course of education fastidiously gone through, but it will be the place where the son of a peasant or a farmer or a mechanic may come and grasp, with a hard and even a horny hand, the weapons with which he means to carve out his career." A glance at the eighty members of the Court present would have been enough proof of Lord Rosebery's saying. With a few splendid exceptions, they were the descendants of those peasants who have made the life of Wales what it is to-day.

We were still waiting for Lord Rosebery and Mr. Acland, when a *Black and White* photographer came in. He placed his camera in a corner and turned its eye upon us. Must it be confessed that we, who had been sacrificing our time and means in the interest of the generations to come, were instantaneously and unconsciously acted upon by our ineradicable Celtic vanity? Thinking about ourselves was ridiculous at such a historic moment, when the glory of the future of our country was unfolding itself before us,—still we straightened ourselves up and cast a side glance at the lens. I sat behind two mighty county councillors from Monmouthshire, and feared that fame was denied me unless I stood on my feet, as some did. I shifted my chair however, and my face may be seen peering over the shoulders of my big friends. The photographer took the cap off at last. No process is instantaneous in that dim light, and we thought that the plate was being exposed for a quarter of an hour. I heard violent coughing during that time, and I must have turned my head many times, for I saw many people moving in different directions. We were to have another chance. "Now," said the photographer, as he exposed another plate, "quite still, please."

At that moment Lord Rosebery and Mr. Acland came in, and we all stood up to receive them. I need not say that our reception was cordial. Lord Rosebery spoke as one who had paid sympathetic attention to our struggles. "Though I do not belong to Wales," he said, "I have watched for years past the energy and munificence with which Wales has striven to put her educational machinery on a level with that of the older institutions of the other parts of the kingdom." He struck a chord in the meeting when he said,—"There is one form of nationality that appeals to all. I mean that form which insists, not in putting forward political schemes, but in endeavouring to preserve ancient traditions, ancient literature, ancient language, and to press forward in the race with other nations so as to make the nationality to which one belongs equal to any. As a sign of that high and just principle of nationality, I welcome the Welsh University, and, as occupying the chair on this occasion, I and all associated with me wish it God speed."

Mr. Acland* was enthusiastically greeted, not as a friend and sympathiser only, but as a fellow worker. It can be said with truth, that no English Cabinet Minister has done so much for Wales as Arthur Acland has. Lord Aberdare, of course, we regard as a Welshman who, while in the Cabinet and out of it, has done service to Welsh education that it will be almost impossible for any one man to surpass. Mr. Acland knows Wales so well, and has done such great work shoulder to shoulder with us, that he is regarded by us and by himself as being almost a Welshman. He gave the history of the University as the crowning of the educational movement in Wales, a movement, it need not be added, that found one of its most indefatigable workers in Mr. Acland himself. He described our hopes when he said,—“I hope the University will do all it can to foster and develop that capacity in the men and women of Wales which lies at the very root of national character and national progress.”

Lord Aberdare and Mr. Rathbone moved

and seconded the vote of thanks, and the Ministers then departed, leaving us to begin our arduous duties. Lord Aberdare naturally took the Chair, and Dr. Isambard Owen naturally took the provisional secretaryship. It was decided to do the necessary work first,—to appoint a committee for the drafting of statutes for governing the conduct and the business of the Court, and to appoint a committee to advise the Court what were to be recognised as departments of study. Until this is done, the course of study for degree examinations can not be laid down, for the Court is to act upon the recommendation of the Senate, and the Senate is to consist of the heads of departments. The committees were appointed, and the Court then appointed another numerous committee to report upon the exercise of the power of conferring degrees in Theology.

No long speeches were made, and consequently business was done. It was most difficult for the reporters to follow the proceedings of the Court, because the speakers, well known anywhere in Wales, were quite unknown to them. I heard one reporter ask one of the youngest members of the Court, a representative of the Guild of Graduates, whether he was the Principal of Bala College. Another could not make up the list of the University Colleges. "Bangor I know," he said, "and Aberystwyth I know, but which is the third?"

The most important danger the Court has to guard against is, as Mr. T. E. Ellis suggested, the multiplying of committees and making them too large. When the committee merely reports to the Court, the smaller it is the better. The great distances between the constituent colleges, and the rigid economy which must be observed, make it imperative that the committees should be small. If the constituent colleges trust each other, and guard the unity of the University as jealously as the interests of each separate college, the proceedings at future meetings will be as harmonious as at the first meeting of the Court, and as much work will be done.



THE EDITOR'S PAGES.

IN preparing the design for the cover of WALES, Mr. S. Maurice Jones has tried to make the outside of the magazine characteristic of what the editor means its contents to be. It will be seen at a glance that the most important place is given to the history of Welsh education. The three University Colleges stand at the top of the page; and one side of the cover is given to Owen Glendower, Charles of Bala, and Sir Hugh Owen. The picture of Owen Glendower is taken from his seal,—he represents the desire for a University of Wales, and a distinct Welsh Literature. The statue of Charles, the work of Mynorydd, stands at Bala; Charles represents the Sunday school and religious education in Wales. Sir Hugh Owen,—his statue is at Carnarvon,—represents secular education. In selecting these representatives I was guided, to a certain extent, by the portraits available. I wish I could have placed Bishop Morgan and Griffith Jones of Llanddowror with the other three; but I could find nothing typical of them to place in the artist's hands.

Pistyll Rhaiadr, in Powys, represents the physical characteristics of Wales; the history of Welsh political institutions is represented by Carnarvon and Caerphilly castles,—the one in Gwynedd and the other in Glamorgan.

History and education will not, however, be the only subjects of WALES. Considerable space will be devoted to the development of Welsh industry. As far as possible, the history of mediæval princely Wales, and the history of modern industrial Wales, will be told side by side. Sheep farming, slate quarrying, tin-plate working, coal mining, gold mining, spinning and weaving, wood-carving, bee farming, and other industries, will be the subjects of illustrated articles.

Reprints of rare books will be given, or of parts of rare books,—especially of those throwing light on the social history of Wales at different times. The experiences of pilgrims to shrines and holy wells, of travellers finding themselves in difficult situations, of the first English visitors to Welsh watering places, of outspoken critics who have regarded the Welshman as a hopeless liar and an incorrigible thief,—these will be given without note or comment.

WALES will contain articles on religion and politics, but regarded entirely from their historical and non-contentious side. The accounts given

of the Wales of the past and of the present and of the future will, as far as the possibility lies with the editor, be unbiased by the prejudices of religious sect or political party. The majority of the contributors will, probably, have unbounded faith in the Welsh people; but many, especially John Jones-Jones, Esq., J.P., of Jones Hall, will have perfect freedom to express their many doubts and their semi-serious criticisms.

Shrewsbury, the first place of meeting for the Guild of Graduates, has had a long connection with Wales. Its mythical founder is Dyfnwal Moelmud, — “bald-mute Donnell,”—one of the Celtic dark gods who, according to Professor Rhys, are represented “as bald, cropped of their ears, deprived of one eye, or in some way peculiar about the head.” It is the traditional meeting place of the British tribal kings, who opposed the Roman attack on the western province. It is the Pen Gwern,—the crown of a hill rising from among alder trees,—of Cynddylan the Fair, whose desolate home is described in the earliest Welsh poetry, without fire, without light. It became the capital of the Norman, cursed equally for his cruelty and for his ability, who aimed at establishing the independence of a half Norman half Welsh Wales. It was stormed by Llywelyn the Great, after the murder of a child that was kept as a hostage within its walls. It saw the defeat of Owen Glendower's allies, while Owen himself had not completed the subjugation of the English parts of South Wales. It opened its gates to Henry Tudor when on his way to Bosworth, it welcomed Charles the First when he had declared war against his Parliament.

There are many architectural remains, especially in St. Mary's, carrying us back to Owen Glendower's time, and further.

The first translated classical Welsh prose work to be published in WALES is Ellis Wynn's *Visions of the Bard of Sleep*. The translator is T. Marchant Williams, J.P.

An enterprising newspaper has determined to discover that the new Education Code is a dead letter. The report and sensational headings seem to have been written by one hand, and the evidence by another. The reader is haunted by a suspicion, also, that the report came into being first, the evidence afterwards.

It is interesting to notice how very easy it is to prove, to those who have a burning desire for be-

lieving, that Mr. Acland's Welsh educational reforms were not needed. One might take places like Abergavenny and Chepstow and Tintern, which are far more English than English towns like Oswestry or Shrewsbury or Chester, and point out triumphantly that in them Welsh is neither taught nor used as a vehicle for the teaching of English. If *aber* does not sound Welsh enough, one might make a list of voluntary schools in Llans, and ask schoolmasters, who are ignorant of the language their pupils speak, what they think of teaching a language they despise, and a language they do not know. The result will be a collection of general statements,—as stale as proverbial wisdom and as old as dulness,—condemning the lifelong work of enlightened educationalists as a mistake, and the mature opinions of statesmen and teachers as nonsense. "We do not avail ourselves of the provisions of the present code," says the master of a National School in Cardiganshire, "and shall never do so. There is no affinity whatever between the two languages," adds this superior of Bopp and Grimm, "and I look upon the provisions as absurd in the extreme." Another master, with more directness than grace, describes the whole thing as "utter nonsense." A third public servant, betraying a little tender feeling for his own interests, as well as a delightful ignorance of the best method of teaching, confesses that "it is enough trouble to teach the children English, let alone Welsh, which they know already." Another worthy opines he can devote his time to better advantage in teaching other subjects.

A careful perusal of the evidence gathered by the directed correspondents shows that the new Education Code is gradually, but surely, coming into operation throughout the whole of the Welsh-speaking districts of South Wales. Leaving out of consideration the insignificant voluntary schools,—many of which have been a curse, rather than a blessing, to Welsh education,—it is seen that the great schools, managed by elected representatives, and taught by well-educated masters, are adopting the Code. The change must come about very gradually,—the bilingual text-books for all standards are not ready, the teachers have not in all cases finished their own study of Welsh. The best plan is to introduce Welsh, at first, into the lower standards only, and to let the children continue to learn it as they pass into higher standards.

The most humiliating confession comes from Treorky. It is a libel upon schoolmaster and inspector alike. "The masters, we understand, think that the taking of Welsh, in lieu of another special subject, would seriously affect the percentage of passes."

With deep gratitude to the *Western Mail*,—often the Balaam of the Welsh press, intending to curse, and really blessing,—I copy the report of the correspondents concerning some of the most important schools in South Wales,—

GELLIGAER (*Glamorganshire*).

BARGOED BOARD SCHOOL.—Welsh has been taken here as a specific subject since 1886. Only two cases have occurred in

which parents have objected to Welsh, and these have been Welsh parents. About 70 per cent. of the Standards V., VI., and VII. avail themselves of the privileges. Only the headmaster (Mr. T. M. Jones) is capable of carrying out the provisions of the code.

GELLIGAER VILLAGE BOARD SCHOOL.—Code adopted in this school. Last year Welsh was taken as a class subject, instead of English, in Standards I. and II. This year it will be taken in Standards I., II., III., IV., &c. In each year a higher standard will be taken until a stage is reached when Welsh will become a class subject throughout the school. All scholars avail themselves of the privilege, and all the teachers of the school on the teaching staff are capable of carrying out the provisions of the code in this particular, inasmuch as the method is a progressive one, commencing with Standard I., and taking a higher standard each year.

HENGOED BOARD SCHOOL.—Code adopted, Welsh being taken in Standards V. and VI. as a specific subject for the last three years. There are 96 children in the mixed department. Of these, 29 have availed themselves of the privilege this year in Standards V. and VI. The whole of the teaching staff are capable of carrying out the provisions of the code.

TREHERBERT (*Glamorganshire*).

TREHERBERT BOARD SCHOOL.—Welsh is taught here in the same way. This year Standards I. and II. take Welsh according to code requirements. In the ensuing school year three successive standards will be likewise engaged. Songs with Welsh words are prepared for the inspector. Quite nine-tenths of the staff are capable of teaching Welsh.

RHYMNEY (*Monmouthshire*).

There are three schools at Rhymney under the Bedwellty School Board. In the Upper Rhymney Board School Welsh is taken as a class subject in three lower standards; 73 per cent. of the children have availed themselves of the privilege, and the headmaster and four assistants are capable of teaching Welsh. In the Lower Rhymney Board Schools the position is the same, except that here only 60 per cent. of the children avail themselves of the code, and the capable members of the staff are limited to four. In the Middle Rhymney Board Schools Welsh has not been adopted, is not desired, and could not be taught.

MOUNTAIN ASH (*Glamorganshire*).

DUFFRYN GIRLS' SCHOOL.—The only school in this town that has adopted the present code permitting the teaching of Welsh is the Duffryn Girls' School, of which Mrs. Griffiths is the head-teacher. At this school the teaching of Welsh was commenced in 1893 in the lowest standard. The teaching is continued with those children who have passed into Standard II., and it is proposed to continue thus until all the standards are reached. All the children in the first and second standards, being about 89 per cent. of the whole school, are availing themselves of the privilege, and it is noticed that the children of English parents are as sharp as the Welsh children in picking up the lessons. Five out of seven of the teaching staff of this school are capable of carrying out the provisions of the code in this particular, the head-mistress and second-mistress being both thoroughly conversant with the language.

The Merthyr and Swansea School Boards have determined to put the new Code in its entirety in force. But I shall not call attention to these important centres at present, as WALES will contain articles upon education in the coal and tinplate districts.

As a contrast to the schools of the great industrial centres, I give the evidence relating to a group of country schools. The St. Clears district is interesting to the historian, being a district in which Welsh has ousted English; it is interesting to the educationalist because it was in it that Griffith Jones' Welsh circulating schools began.

LLANDDOWROE NATIONAL SCHOOL.—No Welsh taught; mistress not capable; P. T. has a conversational knowledge of Welsh.

BOARD SCHOOL (1st Class).—No Welsh taught; teachers capable.

ST. CLEARS NATIONAL SCHOOL.—No Welsh taught; master and P. T. not capable.

TAVERNSPITE NATIONAL SCHOOL.—No Welsh taught; master not capable; P. T. has a conversational knowledge of Welsh.

WHITLAND BOARD SCHOOL.—No Welsh taught; may begin after next examination in May next; staff capable.

VAUGHAN'S CHARITY SCHOOL, LLANGUNNOCH.—No Welsh taught. In the opinion of the master, teaching Welsh would delay acquisition of English. Teachers able to teach Welsh.

OUR TRADITIONS.

This collection of traditions is the work of many hands. The traditions are given, as far as possible, in the words of those who related them as received from times that have gone. May I appeal to those who have collected traditions, ghost stories, and all manner of weird tales, to let them appear on these pages? Of the following, I found the first in a collection of Penllyn traditions, written by a farmer. The second tradition, which will be found in the next number, was related to me by a very old man.

I. ARTHUR'S SLEEP.



IN the old times a boy was taken by his father from Llanuwchllyn to see Bala fair.

While the boy was strolling among the crowd and wondering at

the grandeur of all the stalls, he saw

an old man watching him intently. At last

the old man asked him,—pointing to his hazel stick,—

“Where did you get that stick, my boy?”

“I cut it in a hazel grove, near a big rock, just where you leave our fields and go to the mountain.”

“Will you show me the place?”

“Yes, that I will.”

Before many days had gone, the old magician,—for a magician he was,—came to the boy's home, and asked him to come and show the place where he had cut the hazel stick. The boy led him to a gloomy place, and they saw the desolate mountain stretching its wide expanse before them.

“It was here I cut the stick,” he said, “under the shadow of this big rock.”

“Let us dig,” said the magician.

They dug, and before long they raised a slab, and the mouth of a cave yawned before them. They entered into the cave, and the boy saw many wonders. The cave was vast, and full of knights, in a sitting posture, all clad in bright steel armour,

each with his spear at rest beside him and his shield at his feet,—and they were all sleeping. Far away, right in the middle of the cave, was a throne and a round table. A crowned king sat on the throne, and his crown glittered so that it could be seen from the furthest recesses of the cave.

“That is Arthur,” whispered the magician, “and those are his knights. They are all asleep, they have been asleep for a thousand years, awaiting the fulness of the time for delivering their country.”

While they stood at the entrance of the cave, they noticed a table, on which stood a bell. “Do not touch it,” said the magician to the boy, “if anyone rings it, all the army you see will awake.”

They passed among the armed multitude, and came near the throne. There they found endless heaps of gold. The magician took as much of the gold as he could carry. But the boy took none,—his mind was full of the desire for seeing that mighty army awaking. And when they came to the bell, he rung it before the terror-stricken magician could interfere.

The vast army rose, Arthur's crown gleamed with greater light, and the whole mountain shook. Many of the awakened knights shouted,—“Has the day come?”

“No,” said the magician, “sleep, Arthur, sleep.”

Arthur's voice came, like the sound of many waters, and hushed the army into sleep again,—“He seeks gold, not deliverance; the time has not come. Sleep.”

The light of the crown paled, and darkness fell upon the cave. The boy found himself near the copse where he had cut the hazel stick, but the magician had disappeared. Often did the boy watch the spot, expecting Arthur's army to appear.

THE LITERATURE OF WALES.

I.—AN OUTLINE OF THE HISTORY OF WELSH LITERATURE.*

THE literature of Wales, like its history, falls into two well-defined periods. The first period is that of the literature of the princes, when the literary language was the Welsh spoken in the courts of the princes, and when every poet had some prince as his patron. The second period is that of the literature of the people; the period in which we are now living. For want of a better, we might, perhaps, take the following rough division,—

- I. THE LITERATURE OF THE PRINCES. 1063-1536.
 1. The Patriotic Period, 1063-1284.
 2. The Golden Period, 1284-1536.
- II. THE LITERATURE OF THE PEOPLE. 1536-
 1. The Period of Translations, 1536-1730.
 2. The Period of Awakening, 1730-

The first extant collections of Welsh literature belong to the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. But the style of these earliest specimens of poetry and prose show that they are the products of an advanced stage of literary development. Geoffrey of Monmouth, and a host of chroniclers, romancers, and poets found plentiful material in the literature of Wales; and it is difficult to know how much the historians and romancers of Norman times give as they found it, and how much they added to suit the spirit of their own times.

The struggle between the Welsh princes and the Norman lords caused a great literary awakening in Wales. Before 1150, Geoffrey of Monmouth had written his history of the kings of Britain, while wandering reciters were carrying the Welsh tales from the courts of Welsh princes to the halls of Norman barons. The poetry of an earlier age was recited and written, probably with many changes,—the war songs and querulous wisdom of gods or heroes like Taliesin, Aneurin, or Llywarch Hen. The prose of the time is, however,

incomparably more important than its poetry; the magnificent collection of romances known as the Mabinogion, with their varied contents and highly polished style, must have been recited for centuries before they became the delight of mediæval baron and monk. Probably they are the work of the age which came between the struggle against the English and the struggle against the Normans. Some of the romances are older than Arthur, some older than Christianity, but the tendency is to connect everything with Arthur and his knights.

The century which saw the perfection of the romance, saw also the beginning of the study of contemporary history and manners. Giraldus Cambrensis, combining Welsh imagination with Norman keenness of observation, gives descriptions of Welshmen that are true up to this day. But, like Walter de Map, he is important in Welsh literature only in so far as he gives material for others, for he wrote in Latin.

It was the union of Welsh and Normans that brought the Mabinogion into their perfect form; it was the struggle between Welsh and Normans that brought into being the first poems whose history we know. The first great opponent of the Normans, the man who wrested Gwynedd from them, was Gruffydd ab Cynan; and it is his death, in 1137, that makes Meilir strike the first note in the poetry of mediæval Wales.

The second struggle against the Norman kings, under Owen Gwynedd and Rhys ab

* The earlier works mentioned, up to about 1282, are found either in the Black Book of Carmarthen, a twelfth century book reproduced in facsimile by J. Gwenogvryn Evans, or in the Red Book of Hergest, that "corpus of Cymric literature," parts of which are published in Mr. Gwenogvryn Evans' beautiful volumes, and in the *Myfyrion Archaeology*.

Some of the works of the poets between 1282 and 1536, are to be found in Rhys Jones' *Gorchestion Beirdd Cymru*, and Dr. W. O. Pughe published an edition of Dafydd ab Gwilym's works. But most of the poetry of the Golden Age is still in manuscripts scattered all over Wales. The works of Huw Morus are published, but most of the seventeenth and eighteenth century poetry is in manuscripts. From the "awakening" on, everything available is published.

Gruffydd was more heroic, and it brought forth more numerous and more musical poets. When Owen Gwynedd baffled the attempts of Henry II., his praises were sung by many poets besides Gwalchmai and Cynddelw. His ally, Rhys ab Gruffydd, was celebrated by his poets Seisyll and the White Bard of Brecon. Two princes were poets as well as leaders of armies, —Howel ab Owen Gwynedd, and Owen Cyfeiliog, the accomplished and patriotic prince of Powys.

Cynddelw lived to join the host of poets who sang of the victories and of the power of Llywelyn the Great. And among these there was at least one,—Dafydd Benfras, —who was among the still greater number of the poets who thronged into the court of the last Llywelyn. There is a tradition, —the shadow of later legislation thrown back upon Edward's time,—that the conqueror caused the Welsh bards to be massacred. It is true that the conquest caused literary stagnation for nearly half a century, and Gruffydd ab yr Ynad Coch (Gruffydd the son of the Red Justice) mourned, a lonely figure between the two periods, the fall of the last Llywelyn.

The conquest of Wales put an end to Welsh prose as well as to Welsh poetry. *Brut y Tywysogion*, written at Aber Conway or Strata Florida, is brought to an abrupt end in 1282.

The
golden
age.
1284-1536.

The golden period of Welsh literature corresponds to the iron period of its history. Immediately after the conquest, Welsh literature seemed to be extinct. For many years there was but the solitary figure of an old bard bewailing the fall of Llywelyn. The insurrections during the latter part of the thirteenth century,—the last flickerings of Welsh independence,—brought a bard or two, but the bards became silent as rebellion after rebellion was crushed.

Suddenly a new note was heard. The love song took the place of the war song, and descriptions of the beauty of nature take the place of the descriptions of the courts of the princes. The poets seem, for a moment, to have become separated from

the princes, and to have aimed at developing a literature unconnected with politics. They met in three famous eisteddfods, and it was soon apparent that the spent strength of the struggle for independence was revived in a passionate love for all that was beautiful in the Wales of the time.

Among a bright host of poets, Rhys Goch stands pre-eminent for his descriptions of the beauty of Glamorgan, and Dafydd Nanmor for his charming and pure descriptions of women. The most famous of all is Dafydd ab Gwilym, representing all the elements of the Golden Age,—pathos and naturalness, love of woman's beauty and a still more passionate delight in the beauty of nature, artistic delight in colour and a wide sympathy which gives wisdom to his counsels and geniality to his satire.

While Dafydd ab Gwilym was gathering all flowers to lay on golden Ivor's tomb, younger poets and students were flocking under the banner of Owen Glendower. Love and beauty were still sung, but literature became more earnest and into closer connection with the political and social problems of the time. With Iolo Goch, the poetry of the Golden Age becomes martial again. Iolo sings the praises of Owen Glendower, and, like contemporary English poets, idealises the labourer and describes the plough.

With the death of Owen Glendower, Welsh poetry again lost its martial character, and an attempt was made at returning to the love poetry of Dafydd ab Gwilym. But the old naturalness was gone, and it was in vain that Dafydd ab Edmund, in the Carmarthen eisteddfod of 1451, tried to revise poetry by enforcing a code of rigid laws of alliteration. Early in the fifteenth century the last unmistakable notes of the Golden Age were struck by Tudur Aled, one of the greatest and the last of the poets of mediæval Wales.

The Golden Period is characterised by intensity and by variety. During the poetical life of Dafydd ab Gwilym there was an outburst of song that, for the intensity of delight in all earthly beauty, has never been equalled in the literature

of Wales. Birds, flowers, and beautiful women take the place of priests and knights. The poet no longer lingers over battle-scenes or over the death-scenes of princes, he is watching the mountain mist, or the morning lark, or the sea-gull "like a lily bathed in dew." His hours of prayer are no longer spent in a monastery, he describes the grander monastery of the forest. The delight in the beauty of nature was, perhaps, too intense to last; but it produced descriptions of nature and of woman's beauty that are the glory of the literature of mediæval Wales.

As the Golden Period is characterised by intensity while at its best, it is characterised by variety during its rise, and especially during its decline. The exquisitely tender love-poems of Dafydd Nanmor and the stirring war odes of Gruffydd Llwyd, the ruggedness of the northern Rhys Goch and the melody of the southern, the boisterous horse-play of Guto'r Glyn and the polished satire of Lewis Glyn Cothi, the licentiousness of Madog Dwygraig and the religious earnestness of Sion Cent,—we find them all during a short but very prolific period.

The accession of the Tudors and their attempts at Anglicising Wales precipitated the decline of the Golden Period. Tudur Aled is the last great figure of the age of true poetry. We find him at the *Caerwys eisteddfod* of 1524, but if his poems showed that an age of giants had gone, most of the poets who surrounded him showed that an age of dwarfs was coming. There were sure signs of decline. One was the elaboration of alliterative rules, now so complicated that technical skill inevitably took the place of the old naturalness. Another sign of decline was the appearance of grannims and dictionaries,—invariably the products of a declining age. Still another was the presence of the satirist,—the satirical triads mostly belong to the degenerating time. One other sign of decline I might mention,—the perfection of prose style. The poetry of the Golden Period was developing, or degenerating, into prose. In the middle of this development, while prose style was

still tinged with poetic eloquence, the Welsh Bible was translated.

A new beginning. After the accession of the Tudors a great change comes over Welsh literature. It begins anew, its poets seems to belong to a wholly different race. The ease and melody and grandeur have disappeared; and we are among minor poets who are trying to manufacture poetry with infinite labour, slavishly observing the elaborate rules laid down by their greater and nobler predecessors. Occasionally the description of nature, by the sheer exhaustiveness of minute painting, rises into poetry; but the successors of Tudur Aled and Gruffydd Hiraethog abound in common-places, in redundancies, and in exceedingly prosaic descriptions,—dulness long drawn out in order to satisfy the inexorable rules of alliteration.

A new class had taken possession of Welsh literature. The higher classes had been drawn, by the Tudor policy, into the literary as well as into the political life of England. In higher and official circles, Welsh literature was as much discouraged as it had been encouraged before. A Welsh poet complains that there is no worldly reward for him in the new times, henceforth the delight in Welsh poetry must be its own reward. The higher classes were amply rewarded for their desertion of the literature of their own country,—they saw the Welsh soldier and the Welsh gentleman honoured in English literature, they saw Lear and the radiant Cymbeline and Owen Glendower described by the greatest of English dramatists.

The Welsh people, unable to understand the language of their rulers and deserted by their own leaders, began to develop a new literature of their own. This new literature rose under two influences,—that of earlier Welsh literature, and that of contemporary English literature.

The influence of the poetry of the Golden Age was great and lasting. It is true that little of it was printed; but every poet made a copy, for his own use, of some of the most famous odes of Dafydd ab Gwilym and his immediate successors. At the end

of his book of treasures, the peasant poet, with becoming modesty, wrote feeble imitations of his own. The poets of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries successfully imitated the form of the older poetry, but it was at rare intervals that a poet like Huw Morus caught echoes of their music. It was only once perhaps, and that on the eve of the new period, that their grandeur is found,—in Goronwy Owen.

The influence of contemporary English literature was still greater. The Period of Translations. 1536—1730. Educated Welshmen pitied the ignorance and superstition of their countrymen; and, during the whole of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the popular pious books of England were translated into Welsh, very often into perfect Welsh prose. In Elizabethan times, in addition to the Bible and the English Book of Common Prayer, Bishop Jewel's *Apology for the Church of England* was translated by Morus Cyffin. In Puritan times Rowland Vaughan translated Bishop Bailey's *Practice of Piety*. And when Puritanism had been driven from power, Stephen Hughes gave Welshmen Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*.

One characteristic of the period of translations is the unbroken decline of the old alliterative Welsh poetry. The bards of the second eisteddfod of Caerwys, 1568, had something of the old grace; the poets of the seventeenth century could make their alliterative lines exceedingly musical; but, by the middle of the eighteenth century, the alliterative poetry had sunk to the lowest depths of prosaic bathos, and the only characteristics of a bard were a knowledge of alliterative rules and beautiful penmanship. At the same time, as is always the case, prose style was rapidly developing, and, it reached its perfection in Theophilus Evans' *Mirror of the Chief Ages*, and in Ellis Wyn's *Bard of Sleep*. Prose at the beginning of the seventeenth century, in Charles Edwards' *History of the Unfeigned Faith* and Morgan Llwyd's *Book of the Three Birds*, is poetical and eloquent, often obscure from excess of imagination; at the end of the century it is terse, clear, and picturesque.

It would be unjust, however, to regard the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries or centuries of no originality. It was a period of translation, of apprenticeship, but it often strikes a note prophetic of the period that is to follow. Sion Tudur describes contemporary Elizabethan life, and may almost be regarded as the first student of the life of Wales in all its aspects; Rees Prichard, ignoring the beauty of the literary language that had been the language of the prince and his poet, wrote living verses in the dialect of the vale of Towy; Edward Morris, followed by Edward Richard and William Wynn, threw aside the fetters of alliteration, and wrote poems which are hardly equalled, even in the Period of Awakening, for melody and grace.

During the period of translations the influence of Welsh literature on England was slight as compared with the mighty influence of Welsh mediæval literature; still George Herbert helped to give English thought the religious meditation which is so characteristic of Wales, and Henry Vaughan did much to call the attention of Englishmen to a beauty they had not yet seen,—the beauty of wild nature.

The Awakening. 1730—. When the eighteenth century was about half way through, there were unmistakable signs of a new life in Wales. The desire for education was shown by the numbers who crowded into Griffith Jones' evening schools. The "awakening," as it is fitly called, first took a literary form. Dr. W. O. Pughe made educated Welshmen revere their own language. Owen Myfyr spent his hardly-won fortune in collecting Welsh manuscripts. Lewis Morris appealed to the people, now awake to the beauty of his songs. With Twm o'r Nant, barns were turned into theatres, and Welsh literature seemed to be on the point of developing into the drama.

But there was another and a mightier element. A religious revival, of unexampled fervour, had followed Howell Harris' steps. Charles of Bala organised a Sunday school system. So theology became the most important part of the revived and regenerated thought of Wales.

It was at first austere and uninviting, but the burning desire for salvation made men pore patiently over bulky "bodies of divinity" and endless theological magazine literature. The discussion of divinity doctrines, carried on enthusiastically in the Sunday schools and during leisure hours, gave exactly the same training as the study of Formal Logic would have given.

Before long these two elements,—the literary and the theological,—were united. The beauty of the one was added to the strength of the other. Theology was turned into poetry by preacher and hymn-writer: it ceased to be mere definitions, it was given life.

The hymn was at first very religious and very wooden; but its development, under the influence of the passion of a people naturally literary, was very rapid. Williams of Pant y Celyn, a farmer in the Vale of Towy, threw into hundreds of hymns the religious experience of one who had an insatiable curiosity, and a poet's delight in beauty, as well as the fervour of conviction. Ann Griffiths, a Montgomeryshire farm girl who died young, composed hymns that are, perhaps, unequalled for their melody and poetic thoughtfulness. Many others took some Biblical truth as the subject of hymns which, owing to their poetic beauty, will live as long as there is one man to speak the Welsh language.

When we come to the beginning of this century, the poets become exceedingly numerous; and it is impossible, in an outline sketch, to mention even the most important of them. The two best representatives are, perhaps, Ceiriog and Islwyn. Ceiriog, the bard of the Berwyn, represents the naturalness of modern Welsh poetry.

In Ceiriog, it is pure as the dew, it is the idealisation of a shepherd's life, brimful of tenderness and with the grace of its fashion wonderfully perfect. It reflects faithfully the Welsh adoration of woman, the unending delight in the grandeur of the mountains and the beauty of the vales, and the vigorous striving after higher ideals. It is worth noticing that the education of Wales was the subject in which the most characteristic Welsh poet took greatest interest.

Islwyn is an equally good representative of modern Welsh literature, but in its more meditative aspects. Islwyn spent his life among the low hills of western Monmouthshire; he is as natural as Ceiriog, his love of Wales is as intense, but the undercurrent of sadness is nearer the surface. He is maturer, more thoughtful, representing Welsh thought more in its religious than in its literary aspect. These modern poets have the grace of the poetry of the Golden Period, but with a strength of thought and comprehensiveness of vision that are not to be discovered in our mediæval literature.

Whether there are greater poets to come, it is difficult to predict. Judging from what we know of the history of the thought of other nations, it seems probable that Welsh prose is developing into the novel, and Welsh poetry into the drama. We have seen the rise of the consciousness of national unity,—this may be represented before long in a Novel that will describe for all ages what the life of Wales is, and in a Drama that will need the union of the genius of lyric Glasynys with that of dramatic Hiraethog. In Welsh literature there are plenty of the elements of the greatest literature. It will be the work of the future to combine them.

WELSH HISTORY.

IN the following numbers, the history of Wales will be told. Political history and the history of literature will be related first. At the same time, as an introduction to the constitutional and economic history that will be told later on, an account will be given of the Welsh laws and of legislation concerning Wales.

The articles on the Welsh laws will be written by

D. Brynmor Jones, Q.C., M.P. The English laws relating to Wales, from the Statute of Rhuddlan on, will be given, either at length or in an exhaustive summary.

"ENOCH HUGHES."

IN the next number the first chapter of *Enoch Huws*,—Daniel Owen's most powerful story,—will appear. The translator is the Hon. Claud Vivian.

EDUCATIONAL WORKS

PUBLISHED BY

Hughes & Son, Wrexham.

IN CLOTH, PRICE 4s. 6d.

Rowlands' Welsh Grammar: by the late Rev. Thomas Rowland.

A Grammar of the Welsh Language, written in English: based on the most approved systems, with copious examples from some of the best Authors.

Uniform with the above, PRICE 4s. 6d.

Welsh Exercises: adapted to the above Grammar, by the same Author, with copious Explanatory Notes.

IN CLOTH, Fcap. 8vo., 2s. 6d.

Cyfystyron y Gymraeg (Welsh Synonyms): by Griffith Jones (*Glan Menai*). Of this little volume

CANON SILVAN EVANS says:—

"He has not only compiled a copious list of words that are, in a general sense considered synonymous, but he has shewn, in most cases, the different shades of meaning conveyed by these words."

IN CLOTH, Fcap. 8vo., 2s.

Gramadeg Cymraeg: by the Rev. David Rowlands, B.A. (*Dewi Môn*), Brecon.

University College of North Wales, BANGOR

(A Constituent College of the University of Wales.)

PRINCIPAL: H. R. REICHEL, M.A.,

With Eight Professors, Four Lecturers, and Eleven other teachers. Next Session begins OCTOBER 2nd, 1894. The College courses include the subjects for the degrees of London University. Students intending to graduate in Medicine at the Universities of Edinburgh or Glasgow may take their first year's course at the College. There are special departments for Agriculture and Electrical Engineering.

At the Entrance Scholarship Examination (beginning SEPTEMBER 18th) more than 20 Scholarships and Exhibitions, ranging in value from £40 to £10, will be open for competition. One half the total amount offered is reserved for Welsh candidates.

For further information and copies of the Prospectus, apply to

JOHN EDWARD LLOYD, M.A.,
Secretary and Registrar.

For those who desire
TO LEARN WELSH.

Ab Owen's Publications.

Welsh Classics.

HANES Y FFYDD YNG NGHYMRU
(History of the Faith in Wales.)

By Charles Edwards. Three Pence.

DINISTR JERUSALEM (Destruction of Jerusalem.)—Illustrated.

By Eben Fardd. Three Pence.



LUD'S CAVES. (From *Hanes Cymru*.)

HANES CYMRU (History of Wales.)
One Penny.)

PLANT Y BEIRDD (Poet's Children.)
One Penny.

HANES JOHN PENRI. Three Pence.

CANEUON MOELWYN. One Shilling.

PENHILLION TELYN. First Series.
One Shilling.

To be obtained from Hughes and Son,
56, Hope Street, Wrexham.

TIME TESTED TEA.

Pure Indian Souchong

(PRIZE MEDAL LIVERPOOL EXHIBITION)

At 1/7 per lb.



Superior
Blended
TEA
At 2/- per lb.
Specially
recommended



Choice
"Afternoon"
TEA
At 2/6 per lb.
rich delicate
flavour



Samples and Price List on application.

THOS. JONES & CO., LTD.
Tea and Coffee Importers,
9, PARKER STREET,
LIVERPOOL.

A NATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR THE ENGLISH SPEAKING PARTS OF WALES



SYR HUGH OWEN



WALES

EDITED BY

Owen M. Edwards, M.A.,

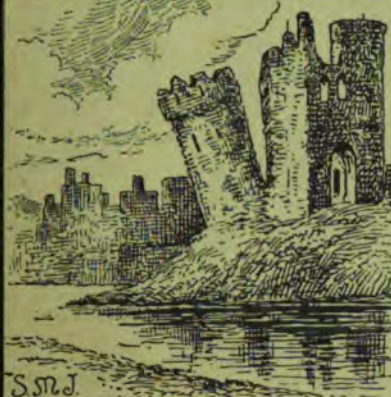
Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford.

Contents:

FRONTISPIECE.—*On the Pembrokeshire Coast.*
OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS.—*Mountains of the Blessing, Views at Conway, Plan of Conway, The Upper Gate, John Gibson's Birthplace, Conway Bridges, Llywelyn's Coffin, Howell Harris, On the Wye, A Shepherd's Cottage, To Winter Pastures, The Shepherd's Dog, St. David's, The Bishop's Palace, "Aberwale."*

	PAGE.
ENOCH HUGHES. I. Fair Wales. By Daniel Owen	49
WALES TO ENGLISH EYES	51
A TRIP THROUGH NORTH WALES IN 1700. By E. B.	53
WHY WALES HAS A HISTORY	57
THE DIARY OF A BARD. II. Schoolmastering	60
A POET WHO DIED YOUNG. By W. Owen, Mobile, Alabama	64
CONWAY	65
THE STORY OF HOWELL HARRIS' LIFE	71
GERALD THE WELSHMAN'S JOURNEY	75
MOUNTAIN SHEEP FARMING. By Thomas Jones, C.C.	79
HOWEL THE TALL. By Ernest Rhys.. .. .	84
ST. DAVID'S	85
THE CATALOGUE OF WELSH MANUSCRIPTS. By A. E. J.	88
AN ANGRY BARD'S LETTER. By Rev. J. A. Jenkins, B.A., Cardiff	91
OUR TRADITIONS. II. The Red Men of the Dusk	92
GABRIEL YORETH. I. Flowers and Sunshine. By the Rev. E. Cynffig Davies, M.A.	94
MISCELLANEOUS,—Editor's Notes	94

Sixpence.



THOMAS CHARLES



PIANOS! PIANOS!! PIANOS!!

From 10/- Monthly.

— ON NEW HIRE SYSTEM. —

LARGEST STOCK IN THE KINGDOM.

Thompson & Shackell,

(LIMITED,)

QUEEN'S MUSIC WAREHOUSE, CARDIFF,

Also at Swansea, Newport, Bristol, Merthyr, Gloucester, Cheltenham, Pontypridd, Llanelly, &c., &c.

✿ Sole Agents for South Wales for the Estey Organs and the Neumeyer and Ibach Pianos.

Agents for Pianos by Collard & Collard, Broadwood, Brinsmead, Kirkman, & all Leading Makers.

Organs by Estey, Mason & Hamlin, and all best American Firms.

[Illustrated Catalogues FREE.]

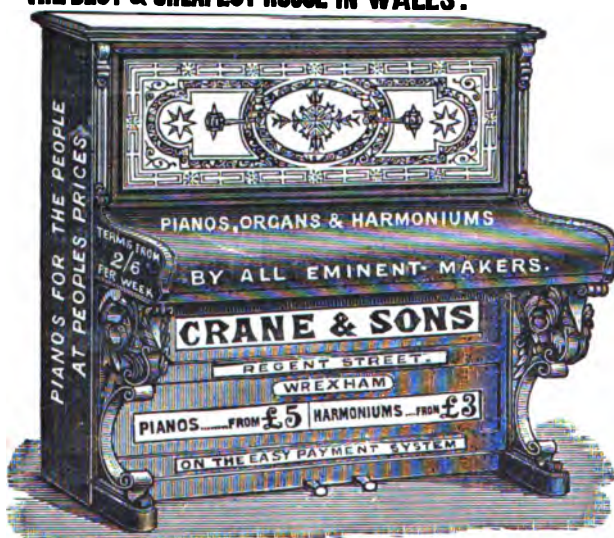
PIANOS AND ORGANS

On the Easy Payment System; delivered Free on Payment of First Instalment.

THE BEST & CHEAPEST HOUSE IN WALES.

OLD INSTRUMENTS TAKEN

IN EXCHANGE.



Pipe or Mirror Top, 6s. per Month.

AMERICAN ORGAN, with

10/6 per month, Walnut Cottage Pianoforte, Iron Frame, Check Action, Full Trichord, Brass Tinplate, Truss Supports, Panel Front with Gilt Incision or Marquetry, &c. Delivered on Payment of **TEN SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE.**

CRANE & SONS,

R. THORNTON JONES, MANAGER,

4, REGENT STREET, WREXHAM.

Tunings and Repairs in any part of Wales by experienced men. Estimates Free. Illustrated catalogue free on application.

[illegible]



ON THE PEMBROKESHIRE COAST.

From a sketch by J. G. Jones.

WALES.

VOL. I.]

JUNE, 1894.

[No. 2.

ENOCH HUGHES.

BY DANIEL OWEN,

Author of The Autobiography of Rhys Lewis, Green Tomas, &c.

Translated from the Welsh by the HON. CLAUD VIVIAN.

CHAPTER I.

FAIR WALES.

ENOCH HUGHES was a love-child, but he was not born in Anglesey. The nook where he was born was nearer England, and its inhabitants talked finer Welsh, and, in their own opinion, were more cultivated and polished, though they were not more religious. The bells were not rung at his birth, and no signs of rejoicing of any sort were seen or heard. Even the fact that he was a boy, and not a girl, did not bring so much as a smile to the face of any of his relations when they were told of his arrival in the world. Indeed, some of the neighbours maintained that so little interest was felt in him that it was not known, for some days, to which gender he belonged, and that it was quite by accident that the matter became evident—and that by the carelessness of Enoch himself. The reason for all this unconcern about the new arrival was this,—no one expected him or wanted to see him. I have said too much; there was *one* who did expect him. How many sleepless nights, how much grief and anguish and torment of mind, how much bitter and true repentance, of self loathing that almost bordered on distraction, this expectation had cost, God alone knows. I know this is a tender and touchy matter to hint about. I know that it would be pleasanter to one's feelings to be listening to one with a good voice singing,—“Fair Wales, land of song,” and to encore it, and for him to give us in response,—

“White gloves are e'er her offer,
A glorious land is Wales.”

But the man who thought that he had got the whole history of Wales in those two songs would be an idiot. I recollect, when I was a lad, that that good man Abel Hughes, when quite lost in the service in chapel, used to shut his eyes, especially when singing, and that I got to believe that shutting the eyes was a sure sign of godliness. I have changed my opinion. Shutting the eyes is

no sign of sanctity. And to be fair to Abel Hughes, he never used to shut his eyes except when in the *hwyl*.* He was as keen sighted as anyone, and he called things by their right names too. No doubt, if he was alive now, he would be considered a plain-spoken, harsh man. It is certain that Abel Hughes, like old fellows generally, was a little too plain in his speech; but it is to be feared that, in these present days, our danger is affectation and over nicety,—not calling things by their Welsh names, and even not calling them by any names at all. Have the things themselves ceased to exist? Or have we got some new light on them? Does such a place as hell exist in these days? Such a place used to be spoken of some time ago, but you seldom hear such a place mentioned now,—except by some rather old fashioned person. Is there such a thing as incontinence? One hears now and then about “disagreeable circumstances.” But no doubt the world has become more mannerly, and care must be taken how it is conversed with.

There was only one, as has been said, who expected Enoch to come into the world, and there was not one who wanted him in the world. He was looked upon as an intruder. Enoch, poor fellow, knew nothing of this; and if he had known that his appearance would have created so much consternation, and have occasioned so many discomforts and bitter feelings, it is doubtful whether he would not have committed suicide rather than face so inhospitable a world. But Enoch faced it quite innocently and defencelessly. The doctor testified that Enoch was one of the finest boys he had ever seen, and that there was only one imperfection in him, which was this,—that three of the toes of his left foot were stuck together, like a

* *Hwyl*. As far as I know there is no English word that gives the exact meaning of “*hwyl*.” It describes a state of fervour in public worship, when the worshipper has forgotten himself in the exquisite enjoyment of a purely spiritual world. It is also used of a preacher whose voice has become mellow under the influence of overpowering emotion.—ED.

duck's. Whether this denoted that Enoch would be a good swimmer, the doctor did not attempt to determine. But this was neither here nor there.

Before Enoch was a month old,—if his senses had developed enough, and if he had not been comfortably asleep by the side of his mother,—he might have been an eye witness of a sight that he would never have forgotten. The bedroom was large and comfortable, which denoted that its owner was in better circumstances than usual. It was a Saturday night, or rather Sunday morning, for the clock had just struck midnight. The doctor had just left the room, intending to return soon with some medicine to help Enoch's mother to cross the river—or, in other words, to die. Before leaving the house the doctor said to her father, who was a very proud man,—“I will come back in a few minutes Mr. Davies, but I am afraid that poor Ellen will not see the dawn. You had better go and see her. Go, Mr. Davies; go, or you will be sorry for it after this.”

Mr. Davies had not seen Ellen since the day Enoch was born. Ellen was his only child, his only comfort, his idol. But on the day Enoch was born, Mr. Davies took an oath that he would never speak to his daughter again. However, when the doctor said to him that Ellen would not see another morning, he felt his heart give a turn, and his blood as it were freezing within him. He walked up and down the parlour half a dozen times, and the twitchings of his face showed the deep torments of his proud heart. He started up the stairs, and then turned back; started again, and turned back again. Yes, he had taken an oath that he would never speak to her again. But he remembered—and he was glad to remember it—that he had not said that he would not *see* her. He started up the stairs again, and this time did not turn back. Mr. Davies was a handsome and strong man, and he had never before now felt any difficulty in going up the stairs. But this time he felt his legs almost giving way. There were two nurses in the room talking in low voices, and they were frightened at Mr. Davies' unexpected appearance, but neither of them uttered a word. Ellen's eyes were shut, her face was as white as the pillow under her head, and her long hair, which was as black as her sin, was strewn loosely and carelessly about her. Mr. Davies clutched the bedpost, as though from necessity, and looked fixedly at the face of his dear daughter. What a change he saw! Was this Ellen, his dear Ellen? Incredible! She was only a shadow of what she had been. Yet, thought Mr. Davies, in spite of all the change, she had lost none of the beauty that he had always felt so proud of. And, indeed, Ellen was more like her

mother—whom he had buried about a year previous to this—than he had ever seen her. He looked fixedly at her pallid face, and his heart began to soften. But he turned his eyes and saw Enoch, with his pink face, flat nose, and bald head, and Mr. Davies' anger and wounded pride returned, and he sighed heavily. Ellen opened her eyelids and disclosed a pair of eyes that her father had looked at thousands of times with admiration. Her father was not the only person who had admired those eyes. From the whiteness of her face Ellen's eyes seemed to her father to be blacker, brighter, and more beautiful than ever. But Ellen, his dear Ellen, whom he had looked upon as a model of perfection, without a flaw or a wrinkle in it, like the very light itself, had sinned. And in all fairness to the father, it was her sin and not the disgrace,—though he felt that deeply,—that was like a canker gnawing at his heart—for Mr. Davies was a particular, religious, and godly man in his own way. Ellen opened her eyes, as has been said, and looked imploringly, though silently, into her father's eyes. After a minute's silence she said brokenly,—

“Father, wont you speak to me?”

Mr. Davies did not answer a word, but the workings of his face and throat showed that he was the chief sufferer.

“Father,” repeated Ellen, “I have asked Jesus Christ a thousand times to forgive me. Do you think he will, father?”

Mr. Davies looked at Enoch, and clutched the bedpost still more tightly, but he did not break his oath. Ellen said a second time,—

“If mother was alive,—and she is alive, I saw her last night—and *she* has forgiven me. Wont you forgive me, darling father? I have been a bad, bad, bad daughter; but wont you forgive me, darling father?”

Mr. Davies let go the bedpost, swayed like a drunken man, took a step forward, kissed his daughter once and again, and returned to his old place without taking his eyes off her; but he never uttered a word. Ellen smiled happily and then turned her eyes to Enoch. As though guided by instinct, one of the nurses, who was a mother, understood her wish, and put the baby's face to his mother's cold lips. Enoch only grunted sleepily when he was kissed for the last time by his mother. After doing this Ellen looked as though she had done with everybody and everything, and gazed upwards without cessation. Mr. Davies did not take his eyes off her; and even when the doctor came in, he did not appear conscious of his arrival. The doctor perceived at once that poor Ellen was on the point of departing this life, and did not try to make her take the medicine. For some minutes

Ellen continued to gaze upwards, then she said audibly,—

"I am coming now, mother,—now." After one convulsive twitch, one long sigh, her spirit took wing.

"She has gone" said the doctor quietly, and at the same time he took hold of Mr. Davies' arm and led him down stairs. The doctor was glad to get to the bottom in safety, for Mr. Davies leaned heavily on him. The father's anguish was terrible, and when he fell heavily into his chair, he pressed his head between his hands and groaned aloud,—

"Oh Ellen! Ellen! my darling Ellen!"

Suddenly he jumped excitedly to his feet, struck the table several times till the blood spurted from his knuckles; and, as though addressing the table, he said fiercely,—

"Enoch Hughes, if you are not already in hell, may the curse of God follow you every step of your life."

He repeated the mad words several times. The doctor stayed with him till he quieted down. Mr. Davies was comparatively young, scarcely forty years old. He was looked upon, in the village where he lived, as being in comfortable circum-

stances, and was highly respected. His daughter Ellen, before the circumstances we have touched upon, was a favourite, even with her own sex, which is saying a good deal. Her fall was a blow to scores of her friends and acquaintances, and no one, so far as I know, showed any joy at her disgrace. It is not always thus, worse luck. And of all disgraceful things, the most disgraceful is for any one to rejoice in the misfortune of his friend. The sympathy for Mr. Davies, in his bitter trial, was deep and true, and its manifestation copious. But he never held up his head again. The arrow had gone straight to his heart, and no one could draw it out. He sold all his goods and chattels; and the last of his old neighbours that Mr. Davies spoke to was David Jones, the man who used to cut letters on the gravestones.

"David Jones," said he, "put these words on the stone that is over my wife, never mind the age and date,—

Also

ELLEN DAVIES,

'The pitcher was broken at the well.'"

And without so much as wishing good bye to his friends, Mr. Davies left the country.

WALES TO ENGLISH EYES.

EVER since the English people have become conscious of their unity as a nation, there is a tendency in English literature to contrast England with Wales, and the Englishman with the Welshman. To the Norman, the Welsh were foxes; to the Englishman they have been, at different times, gentlemen and buffoons. During the sixteenth century, when the Welsh chieftains crowded into the court of the Tudors, and found favour in the eyes of sovereigns of their own race, the Welshman was regarded as a gentleman. Shakespeare saw the greatness of Glendower through the prejudices of Lancastrian times,—

"In faith he is a worthy gentleman,
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments, valiant as a lion,
And wondrous affable, and as bountiful
As mines of India."

The greatest of English dramatists hon-

oured the Welshman's observance of an ancient tradition, began upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour. In Ben Jonson and in the minor Elizabethan dramatists, Wales is held in equally high honour.

During the seventeenth century the reputation of Welshmen began to decline. Their loyalty, it is true, endeared them to the Royalist; their superstition aroused the pity rather than the contempt of the Puritan. But, in the eyes of all parties, they lost their old reputation for valour in war. The battles of Tewkesbury and St. Fagan's took away from the Welshman what the battles of Cressy and Agincourt had given him.

It was during the eighteenth century that the Welshman sunk lowest in English eyes. All the modern misconceptions concerning the Welsh character, often affecting

an Englishman's judgment, can be traced back to some book or song written during the eighteenth century. Pilfering is almost unknown in Wales, still there is a vague belief among Englishmen that Taffy is a thief. Truth is undoubtedly as highly honoured in Wales as in any country, still I have met Englishmen who insist on believing a statement made by some heated politician that all Welshmen are liars. A "Welsh jury," to the minds of some, means a body of men bent upon defeating the ends of justice; and it is readily taken for granted, in ignorance of all English history, that an English juryman has always been the incarnation of immaculate impartiality.

These misconceptions are all due to eighteenth century writers, and I have gone to the trouble of finding the origin of all the stock libels about Wales. I shall publish them, month after month, in order that it may be seen from what hole of a pit they are dug.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century the scenery and the people of Wales were barbarous to English eyes. I need not say that, at that time, the delight in wild scenery was no part of English thought. The beauty of mountain and moor and sea had not been discovered, though we find the germs of it in Addison when he says that the scenery of Lausanne filled him with "an agreeable kind of horror." At the beginning of the eighteenth century the English traveller found delight in "the trim and neat" fields of England, and thought that the Welsh mountains were unsightly masses of rock which could not be turned to any account.

The people were no less strange than the country to English eyes. It has been the misfortune of Wales that Englishmen began to travel in it at a time when English and Welsh were most unlike each other. During the eighteenth century the Englishman disliked and despised sentiment, and believed in the fashionable theory of the equality of men; the Welshman was full of sentimental conceits, and talked by the hour about his pedigree. During the same century the Welsh peasants were not so far advanced in matters of sanitation as the English middle class travellers.

A sparing use of water and ignorance of the functions of soap are unpardonable to an Englishman. I know a lady who found that a maid in a continental hotel was ignorant enough about soap to take a bite out of her unscented Pears, thinking it was toffee. It is in vain that I have tried to persuade that lady to believe there ever was civilization in Italy or thought in Germany.

In reading the English descriptions of Wales I am giving, let not the Welshman suppose that he has been more tolerant than the Englishman. In order to illustrate this warning I translate, at the outset, a few Welsh triads,—

Three things there are that can never be found out,—God's counsels, the first drop of the sea, and an Englishman's wiles.

Three things will penetrate to the ends of the world,—sunlight, the praise of a fine fellow, and an Englishman's boasting.

Three things the further they are the better,—mad dogs, God's curse, and an Englishman.

Three things are easy to see,—the mid-day sun, water in the Severn, and an Englishman's brutality.

Three things are difficult to get,—gold from a miser, love from the devil, and courtesy from an Englishman.

Three fickle things,—the new moon, a weather-cock, and English fidelity.

The three hardest things,—a granite block, a miser's barley loaf, and an Englishman's heart.

The three chief enemies of a Welshman,—his own credulous heart, a winged devil from the nether regions, and an Englishman.

Three things necessary in a song for the devil,—the dying squeal of a sow, a cursing priest, and English.

Three things are best when hung,—salt fish, a wet hat, and an Englishman.

Three things will take a long time to do,—drying the Atlantic, climbing to the sun, and unvillaining an Englishman.

Three things will not soon be seen,—the sea-crow covering Snowdon, reaping wheat on the Atlantic, and truth in an Englishman.

Three things attack the weak,—the cat, the sea-crow, and the Englishman.

Three things difficult to find,—a salmon in an oak, a miser's chest unlocked, and impartiality in an Englishman.

Three things my heart loves to see,—honey on my bread, the face of the girl I love, and a halter round an Englishman's neck.

A TRIP TO NORTH WALES.

BEING A DESCRIPTION OF THAT COUNTRY AND PEOPLE IN 1700.

I.

I KNOW not by what fatality it came to pass that I was bred up to the study of the law, but surely the importunity of others had a greater hand in it than any inclination of my own; for I was ever of opinion a young barrister without an estate,—my case,—made as awkward a figure as a dancing-master in the habit of a non-con parson, in regard such rarely get their bread till they have lost their teeth to eat it. However, being called to the Bar, I began to consider what way I might best settle myself into business with the least certainty of expense and the greatest probability of advantage. Amongst all the numerous projects that filled my head I could think of none like going a Welsh circuit. For happening one day,—in Trinity term,—to dine at a Welsh judge's house, with whom I was acquainted, I met there some attorneys of that country, who, in less time than a man might say over a Paternoster, made all that was set upon the table invisible, and then, to make us amends, entertained us with a romantic harangue of the felicities of North Wales, which they talked of as if they had been describing the land of promise that flowed with milk and honey; nay, they wanted little of persuading me that broad cloth of twelve shillings a yard grew upon the hedges; and every now and then a request was wedged in that I would come and practise amongst them. There needed not half so many arguments to put me upon a thing I was naturally forward enough to undertake. So the bargain was quickly struck up, and I fully determined to visit Wales the very next circuit.

But, before I proceed any further, I will first premise some account of the place and inhabitants, and then speak of my own treatment there.

Wales then,—anciently called Cimbria,—is divided into North and South Wales. 'Tis the former of these I propose to say

somewhat of. This consists of six entire, though small, counties, viz. Montgomery, Flint, Denbigh, Merioneth, Carnarvon, and the Isle of Anglesea, and is separated from England by the rivers Dee and Severn.

The air is the best thing it has to boast of, and will sooner procure you an appetite than furnish you with means to supply it. The country looks like the fag end of the creation, the very rubbish of Noah's flood, and will,—if any thing,—serve to confirm an Epicurean in his creed that the world was made by chance. The highest hills that ever I saw in England, such as Penygant, Ingleborough, and the like, are mere cherry-stones to the British Alps; and no more to be compared with them, for stature, than a grasshopper with Goliath of Gath. So that there is not, in the whole world, a people that live so near to, and yet so far from heaven, as the Welsh do. You cannot travel from town to town but you must needs take the clouds in your way, who so gratefully resent your civility in calling upon them, that you will have no occasion to complain they send you away dry; for you may, at your journey's end, beshake your clothes with as good a grace as any water-dog does his shaggy pantaloons.

A tree challenges as many lookers on here, as a blazing star or an African monster does elsewhere. And for green things,—leeks only excepted,—you might have seen as many in Egypt when the locusts had been rapareeing the country.

Coaches in many parts were never so much as heard of, nor can the natives form any ideas of them that are not as disproportioned to the truth as Montezuma's conception of the sea, who had never seen anything longer than a horse-pond. Carts are about the size, and somewhat of the shape, of brewers' drays. Horses are no rarities, but very easily mistaken for mastiff dogs, unless viewed attentively; they will live half a week upon the juice

of a flint-stone, for grass and hay they know as little as oats; and they will run upon the ridge of a mountain as thin as the back of a knife, with as much security and speed as an accomplished race-horse will exert upon Newmarket Heath or Salisbury Plain. They want not store of mutton that is tolerably sweet, for meat so lean; but goat's flesh,—as more suitable to their own rank constitution,—has the preference; this, forsooth, they call rock-venison. These goats are such excellent climbers that the only way to be familiarly acquainted with them is to render your respects by a musket-ball. Little want is there of fish, such as trout, gwyniad, salmon, lobsters, and the like. Their beef is as tough as an artillery man's coat upon a training day, and requires a very ostrich's stomach to digest it. You cannot suppose they want pork in a country so very swinish. Their dressing victuals serves to verify an old proverb, that "where God sends meat, somebody else will furnish them with cooks."

Their houses generally consist but of one room, but that plentifully stocked with inhabitants; for besides the proprietors, their children, and servants, you shall have two or three swine, and hard to say which are the greater brutes. These houses have holes dug in their sides that serve them for a double purpose, both to let in light and to let out smoke. They represent both windows and chimneys; for, should a man have a chimney perching on the top of his thatched mansion there, he would stand in great danger of being pricked down for high sheriff. Cow-dung is their principal firing, and the neater sort use swine's dung instead of soap.

Thus much for their habitations; now for those that dwell in them.

Some suppose them to be descended from the same common parents with us; but to hear one of them talk you would take them for a sort of Præ-Adamites, nor can there be anything imagined so troublesome as a Welshman when possessed with the spirit of genealogy. They are, doubtless, the true offspring of the ancient Britons, and have crept into this obscure corner of the

world, no ways able to recompense the toil of conquest. They lived many ages undisturbed, and as safe as a thief in a mill, till our Edward, with much ado, cudgelled them into humanity, and persuaded them,—sore against their will,—to live a little like the rest of their neighbours.

Wolves were formerly as plentiful among them as pick-pockets at a conventicle, till their princes, being obliged to pay a yearly tribute of three hundred, in process of time no noxious vermin, but the inhabitants, were left in the land. They have this in common with the Jews, that they ever marry in their own tribe, which, as it is detrimental to them, so it is highly advantageous to all others.

Their language is inarticulate and guttural, and sounds more like the gobbling of geese or turkeys than the speech of rational creatures. It is stuffed as full with apes as ever you saw a leg of veal with parsley.

They are so well versed in the history of their descents that you shall hear a poor beggar-woman derive her extraction from the first maid of honour to Nimrod's wife, or else she thinks she is nobody.

If they want a pewter spoon or porringer in their house, yet will they by no means be without a pedigree.

They are such great lovers of cleanliness, that they never shift above four times a year, and that exactly upon quarter-day, except it happen to be leap year. Most of the middle,—and all the meaner—sort, are as absolute strangers to shoes and stockings, as to mortal honesty, whereby their legs and feet become in time so callous that hardly anything will hurt them.

For their Christianity,—if you'll believe Tertullian,—they came by it very easily; but, like an old coat, it is now grown so thread-bare that you can hardly make it out that there ever was such a thing as Christianity among them. They preface everything, with "Got" and "St. Taphy knows;" which saint was a very worthy gentleman, that could play at back-sword well. You may read of him plentifully in that excellent book called *The History of the Seven Champions*; to which I refer you for further information. Their most usual imprecations are these,—“May her never wear leak more;” “May her be choked

with toasted cheese;" and "The tiphill bite her head off." Their churches somewhat resemble the Jewish Tabernacle converted into a pigeon-house. Their pews look exactly like the pens for geese, calves, and hogs in Rumford market or West Smithfield. And there it is, that,—by way of ornament, not use,—they deposit those few Bibles they have. Their pulpits,—generally the trunk of some hollow tree,—are badly covered, and worse lined. Their priests,—which are made of the vilest of the people,—have just Latin enough to entitle them to the benefit of clergy, and no more. For Greek, it suffices them to have heard there is such a thing in the world; they never trouble themselves about it. Hebrew, they are the best qualified for that as can be, partly in regard of their own guttural pronunciation, and partly because its roots flourish best in barren ground; but they are as absolute strangers to it as the rest of the uncircumcised world. Yet it is rare to see any of them without the rubric, and Cambridge arms, *Lucem and Pocula*, fire and cups in their faces; so very comfortable are they. The surplices are full as coarse,—and almost as white,—as carmen's frocks; they are perpetually wiping their noses on them. Five marks a year creditably and comfortably maintain one of those illiterate Sir Johns, his wife, and six children; nor do they deserve one penny more than they have. They are universally the sow-gelders and alehouse-keepers of their respective parishes.

At Penmorthey, some of our younger sort sent one evening for a fiddler; and who do you think should come but the reverend doctor of the parish, who pulled a small squeaking instrument,—miscalled a violin,—out of a slit in his cassock, and began to make as good melody as three or four cats in a garret at midnight. A person present threw a cake of butter at him, which so obnubilated one side of his ecclesiastic chaps, he threatened to complain to his diocesan, who was a justice of the peace, but was soon stopped, by a present of sixpence, a sight, I suppose, he had not been blessed with since last Easter offerings. After which he was so very pliant to the humours of the company that you might, without offence, have kicked him like a

football. You may expect, but will not find, any rings of bells here; yet most of their churches have one, about the bigness of a large candlestick, hung upon,—not in,—a thing like a steeple, as a mushroom is a millpost. This is generally rung out upon any joyful news. I remember once we had a churchwarden's accounts canvassed in court, and among other things, there are these that follow,—

ITEM: Threepence for a twisted hay-rope to the bell at St. Mary's Church.

ITEM: Sevenpence for a gate, to keep off Thomas ap Richard's cow from devouring the aforesaid rope.

The churchyards serve the dead for a burying and the living for a dancing place, and that every Sunday; for there you shall see a blind harper mounted upon a gravestone, making admirable harmony, surrounded by the long eared tribe, like another Orpheus amongst the beasts.

For their civil government, it is after the model of England; but, in many things, as much varies from it as the Turkish Alcoran does from the Scotch Directory. They have judges of their own, that carry with them in their circuits an itinerant chancery, king's bench, common pleas, and exchequer; so that the same hand that inflicts the wound at common law, applies the equity plaister also. In three weeks' time they will sue a man to an outlawry. It is the form of one of their proclamations,—

Morgan Cadwaladar, gent., come forth and answer to Jane ap Rice Williams, in a plea of dower, or else you lose three kine, price fifteen shillings.

They are very favourable to their own countrymen, and will by no means subject them to any capital punishment; an instance of which we had in our circuit, where we could not hang one man. There was a fellow indicted for sheep stealing, and a very pregnant evidence of his guilt produced, yet the thick-skulled jury brought him in guilty of manslaughter. But strangers are not to expect such fair quarter.

Their civil actions are brought upon very frivolous accounts,—as for your hens scrapping up a daisy in your neighbour's garden; for a fillip on the nose; for saying you are

no true Welshman, and the like. No man will appear there, either upon a jury or a witness, unless he be called by his addition of quality, as well as name; as Hugh Owen, Esq., Evan Roberts, gent. Nay, it has been known, that when my lords the judges have, in their circuits, been so crowded as to be well nigh stifled upon the bench, and the sheriff has found all his mandates to keep the king's peace upon pain of rebellion invalid, he has at last been forced to cry,—“All you that are gentlemen of Wales, and ancient Britons, stand off, and keep your distance;” which has effectually done the business.

They are of a hot, choleric temper, and will, upon a word's speaking, run at you with their knives full drive. But as their valour is soon kindled, so it as quickly evaporates.

For their women, they are happy that know them only by report.

Reading is a valuable accomplishment among both sexes; but, to be able to write too, makes them presently commence rabbis: for many, even of the better sort, think themselves no mean scholar, if they have once attained to be able to set their marks to a deed.

Their wenches unsplit meat with their naked teeth, which are full as sweet as clean; so that had Cornelius Agrippa seen Wales, 'tis more than probable he had ranked their cookery amongst his vanities of science. Butter is there of a dark

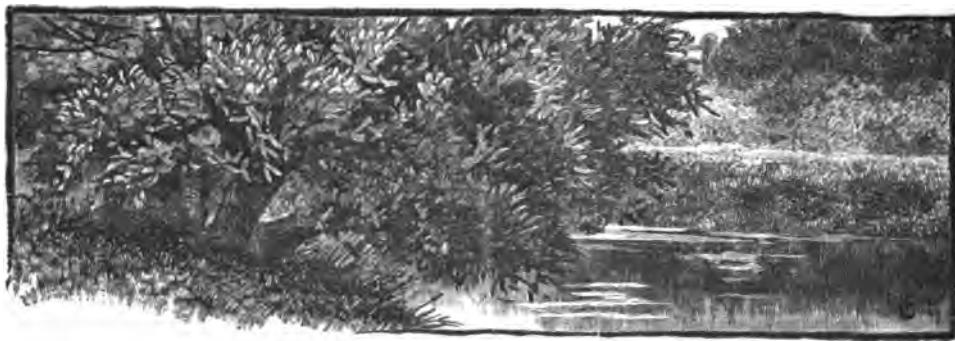
yellowish complexion, mixed with green; and you must hold your nose in your own defence, before you can put it into your mouth. However, 'tis very good to grease cart wheels. Eggs bear no price unless they have chickens in them, and then they are as much coveted as toasted cheese. This epitomizes all dainties with them; and they eat it with as much luxury as the Scotch do steenbarnack, or the Irish bonniclabber. It is made of cows' milk, mixed with that of goats, bitches, and mares; so that an Englishman would as soon choose to dine with a hungry Tartar, upon sun-burnt horse-flesh, as put a bit of it into his mouth.

Forks they never use, looking upon fingers as the more primitive institution. Their liquor is of a pale deceitful complexion, but as treacherous in its effects as the worst of those that either brew or use it.

To sum up their character in one word,—they live lazily and heathenishly, they eat and drink nastily, lodge hardily, snore profoundly, and smoke tobacco everlastingly.

An account of my entertainment amongst them must now ensue.*

* The account of E. B.'s entertainment in North Wales will be given in the next number. In the following number will come an answer, by a very fiery Welshman, an answer printed in 1701. The fiery Welshman says that E. B. stand for Eternal Booby, and calls his own book,—“NORTH WALES DEFENDED, or an answer to an immodest and scurrilous libel lately published and entitled A Trip to North Wales, being, as the author pretended, a description of that country and people.”



THE HISTORY OF WALES.

II.—WHY WALES HAS A HISTORY.

"Two voices are there; one is of the sea,
One of the mountains; each a mighty voice;
In both from age to age thou did'st rejoice.
They were thy chosen music, 'Liberty!'—WORDSWORTH.

It is not race or language that has made Wales a separate country and the Welsh a peculiar people. Wales owes its separate



"Blessed of the Lord be his land, for the chief things of the ancient mountains, and for the precious things of the lasting hills."—DANIEL. xxiii. 13-15.

existence to its mountains; it is to the mountains that the Welsh people owe their national characteristics. Many races have come into Wales, as different in character as in origin; but, once among the mountains, they lose themselves in the nation that those mountains have formed. Many languages have been spoken among the mountains, memories of which survive in place names or in the grammatical peculiarities of the living languages of the country; but Wales remains while language after language dies away from its eternal mountains.

The history of a country is determined by its geography. In any modern European country the influence of race or of language has been insignificant when compared with the influence of natural characteristics,—of river, of mountain, of plain.

Modern boundaries have been placed, not where one language ceases and another

begins, not where a line can be drawn between two races, but where a mountain and a river have determined the boundary is to be. For example, take the modern boundary line between England and Scotland. To a student of history ignorant of geography it is where, of all places, it should not be. It cuts two old kingdoms,—Welsh Strath Clyde and English Northumbria,—in half; it includes within it four races as unlike each other as any four races could be,—Picts, Scots, Welsh, and Angles. But the Solway and the Cheviots were mightier than William the Conqueror and William the Lion, and by this time one nation has been formed out of the most diverse elements, in spite of all differences of race and language. France does not contain all the French-speaking districts. French is spoken at St. Helier and Brussels and Geneva and Quebec. German is spoken in two European capitals besides Berlin. There are Italian-speaking people whom not even Garibaldi or Mazzini hoped to see among the united peoples of Italy. Everywhere geography is asserting itself against the attempts of politicians, and boundaries are ever tending to be the natural ones.

The geography of Wales is prophetic of its history. Cadwallon's dream of a greater Wales, Edward's dream of Wales as part of a Norman kingdom, the Tudor dream of Wales as part of a purely English kingdom,—they have all come to nought. The mountains ever assert their presence,—the boundary of Wales must be at their feet, the people who live among them must have characteristics of their own.

The character of a people is formed by plain, mountain, or sea. Over a great plain a spirit of utter helplessness broods; man is an insignificant speck on the vast

surface. The ever restless sea, on the other hand, tempts to far away lands; it is easy, once one has stood on the Ligurian coast, to see why the Pisan or the Genoese was tempted to discover new lands. A land of mountains, likewise, is also a land of progress and of hope. From their childhood the inhabitants of mountains have an unconscious belief that it is possible to rise from height to height, and that difficulties can be overcome. A continual survey of a wide tract from a commanding position, of lands stretched out at one's feet, undoubtedly gives a man the daring spirit required for the composition of a poem or the formation of a political scheme. A mountainous country, washed by the sea, where the struggle for existence is severe enough to foster independence without brutalizing character,—from such a land one expects leaders of men to higher things.

The institutions of a country bear the impress of its natural features. On a great plain, where the individual is lost among the millions, we find stationary nations, with institutions that number their years by thousands. In islands and in countries broken up by mountains we find continual progress, and institutions that change almost every year. Where the earth gives her fruit without demanding the toil of him who needs it, where the labourer has enough and to spare, there we find an aristocracy living on the surplus and castes, and an ever deepening reverence added to existing institutions. Where labour is required in order to get a bare subsistence, there the individual is independent, the barriers between classes are not insuperable, and political progress takes the place of political stagnation. In Asia, for example, progress is found, not on the plains of China, where the law is two thousand years old, but in the islands of Japan; the progressive nations have come, not from the rich plains of India, but from the mountains of Himalaya and the deserts of Arabia. In Europe, likewise, mighty tyrannies are rising on the great central plain; but on the fringe of the west and south, broken by sea and mountains, liberty and progress will

always find a home. It is where the sea and the mountains meet,—in Greece, in Italy, in Norway,—that great ideas and great men have been born.

The British islands, though united into a kingdom that is one of the most powerful and one of the most progressive of the countries of the world, contain almost as much diversity of people as is found within any European state. The Englishman, of all kinds with all his dialects, the Highland and Lowland Scotchman, the Manxman, the Irishman, the Welshman, the Channel Islander,—it would be difficult to find so many dissimilar elements welded into one state. In race, in language, in political ideals, in ways of thinking,—they are unlike each other. And the geography of their islands explains why they are one, and why there is such a diversity in their unity.

Britain is divided into mountainous west and flat east. If a line be drawn from the Exe to the Tees, the country to the west will be found to consist of mountains, the country to the east of valleys and plains. In the west, the Cornish mountains, the Welsh mountains, the Pennine Chain, and the Scotch mountains stretch in a long line from the English Channel to the North Sea. West of them lie the Irish Sea and Ireland, east of them the flat part of England. The difference between the two regions is striking,—on the west gigantic mountains rise from wild moorlands, hiding the endless valleys and glens which nestle among them; on the east we see the soft wavy outlines of hills which scarcely divide the fertile valleys from each other. The boundary between the mountainous regions and the plains has been the boundary line in every struggle that has taken place in British history. Every struggle is a struggle between the people of the mountains and the people of the plains.

The mountains formed one Roman province, the plains another; the mountains remained in the possession of the British when the plains were over-run by the Teutonic barbarians; among the mountains of the west the Norman barons tried to establish their independence, from the plain the Norman king tried to crush all

local independence; the mountains fought for Lancaster, and the plains for York; the mountains fought for the Lord's anointed king, the plains for Parliament. Even in modern times the line of division in the political struggles is still the old line dividing mountain and plain.

The long line of mountains in the west is not, however, quite continuous. At two points the sea and the plain, between which the mountains lie, meet each other. In the south, the Bristol Channel stretches far enough inland to meet the plain, and the Severn finds a way of escape through the mountains from the plain into the sea. The mountains of Cornwall are thus divided by the plain of the Severn from the mountains of Wales.

Further north the sea and the plain meet again, where the Dee passes into the Irish Sea between the mountains of Wales and of Strath Clyde. Here, then, the line of mountains is again broken, and Wales separated from Strath Clyde. The strength of Chester did much, in Roman times, to maintain the unity of these two mountain regions, separated by the plains of Maelor.

The difference between the people of the plains and the people of the mountains became greater, if possible, when the various English tribes poured into Britain and spread themselves, as conquerors if not as destroyers, over the plains. When the invaders had followed the plain to the sea at the mouth of the Severn and the mouth of the Dee, the inhabitants of the Welsh mountains found themselves separated from their fellow mountaineers to the south and the north. The victory of Deorham, in 577, extended the boundary of Wessex to the channel which separated Glamorgan from Cornwall and Devon. The victory of Chester in 613 extended the boundaries of Northumbria to the sea, and brought about the temporary destruction of the city which represented the strong desire for the union of the mountains of the west and the mountains of the north.

Why has Wales a separate history? Because its mountains rise between the sea and a plain. Why is its history distinct from that of Cornwall and the north of

England, in spite of the same conditions of race, language, and geography? Because there are breaks in the line of mountains where the Severn and the Dee reach the sea.

The mountains explain, not only why Wales has a history, but what that history is. If they have decreed that there must be a certain amount of eternal independence, they have decreed also that there must be a certain amount of eternal division. Wales is not an elevated plain, like Wessex. It is a land of ridges and peaks. The confusion of mountains and glens is a true mirror of its past history and of its modern creeds. For centuries political union was an impossibility, except in so far as it rose from antagonism to an outward enemy. The mountains divided prince from prince as they protested both against England.

A glance at a map will show how difficult it has been to unite Wales, in spite of the strong external pressure to which it has been subjected. It will be seen, for one thing, that it is long for its breadth, and that it narrows towards its middle. There is almost a break in its mountains between the valley of the Severn and the valley of the Dyfi, and it has not always been easy to keep north and south Wales united. Further south, the Vale of Glamorgan and Gwent are sharply divided from the mountain regions to the north of them, and the feuds between the people of the mountains and the people of the vale were frequent.

This characteristic disunion is illustrated by the fact that Wales has never had a capital. When its kings claimed sovereignty over the sea and over the north, Deganwy was their seat of power, and Deganwy has been in ruins for centuries. Later on the chief centre of vitality seems to have been in the upper valley of the Severn, right in the centre of modern Wales; but Trahaern left no capital in central Wales. Carmarthen was the mediæval commercial capital, but it was too far west and south to become the capital of Wales. Machynlleth was more central, it stands at the place where the powerful kingdoms of Gwynedd, Powys, and Ceredigion met,—but it passes almost out of memory with the death of Owen Glendower.

The disunion is illustrated by another defect. There are no national institutions of native growth in Wales. Welsh constitutional history, however interesting in itself, has produced no institutions. The shire is an English division, the manor is equally foreign, the Council of Wales was the creation of the English king. The only characteristic Welsh institution, the outcome of the life of the people of Wales, is the University which crowns its educational system.

The two chief facts in modern Welsh history are the discovery of its mineral wealth and the construction of roads. Neither has conduced to the unity of the country. The road system connects Wales with London; there is in Wales no central point for a net-work of roads connecting all parts of the country. The chief railway route between north and south Wales

passes through England. The discovery of mineral wealth and the rise of industry have thrown the population to the northern sea border or to the southern. The coal mines and the population are at the extreme ends, while between them stretches a mountainous thinly-inhabited country. Welsh unity, expressed in national institutions, seemed a few years ago to be as far off as in the days of Owen Glendower.

We shall see, however, in discussing Welsh literature, that there is really a feeling of unity in Wales, a unity rising from similarity of thought, produced by the similarity of natural surroundings. And here, again, we shall come back to the influence of the mountains.

In the next chapter I shall try to show how and why Welsh territorial divisions came into being.

THE DIARY OF A BARD.--(EBEN FARDD).

II.—SCHOOLMASTERING.

1827.

Had the ague. Very sick from May to midsummer; then hesitated what course of industry I should pursue; thought strongly of apprenticing self. Was invited to keep school at Waenfawr, where I went, but found not the parties at home that were to agree with me. On return called at Clynog Vicarage, having heard that a school was wanted; came to terms at once with the then good old vicar, the kindest man under heaven. Resigned school at Llanarmon August 23rd. Began to board at Clynog turnpike September 8th. Began school September 10th. The following were the terms made the 4th September, 1827, with the parishioners of Clynog, to keep school,—the Rev. Mr. Williams to pay me £3 for teaching 24 poor children to read one quarter; he is to pay also five shillings for making his accounts in the

vestry, and the parish to pay six shillings. The whole in one quarter amount to—

	£	s.	d.
	3	11	0
With my chance for the rest, which I guess to be	3	0	0
40 Children	6	11	0
Board and lodging	2	18	0
Clear money	3	13	0

1828.

To Caerpwsen to lodge; the moderation vow; the new *amor*, &c. Received February 8th, from J. Vaughan, Esq., by the hands of John Thomas, Chwilog, the sum of one pound in consideration of a certain translation. Owen and Jane Owen, William T. Jones and Gwen Jones and daughter sailed for New York, America, in ship "Gomer" from Pwllheli, April 17th.

1829.

Early this year went to Carnarvon to learn book-binding. Chimney built in Eglwys y Bedd. Re-opened school. Began binding.

1830.

Removed lodgings to Sportsman in May; in November married!

1831.

In spring removed to my own room at Clynog village; in December my first child born.

1832.

Still in same room; very bad sore on leg, long lame; to school on crutch; gained a prize at the Beaumaris Eisteddfod.

1833.

The old vicar my patron died; building my leasehold house; preparing to keep shop.

1834.

My second child born in March; school, shop, and binding going on together; also bread selling and baking; to Manchester about Christmas.

1835.

Recollect nothing particular.

1836.

January 16th.—Sent a congratulatory letter to Rev. Mr. Williams, Botwnog.

24th.—Received Rev. D. Williams' reply; returned my communication as requested therein.

26th.—Received from Mr. Williams, of Bangor, a note respecting some situation; wrote back to say I would go to Holyhead Thursday next.

27th.—Received Mr. Williams of Bangor's note requesting me to call there on my way to Holyhead. Wrote back to state I should not go to the above place again, John Parry refusing to take me there free.

28th.—Rev. Mr. Williams, Botwnog, called at my house; gave me a *sermon* to revise and correct.

29th.—Mary desiring Mr. H. to write again to Holyhead for the situation they had both the other day persuaded me to decline; is not this provoking in the highest degree?

February 1st.—Dined with Mr. O. Jones, Mr. Roberts, and Thomas Hughes at Plas; 1 G of A and 1 G of R.*

Mem.—Taught to mix soup with some stuffings in a turkey, together with the sauce, and use some salt. Took pickle with mutton and salt; ate an egg pudding with a tea spoon. Whoever reads this I know he will laugh.

2nd.—Met Rev. Mr. Williams at the Clynog stoppage of the mail, returning from Bangor; delivered him the revised *sermon*.

4th.—Mr. Evan Williams called; had an interview with him; promised, at his suggestion, to send him a letter stating my reasons for declining the Holyhead situation.

6th.—Composed some lines of poetry on the departure of Robert Griffith to join his regiment; he was exceedingly affected at my reading them.

8th.—Robert Griffith set off per mail; had a P. with him at N. Inn, when he divulged the secret of the box and lock of hair (red), &c.

10th.—Descried a terrible conflagration to the northward about nine o'clock at night; the sky was illumined to a considerable height. While a party of us was at the top of Bryn-y-gowrdy gazing at it an express arrived on its way to Bodvean, stating that the Glyn mansion was on fire; his Lordship had gone through in his carriage this morning to Bodvean. O Lord, Thy Providence is inscrutable.

22nd.—*Mem.*—D. Williams requested me to paint or engrave Maesog on pew No. 21 in Clynog Church.

27th.—At Carnarvon. Bought the *Carnarvon and Denbigh Herald*. My besetting sin occasioned me vast trouble to-day. O Lord, deliver me from it.

March 2nd.—Very unhappy ever since Saturday; dark prospects; melancholy reflections! What shall I do? O Lord, take pity upon me.

7th.—My little Kate still very ill; has both eyes closed; sleeps little to-night.

17th.—Assize day. Very high wind. Mary took little Catherine to Sportsman to be seen by Dr. Hughes, Pwllheli; he

* "One glass of ale, one glass of rum." He often refers to his "besetting sin."

gave her some water to wash her eyes, and powders to be taken twice a week; doctor said the malady would return every spring till she would grow up.

21st.—Evan Hugh Bevan's funeral; read his marriage settlement and his will to his relatives and others at New Inn.

31st.—Went to Llanaelhaiarn to the funeral of my uncle Evan Pierce; saw aunt of Garn there,—12 years have passed since I saw her before; took some food with my relations upstairs in a public house in the village; all my cousins very kind to me except William Evans, son of deceased. 15 years ago mother died.

April 8th.—David Lloyd called here to pay for binding his "Cynniwer," &c., &c.; 1s. 6d. Desired me to remember him to Vic. girls. Lent him Euclid; he did not promise to return it till Christmas next, and by his own hand.

9th.—Put on a new fustian coat (surtout) worth 13s. for the first time, to go to bring some books to Mr. Jones, of Llanllyfni, where I drank tea and a glass of whiskey in the parlour, and talked about fluxions and the conic sections. Received £1 1s. for binding; took G. of A. at J. G.'s, where I saw J. Paine, husband of B. Ellis, who engaged my notice some years ago.

18th.—Mr. Pritchard, bookseller, &c., Carnarvon, called to request the favour of my orders in the stationery line; considered myself obliged to him for his kindness with my medals some time ago; told him I dealt with Potter and Co., or I should have been the first to become his customer.

27th.—Went to Tymawr, at O. R.'s request, in the evening after school; remained there three hours, writing, adding, and examining rents last received; in that interval had about one and a half P. of A. there, and supper. Quarter past ten started home; fine moon; saw a young swain at Maes Cross; called at Nancy's; had one P. of A. there standing; reached home seven minutes past eleven. Brought the late agent of Mr. Wynne's books with me to copy.

28th.—Went to Sportsman in the evening, to know how a County Court law suit in which William Jones was concerned had turned out. Robert Williams, Caerpwsen, and Robert Griffith were there;

they gave me each a G. of A. In a short time a car arrived with Mr. Bodvan Griffith and his sister, and Mr. Buckingham. The first was an advocate in the above case, and had won for William Jones; saw William Jones arriving on horseback, covered with ribbons. As I stood outside the parlour window Robert Griffith came to desire I would go to Bodvan Griffith, who wished to see me. I went accordingly. Bodvan shook hands heartily, said he had heard much of me, but never saw me before. I said so in respect to him. He appeared very kind to me; made me take two G. of A. He seemed to be a man of considerable talent,—sometimes abstracted and thoughtful for a few seconds, speaking with great vehemence on some point which appeared to him of importance, making at the same time violent gestures. He might be 38 or 40 years of age; complexion brown, small nose; his features, on the whole, indicated a strong mind, an ingenuity and skill, together with a malicious propensity which might produce injurious effects on certain occasions. His friends, however, have nothing to fear, as this noxious tendency is neutralised and counteracted by a more than ordinary constancy and faithfulness towards those who value his friendship. In short, taking him altogether, he is not a man I should like as much as some others.

May 7th.—Called at Bodvan Griffith's; he was reading a newspaper; very petulant and saucy; didn't speak a word hardly,—my remark very just.

8th.—Went with Robert Jones to Bontlyfni; heard him preach.

13th.—At the request of H. Evans, called at N. I. to see his wife, an old acquaintance; they were removing to Carnarvon. His wife, when a young girl, took a very great fancy to me.

15th.—Observed the eclipse; not nearly as dark as was expected.

16th.—Mr. Robert Williams, Vrondeg, called at my house, to inform me that he had a favourable prospect of success on my behalf, and that the situation he sought for me was likely to become vacant very soon; salary £100 per annum. Mr. Williams is a very kind gentleman, and I feel greatly obliged to him.

17th.—Mr. Williams, Vrondeg, called at St. Beuno's; assured me that he should do all in his power towards getting for me the to be expected vacant situation, and that I should hear from him when anything relative thereto should occur. In the afternoon attended the funeral of John Hughes, Cwmgwara, and read his will to his children at Ty Isaf. The daughter of Margaret Br—n y Go—th—n came to me, at the instance of her mother, to demand one shilling to the latter for an alleged debt. I dismissed her rather sharply, and told her I had taught a sister of hers one quarter, and that the balance was in my favour, which was really true; bade her be cautious in future.

20th.—Rev. Mr. Williams, of Llandwrog, called at St. Beuno's. He gave a shilling to my younger girl, and appeared very glad I had a clue to a situation; promised to write on my behalf. I am this evening full of some ennui and carelessness. Yesterday a traveller in ribbons, merinos, &c., called at my house; endeavoured to read Welsh as much as he could; he said he would call again in four months. He admired the rural abode I occupied, crows, trees, &c., &c.

23rd.—Went to Chwilog Whit Monday; Criccieth fair; delivered books bound to John Thomas; brought one more to bind. Called at Llanarmon; Lowry, Catherine Jones, and Margaret there. Called at Ty'nrhos; money to little girl. Called at Penygongl; tob. to Sion and halfpenny to girl; drank tea there. Saw Sianw Ty Croes, William Murcrusto, Hugh Williams, at the fair. Lowry Evans dead. One P. of best A. there, and lozenges for Nell and Kate.

29th.—John Pughe just come home from London; visited me.

30th.—I returned the visit. Being Sunday, as soon as I dined I went to Cochybig; drank tea there. Phrenology attracted my attention, a cast being exhibited with all the organs developed and marked out.

31st.—My wife very ill these days.

June 1st.—Wife continues strangely ill. Mr. Ellis Owen, Cefn y Meusydd, called to see me. He is agreeable in conversation; has a pretty high opinion of his writings,

which I deem a weakness, but the defect somewhat diminishes inasmuch as he never sought while with me to depreciate the work of others. This was the first time I ever spoke to him.

5th.—Wife recovering. Robert Jones (R. Tecwyn) sent for me to Plas; discoursed about poetry; he said he would write some strictures on the criticism on "*Molawd Eifion*" (*Praise of Eivion*) in the *Gwladgarwr*, which he suspected was written by Rev. Morris Williams. Promised to address him with some poetry on the occasion of his marriage, &c. He was indifferent; severe cold.

6th.—Weighed nine score within two pounds.

8th.—Revs. Messrs. Phillips, of Bettws y Coed, and Hughes, St. Anne's, called at my house.

9th.—Had a long conversation with the above gentlemen at the schoolroom and vicarage. Phillips is a poet, a very religious man, and a critic. Hughes is a grammarian; he wanted me to compose a Welsh grammar; said my plan should be simple and peculiar to the Welsh. The general rules of grammar are the same in all languages, but there are exceptions on account of euphony; that is, general rules must be departed from in order to use expressions and terms so as to please the ear. Query,—Is not grammar the method of arranging words so as to express ideas in the plainest manner possible, and is not a departure from general rules made in order to produce this desirable end more effectually?

13th.—Mr. Phillips left one shilling to little Ellen; will send me a hymn-book; requested I should compose some; interests himself in my behalf.

17th.—Post-officed a letter to Mr. R. W., Frondeg; saw O. Jones; Mr. Jones, Llanllyfni, showed me a Treatise on the Differential Calculus, twelve shillings.

25th.—Went to Cochybig; John Pughe accompanied me to Llanllyfni and Penygroes; brisk walk; fourpence halfpenny.

26th.—Sunday. Mr. Hughes and son, of Frondeg, called; sermon affairs the other day; Mr. H. rather wished to see John Thomas, Chwilog.



A POET WHO DIED YOUNG.

Thomas Lloyd Jones (*Greenfriwl*), the author of at least one poem that is familiar to every Welshman, was born at Holywell in 1810. He came to Denbigh, and Dr. W. O. Pugh instilled into him an enthusiasm for Welsh literature. In 1832 he received the silver medal at the Beaumaris Eisteddfod from the hands of our Queen, then the Princess Victoria. In the same year he published his "Beauties of the Welsh Muse." His own poetry is melodious and touching, and he did good service by translating Gray's *Elegy*, Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, and Thomson's *Seasons*.

The mystery connected with the death of Goronwy Owen attracted him to America. He reached Mobile, Alabama, before the end of 1833; and he died there, of yellow fever, August 16th, 1834.

Before his death he had composed a poem in the graveyard in which he was afterwards buried. Mr. William Owen, of Mobile, has kindly sent me copies of two poems of his that appeared in the *Commercial Register* of that place for May 9th and May 30th, 1834, respectively.

TO A MOCKING BIRD.

(*Heard in the Graveyard at Spring-Hill, 1st May, 1834*).

HAIL! and thrice welcome, harbinger of May,
I view thy joyous mien at Spring's return,
I hear thee chant a sweet and varying lay,
Nor wilt thou mourn, methinks, with those who
mourn;
Else to these precincts thou, perchance, had'st
borne
Less gladsome music! And thou would'st prolong
Some wildwood requiem o'er these mounds forlorn!
Heed'st not the dead? If so, repeat the song
Of Thrush that charmed the glen, for which in
vain I long!

For 'tis the same as that soul-thrilling note
My childhood listened in the blissful vale,
From aged thorn, beside the rural cot
'Neath which the traveller told his evening tale
To wandering groups—the peasants of the dale;
But ah! already hast thou changed thy theme,
As vows which faithless love would feign, reveal!
Alas! like glimpses of an exile's dream,
My soul thou hast beguiled to haunt my native
stream.

Sweet bird! thou 'st made strange melodies thine
own;
Art thou preceptor of the forest choir?
Or dost delight to mock each sweeter tone—
From the high strains of some celestial lyre,
To zephyrs murmuring o'er the mystic wire?
Thou gifted bard!—had I such art to weave
The minstrelsy of old, I would attire
Such thoughts in words bright as the sunlit wave,
To share the guerdon of the great, the good, and
brave!

THE EARTH, THE GRAVE, HEAVEN, HELL.

The Earth.

A VALLEY broad, that's shaded
By storm and mist and night;
Whose flowers soon are faded
By some untimely blight;
Where youthful hearts are aching
With pain of frame or mind;
Where older men are shaking,
Like winter leaves in wind,
Till, having measured out their days
In folly, shame, or pride,
An epitaph does speak their praise,
Their deaths,—to whom allied.

The Grave.

Rest hath made her dwelling here,
Though the living call it drear;
Beauty, youth, and wisdom meet
In this meek and low retreat.
Generations without end
Here in silent ashes blend;
As the sands upon the shore
Here they lie for ever more,
Waiting the life-giving call
That shall break Death's sudden thrall.

Heaven.

Where flesh and blood hath never been,
Where mortal eye hath never seen,
A mental sphere, a flood of light,
A sea of glory dazzling bright,
Where the crown of eternal life 's placed on,
And the virtuous kneel round their Father's throne,
Singing the songs of praise and bliss,—
O for a flight to a sphere like this!

Hell.

A hopeless gulf of ruin and dismay,
Where rage and darkness never pass away;
In which lost spirits writhe God's curse beneath,
Bound with the chains of everlasting death.



CONWAY.

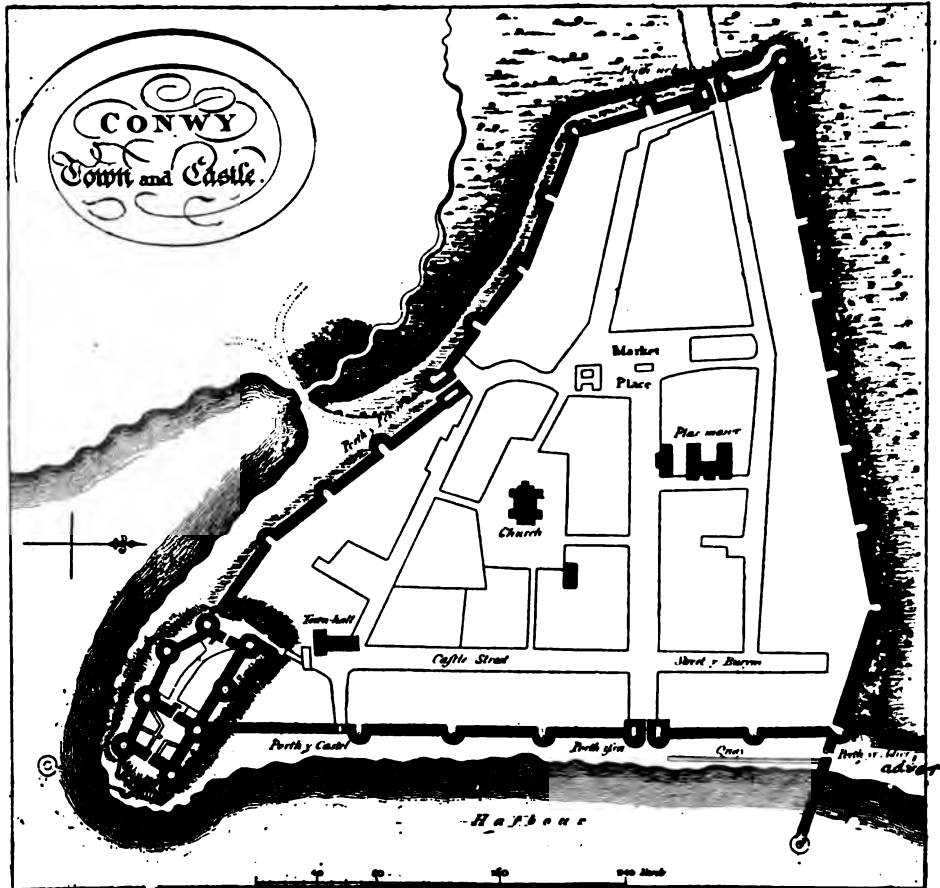
THERE are few towns in Wales to rival Conway in the picturesqueness of its neighbourhood or in its historic remains. It stands, as its full name of Aber Conway shows, at the sea end of the vale of Conway; and one must travel far to find so many beauties of sea and glen and mountain within a vale so small. The scenes of this truly glorious valley have been made well known to strangers by David Cox and the host of landscape painters who spend their summers in it, but

the multitude of its historic associations has almost made it a sacred valley to the Welshman. Its associations are more modern and more prosaic than those of the valley of the Dee, but all the more real on that account. It was the home of Llywelyn the Great, and it still treasures his memory. It was the home of the translators of the Welsh Bible, of William Morgan and William Salesbury. It has boasted of bards innumerable. Its beauties aroused the genius of John Gibson. It

gave Welsh hymnology "the poet of the river," it gave the Welsh pulpit one of its greatest orators.

In a sense the history of Conway is modern. On the heights above it, the gigantic fortresses of prehistoric times frown upon its upstart walls and castle,—like a toy city in the distance. On the neck of the Great Orme's Head in front of it, between it and Llandudno, are the in-

It has been the good or the bad fortune of Conway to have an eventful history, but no period of over-growing. Its walls still encircle it, and no houses have been built outside of them to hide them. Such towns are common enough in a declining country like Spain; but, as far as I know, Conway is the only place within our islands that has kept the perfection of its outward mediæval beauty.



PENNANT'S PLAN OF CONWAY.

significant remains of Deganwy,—once the home of the successors of the Roman governors of Britain, of the Welsh conquerors of the pirates of the sea and of the heathen tribes of the north. The history of Conway does not go much further than the twelfth century, it is not older than our oldest book.

The vale of Conway lies between the towering mountains of Arvon and the hills of Denbigh and Flint. As we approached it from the east, there seemed to be only one path through the wall of mountains, and the circular embattled towers of Conway castle, with slender watch-towers rising out of them, stood right in that

path. It was clear that Conway was built in order to guard the passage into Arvon between the mountains and the sea.

Still Conway is not a town that has grown around a castle; and it was the conqueror of Arvon, not its defender, that built it. About 1185, Llywelyn the Great built a Cistercian abbey on a green field that was protected from the Conway by the mass of schistus on which the castle now stands. It was a quiet lovely spot then, surrounded by marsh and mountain and sea,—an ideal home for one who wished to see the wicked world from a distance, and an ideal resting place for dead kings. Llywelyn the Great was buried in the abbey in 1240, but the oppression of Edward and the spoliation of Henry VIII. caused the dust of the great prince to be carried from resting place to resting place, until at last his empty coffin was allowed to remain in Gwydir chapel. Cynan ab Owen Gwynedd had been buried in the same abbey, disguised by the cowl of a Cistercian monk, forty years before; and two sons of Llywelyn were buried near their father,—the dead body of one of them being brought from the English king's prison. The inhabitants of the surrounding mountains held the abbey in the greatest reverence; and when Henry the Second's troops entered its hallowed ground once they rushed down like a torrent, and threw the troops,—dead or struggling for life,—into the Conway.

However conducive to meditation and contempt of the world the site of Conway was, it was also admirably situated for purposes of mediæval trade. Around it stretched mountains which formed excellent sheep-walks, underneath it was a river easily navigable to the ships of those times. Before the Cistercians of Conway had degenerated into sheep farmers the place changed its aspect

and its character. Edward the First saw its importance as a point of defence, and its magnificent castle and its walls are his work. Very soon it was well for him that the walls of Conway were high, and twelve feet thick. By 1290 his sheriffs and coroners had driven the Welsh into rebellion, and the king found himself besieged



Y PORTH UCHLA (The Upper Gate).

in Conway. The body of his army could not cross over to him, for the Conway had risen; Madog's Welsh were making desperate efforts to scale the walls before the river subsided. But, in the end, Edward spent a happy Christmas in the castle. He gave the town a charter, based, as most Welsh charters are, on that of Hereford.

The mayor was to be appointed by the king, as constable of the castle; the other officers were to be elected by the burgesses.

Conway was to be the place of meeting for the supporters of Richard the Second, but that mysterious king walked into the power of his enemies. Hotspur became the constable of the castle, with a grant of seven hundred pounds for its maintenance, and he was to hold it against Owen Glendower. On ^{14th Apr. 1401} Good Friday, 1401, while Owen was far away at Carmarthen, vowing he would exterminate the English tongue, the garrison of Conway castle were at their devotions in church. One of the Anglesey

For two centuries and a half the history of Conway has been uneventful; and no one has been thrown into the river, during that time, without a reasonable chance of being able to get out of it. The town is one of the Carnarvon boroughs; and the general tenor of its politics may be guessed from the fact that, before the Reform Bills, only fifteen resident burgesses had a vote. It is now the resort of summer visitors, and its picturesque streets are full of activity during the summer months. I found a few people engaged in an industry which brought to my mind the Conway of 1775.



"I WAS TOLD IT WAS THE BIRTHPLACE OF JOHN GIBSON."

Tudors and Howell Vaughan and their men were lying in wait, they pounced down upon the castle and took it.

In the Great Civil War, Conway was fortified by one of the most interesting Welshmen of those times,—John Williams, bishop of Lincoln, and afterwards archbishop of York. It was stormed by the Parliamentary General Mytton, after a stubborn defence; and the relations between conquerors and conquered became so friendly that hints about treason were made by the archbishop's enemies. No one thought that the Irish part of the garrison had been treated too leniently,—they were tied back to back, and thrown into the Conway.

Sunday in English and the other in Welsh."

I had looked forward for a long time to spending a short holiday at Conway. And at last I found myself within it,—out of the reach of letters and determined to buy no newspaper,—snugly put up in a tiny house under the walls near the upper gate. On a beautiful June morning I strolled down to the market place, and found there a group of Conway magistrates discussing the coming of a new swarm of tramps. It seems that new places like Colwyn Bay and Llandudno are not provided with suitable accommodation for these knights and ladies errant, and so they flock from all parts to

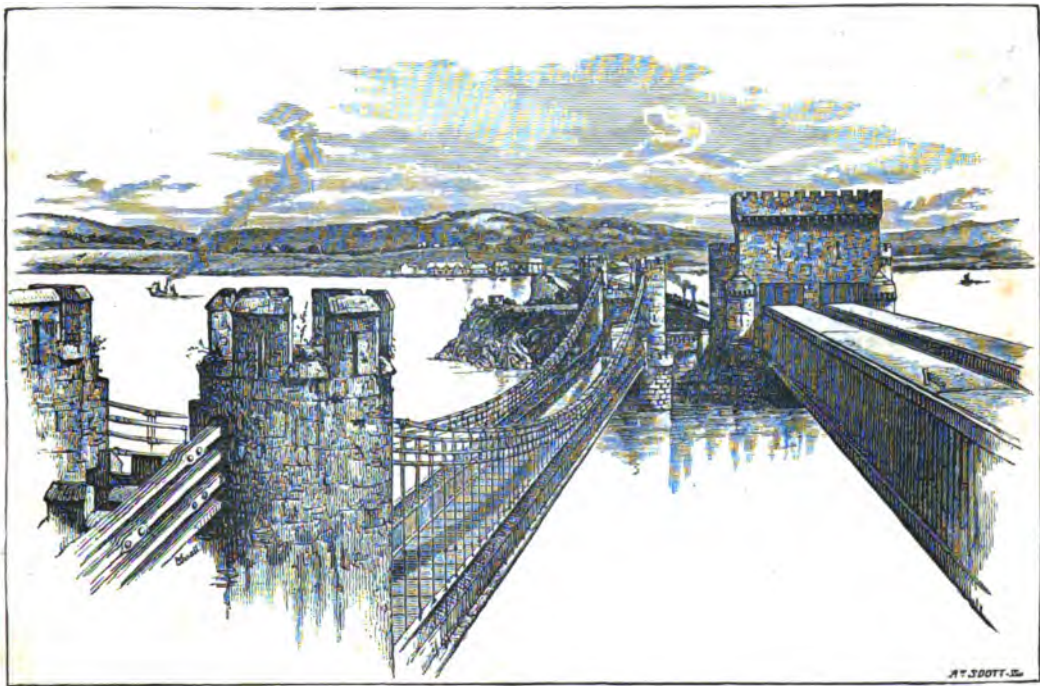
"It is a large walled town," said a gazetteer of that time, "with a castle, and the houses are tolerably well built. Near the town, corn, timber, and oak bark are in great plenty; and they clear out at the custom house from eleven to twelve thousand bushels of grain every year. A vast body of marcasite is found up the river, of which copperas is made, and it is thought that there are veins of copper ore near it. This town was formerly famous for a pearl fishery; but though there are still plenty of pearl mussels, they are neglected. Here is only one church, in which they preach one

* I was in July, 1803, that Owen was at Conway.

the quaint old by-streets of Conway, like birds at dusk.

Passing along a straight and steep street, I saw a fine Elizabethan house on the left. It is the Plas Mawr, built by one of the Wynnes of Gwydir, in Elizabeth's time. Its spacious rooms, fine windows, and variety of architecture are very characteristic of the time of its builder. No gloomy dungeons, no slits in the walls for windows, no coffin-like rooms,—everything throughout it breathes of the desire for expansion of that mighty age of hope and discovery.

Castle Street,—full of old houses and interesting bits of Elizabethan architecture. Following this street I found myself coming to the steep rock on which the imposing castle stands. It may be described as two rows of towers, not quite parallel, four in each row. The towers have equal distances between them, and are connected by stupendous walls, sixteen feet thick. It is by gazing at these mighty castles, apparently impregnable, that one realises the oppression and the hopeless subjection of class to class



THE SUSPENSION AND TUBULAR BRIDGES, AS SEEN FROM THE CASTLE.

Still, of course, it is haunted. A pale face is seen, so I was told, at a triangular window, but as far as I know, no one has ventured into the spacious silent rooms to ask what keeps that spirit from its everlasting rest. The Plas Mawr is now the home of the Royal Cambrian Academy. The public are admitted into it, and it would be difficult to spend an hour or two in a more profitable and enjoyable manner than in rambling through this historic place.

Pursuing the straight steep street, I came to a street at right angles to it,—

that characterise the Middle Ages. The peasants were forced to give their labour in order to build castles that would make their freedom, and the freedom of their children,—for no gunpowder had been discovered,—hopeless for ever. It is impossible not to admire the constructive unifying genius of Edward the First in approaching such a castle as this; but one has a passing fit of admiration for the Gwilym ab Tudur and the Hywel Fychan ab Meurig ab Hywel, whose dashing exploit was to take the castle when at its

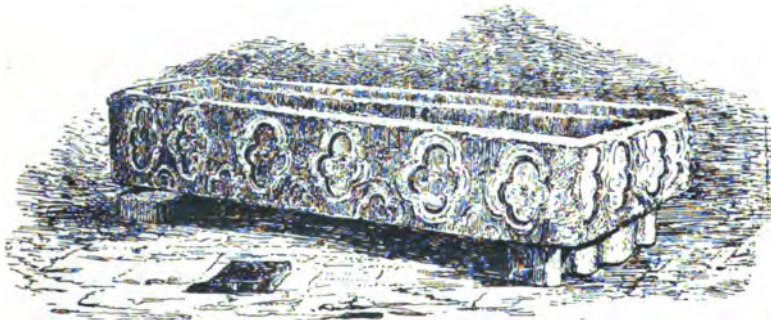
strongest. What a glorious sight the great hall must have been when Edward kept Christmas there,—a hundred and thirty feet long by thirty-two feet wide, with six windows looking out on the Conway and the Creuddin, and three on the busy castle and town side. Its broken arches and beautiful oriel window show what the interior of the castle was before Charles the Second's cupidity,—more destructive than Cromwell's drakes,—allowed a favourite to take its iron and lead and timber away.

From the towers I had a view that will always remain in my memory, more like a dream than a reality. It was an ideal summer day, and deep peace and golden light reposed on scenes that have been so full of life and strife. I saw that the castle stood on a rock which formed the

passed through the church. In spite of its font and screen it was interesting to me from what it had once contained,—the grave of the most successful, if not the greatest, of the princes of Wales. There is peace and repose in its quiet hollow, but its most sacred associations have been destroyed by a foreign oppressor.

There was one other place at Conway I was anxious to see,—Parlwr Mawr, the house that Archbishop Williams had built for himself. It stands between the market place and the new gate made for the Holyhead road. But its condition is now what the condition of the Plas Mawr was. It is a common lodging house, and it was not convenient that I should see it before the occupants of its rooms got up in the morning or after they had retired for the night. Anyhow, I always came too early

or too late, and had to be content with glimpses into its quaint courts, full of medley crowds,—Italians with the inevitable monkey, German brass bands, Lancashire knife grinders, hawkers of miscellaneous wares, navvies and sailors, and many a non-descript. I was not told that the stately ghost



COFFIN OF LLYWELYN THE GREAT AT GWYDIR CHAPEL.

extreme point of a peninsula that stretches into the Conway. The town is an irregular triangle, with the castle at one of its angles. The streets form an irregular triangle within the walls, a triangle again divided by streets into irregular blocks of buildings. The church, the Plas Mawr, and the market place would be at the angles of an interior triangle.

The view from the walls is extensive and varied,—over the broad Conway the cultivated hills of Denbighshire rise, and the isolated Great Orme's Head, with Llandudno nestling in a lovely bend at its base. To the south there is the sea, like burnished gold, covering the fertile plain over which, tradition says, it once rushed. On the north and west the town is hemmed in by the rocky mountains of Arvon.

On my way back from the castle I

of Archbishop Williams moves among the motley throng.

I could not help thinking, as I watched the people of Conway, that the defending of the castle and the manning of the walls have affected their physique. As the tall straight men, with a military appearance, marched into chapel on Sunday, I thought for the moment I was in the courtyard of a mediæval castle, watching the dark stalwart men-at-arms pacing the walls.

Though I had no time to see half as much of Conway as I ought to have seen, I was tempted to ramble through the gates into the country around,—so varied in its beauty and so rich in its history. First of all I went along the road that has been cut through the castle rock, and over the Suspension Bridge, built at great cost between 1822 and 1826. It is a slender

graceful thing, its chains passing over two high supporting towers from solid rock to solid rock. We could see the pearl mussel fishermen in the river below, and the view towards the sea and Llandudno is extensive. The view up the Conway, however, is hidden by the railway tubular bridge, which now runs parallel. The bridge and its approaches form a promenade nine hundred yards long,—a promenade that has now been extended as far as Llandudno Junction.

Through the new western gate a road leads to the way that has been cut through the rock-cliffs of Penmaen Mawr; and the Porth Ucha leads to a beautiful upland country. My favourite walks were, however, through Porth y Felin, and under the shadow of the castle and walls. One

path follows the Conway, underneath the thickly wooded slopes. Above stands prominently the house in which Henry Rees died.

Another road runs along the valley of a tiny rivulet, under the walls of the town, to the little village of the Gyffin. There I was shown a dilapidated house, and told it was the birth-place of John Gibson. Quite close is the churchyard, with its great yews. Underneath one of those yews, so it is said, Wordsworth had a conversation with a little girl,—a conversation that has been made immortal in "We are seven." The village, though quite close to Conway and Llandudno, is as quiet as sleep. Around it lie the hills of the vale of Conway, and the beauties of that vale what man can describe?

THE STORY OF HOWELL HARRIS' LIFE.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

IV. A CONFESSION IN PRAYER (*continued*).

I never trusted in thee in dangers or distress, but in my own or other man's strength. I have used unlawful means to bring me out of them. I did not depend on thee to supply my wants. I neglected to do my daily duty in teaching the children, but spent my time in idleness and play, and so cheated the parents of their money. My heart entirely did cleave to the world's temptation, or that of the flesh, and never to thy divine majesty. I have not looked up to thee for a blessing upon my endeavours. I have not doubted of my temporal or despaired of my eternal happiness while I continued in all manner of sin.

I had not an high esteem of thee, nor did I submit obediently to thy will, or patiently suffer, or amend by thy corrections and crosses sent to awake me. I never was thankful to thee. I never acknowledged thy wisdom in choosing for me, but was discontented, and had eager and impatient desires of my own. I did not honour thee

by a reverent use of the things that belong or relate to thee. I never endeavoured, till thou wert pleased to open my eyes, to study or perform my duty in thy house, but behaved irreverently in it, not considering before whom I was. Instead of attending to thy worship there as I ought to have done, my eyes and heart and mind did wander after strange gods. I thought my stay there a burden and tediousness in keeping me from my vain sports. When I came out, how profanely did I speak, in worldly and carnal talk, never thinking of or mediating on what I heard, or on thy works, or visiting the sick, or reading to the illiterate, or relieving my poor brethren. I spent it altogether on my own pleasures, nor did I contract any of my unruly desires, but freely consented to all the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil. And after having spent all the day thus, in all sensual pleasures and sports, I would conclude it by disobedience and peevishness to my parents.

So I have most rebelliously profaned thy

day without any thought, and likewise all the feasts and fasts of thy church. I have neglected to read thy holy Scriptures and to remember what I did read. I was most careless to seek knowledge or any good thing, but careful in all carnal studies. I chose rather to continue ignorant than to go to the pains and trouble of reading and studying. I placed all my religion in going to the church with impure and unprepared heart, hearing sermons without practice and seeming to men to be religious.

I broke my vow made at my baptism entirely, O my God, by following all the devil's temptations without opposition, by loving the pomp and vanities of the world, and altogether following its wicked customs, and fulfilling all the lusts of the flesh together. Nay, I have profaned thy holy table in coming to it without reading, or studying my duty, or endeavouring to prepare myself against it; but I came with the most polluted hands, having neither confessed, repented, or resolved as I ought. I came again so presumptuously, nor did I take sufficient care after receiving, but did slide again into my old ways. I came to it without devotion and spiritual affection, and neglecting to keep the promises I made at it. O most merciful Father, how often have I abused thy holy name by vain and customary oaths or execrations, out of passion or out of pride, and giving others occasion to blaspheme thy holy name by my example and by my vile and sinful life and actions. Nay, I have used thy holy name,—whereat all knees do bow,—to cover my sins or to make good some lie. I have been present at thy service out of ceremony, and to show myself and see, and to please

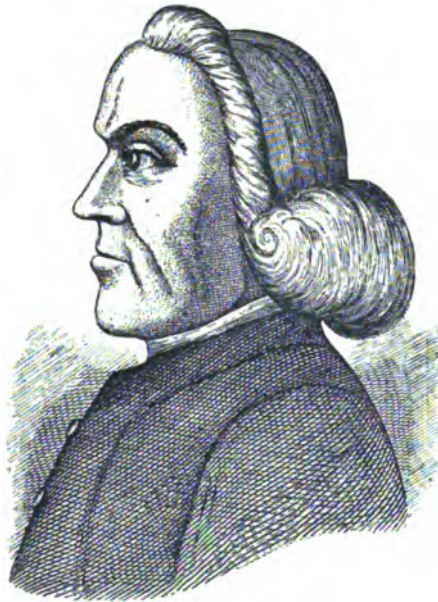
men and not conscientiously to please thee.

I have omitted both public and even private prayer, unless I prayed in such a manner as to incur thy displeasure rather than to hear me, and I thought it long to kneel while others prayed. Nay, I have studied to be religious, and to gain a worldly end. I never, before my conversion at heart and since, purified my heart from sin before I approached before thee, with my lips unclean; and when I repeated the words the heart and thought

were somewhere else. I did not pray with faith, consideration, repentance, and humility; but was cold, wandering, thoughtless, and dead in my prayers. Nay, I used irreverent gestures of body in my prayers to thee, great king of heaven and earth, when I would have taken the greatest care to behave before an earthly prince or some great man. I, for one and twenty years and more, neglected to call myself to account for my sins once, much less every day, but still heaped sins on sins, ever pouring in, but never pouring out, or even thinking or intending to assign any set or solemn times for fasting, confessing, and humiliation. I did not

cast in all that time one serious look on my past life to beget contrition; and, instead of acting revenge on myself by fasting, I studied to improve all carnal desires. How many of my fellow creatures have I worshipped, in thinking and meditating of them, and giving them all those inward thoughts due to thee, and even putting my trust, care, love, thought, and affection on several meaner things,—house, garden, money, &c.

How have I been puffed up with pride,



How: Harris.

and high conceit of myself, in respect of parts, learning, education, wit, clothes, honours,—greedily seeking praise, doing all to tend to that end. Nay, I directed all Christian duties, actions, and counsels to that end, disturbing my mind with anger and peevishness, and abusing the children with tongue and blows, and parents and brethren in words. I never examined what my estate was, or tried it by the true rule,—thy law. I never weighed the lawfulness of my actions before I ventured on them, or examined any of my past actions by repenting and resolving to reform as I should, and to give thee thy glory due unto thee.

I have been discontented in my place and calling, complaining without any occasion, and greedily desiring after honour and riches. I have sought to gain by ingratitude to my best friends. I have surveyed the condition of other men. I have been always negligent and improvident to observe and resist temptations. Nay, I wilfully ran to them. I did not improve thy gifts, outward and inward, to thy honour. I have abused all my senses, understanding, will, parts, and learning, in making use of them as much as I could for sin. I have neglected and resisted the motions of thy Holy Spirit. I have been lustful by the eye, the hand, and the tongue, and not labouring to subject it, but furthering it in all manner of ways.

Instead of keeping my mind and body clean, O Lord, I have nothing to say but that, by a repetition of all manner of uncleanness, I have made my heart a cage of all impure thoughts, and my mind a sty of the unclean spirit; and by doating on beauty, whose ground is but dust, Satan hath so bewitched me to look after strange flesh that, when I would pray to thee, my prayers are interrupted by filthy or worldly thoughts. I made pleasure, and not health, the ends of my eating; I was curious about my meat and drink, not liking what I found at home. I have drunk more than was useful to my body, and wasted my time and money in eating, drinking, and buying vanities which I am ashamed to call to my mind. I have abused my health by this immoderate sleeping and idleness. I have spent too much money on recrea-

tions, lawful and unlawful. I was too vehement and passionate at them, where, for one sorry word, I have broken out to open rage, and harboured mischief in my heart, and preferred feeding on my own malice to being guided by thy holy Word. I was covetous at my sports too, and lying against my conscience. I have been proud of my apparel, and displeased at my imperfections, reading and studying how to be finer in body, and going beyond my rank. I have spent too much time, care, and money on them, wearing what was not becoming my rank.

I have been injurious to many, delighting to grieve them, and that carelessly, too; and ensnaring them by counsel, enticement, and example. I have, I fear, affrighted some from godliness by my scoffing at it. I did not seek to bring them to repentance by advising whom I led to sin, I fear. I have neglected to reconcile men at variance. I have maliciously and spitefully wished and spoken and done evil to my neighbour. I have coveted what others had; I have stolen innumerable things from everywhere, and have been most unfaithful in my trust to my brother and aunt. I have opened letters. I have used arts and deceits and lies in selling to R. D. and others. I have infinitely blasted the credit of my neighbour by whispering, railing, encouraging others in their slanders and ill opinions; and, instead of putting the best constructions on things and prudently judging right or good, and defending the good name and character of my friend, alas,—vile wretch that I am,—I have given and heightened all suspicions, and judged rashly. As soon as I heard an ill report, I made my tongue an instrument of the devil to blaze that abroad, as I have more largely, by thy divine assistance, confessed, and more thou knowest and seest. Before I knew the truth of it myself, I was so far from defending his character that it tickled my heart in secret to hear one that I envied to be tasked with such a blemish, though I knew he had several good qualities. Instead of pitying poor and infirm brethren, and giving alms, I despised my fellow-brethren for their infirmity, rejoicing to hear of any evils befalling them.

I have neglected to make proper satisfaction to some that I have wronged. I have been churlish and proud in my behaviour; forward, arguing, and peevish in my conversation. What bitter and reproachful language have I used to many, especially where I should have been most dutiful,—to mother. I have not paid the respects due to them, but proudly overlooked my poor relations, and the good qualities of others,—seeking to lessen others' esteem of them. Not administering to those whose wants required it, being unthankful to benefactors, not amending upon their reproof, but scorning advice and being angry for it, not revering my parents and magistrates,—I have not shown that honour and affection thou requirest to them. I have despised my spiritual fathers, not giving in words and actions the respect due to them as thy servants. I did not love them for their work, did not obey those commands they delivered me. I have been to the highest degree disobedient and stubborn to my parents, I have despised and published their infirmities, not loving them, or endeavouring to bring them comfort and consolation. I condemned their counsels, and did not minister to their wants, but grudged to serve and obey them, and neglected to pray to thee for them.

I had not sufficient affection towards my brethren, but behaved churlishly towards them, and envied them, I had no fellow-feeling with my fellow christians; I did not take deeply to heart the desolation of the church; I did not generally wish the good of all with compassion and charity, heartily desiring and studying their temporal and spiritual good. I have not loved and forgiven those that offended me, but suffered the sun to go down on my wrath. O innumerable falsenesses, professing kindness where I had none, with a thousand lies and protestations, to men and women, and acting none,—only studying to deceive.

I have not laboured to do all the good I can to the souls of those that even desired, nor assisted them in their bodily distresses, nor defended their good name, nor realised their poverty,—having thoughts of marriage to undue ends, covetousness. I have been careless in my trust, murmured

at rebukes, I was idle, and studied to please the eye in my service, and not conscience.

In short, O heavenly Father, I have thus broken all my duties to thee, myself, and my neighbour; in thought, word, and deed. I am sold under sin. I have thus transgressed all thy holy law, from the greatest commandment to the least, from the first to the last; and that not only once, but I have such a custom that they are become innumerable and inconceivable. They have grown over me like a loathsome leprosy, so that there is no part, from the sole of my foot to the crown of my head, no member or part, but what is infected. Not one good action during all this time have I conscientiously done. Not one sin have I left undone I could without man's fear do. Now I cannot help admiring thy divine mercy in letting such a rebel still live and speak and move, and that he is not visited with all thy indignation. Adoring, therefore, thy ever-streaming goodness and mercy, I here, like a condemned criminal before thy judgment seat, stand guilty of all the breaches of thy holy laws as was possibly in my power to break, from the beginning of thy Word to the end. And, therefore, I am liable to thy curse and to all the miseries that justice can pour forth on so cursed a creature, in this life and in that which is to come.

But O inexhaustible treasure, O ever-streaming goodness that, though men and angels blush at my rebellion, notwithstanding all thou callest me to thy throne of peace and to behold my blessed Saviour, and to believe there is mercy to pardon abounding sins. Therefore out of the depths of my miseries will I cry with David for the depths of thy mercies; though thou shouldst kill me with all afflictions, yet will I, like Job, put my trust in thee. Though thou shouldst drown me in the sea of thy displeasure with Jonas, yet will I catch such hold on thy mercy that I will be taken up dead clasping her with both my hands. And though thou shouldst cast me into the bowels of hell, yet from there would I cry unto thee,—“O God the Father, who canst not be thought so cruel as to make me only to destroy me, have mercy upon me, for I repent. O my God,

I repent. I accuse and am condemned, and I am ashamed of this catalogue, and I call all the white court of heaven to witness that I do sadly repent of them all, and am grieved that I can grieve no more, and do abhor myself for them all, and that I do, by the help of thy divine Spirit, resolve and promise to renounce them all. O then, be merciful to me a sinner. O God the Son who, knowing thy Father's will, didst make it thy business to come into the world to save me, have mercy upon me, for I repent.

O God the Holy Ghost, who to the same end didst sanctify me in my baptism, and hast so often recalled holy thoughts and motions on me, have mercy upon me, for I repent. O holy and blessed and glorious Trinity, whom in three persons I adore as my one and only God, have mercy on me, for I repent.

Hear me, O Lord ;

Help me, O Lord ;

Save me, or else I perish.

THE ITINERARY THROUGH WALES.

It is not too much to say that, during the whole of the Middle Ages, there is no man more interesting than Gerald the Welshman. His rare ability and delightful vanity, his high ideals and romantic history, his indomitable energy and love of fun,—his own characteristics would have made his life one of engrossing interest.

But he lived in stirring times, and it is no wonder that his writings are beyond all price when we remember that he had long conversations at Rome with Innocent the Third, that he tried to out-manoeuvre Henry the Second and John, that he watched the rise of Rhys ab Gruffydd and Llywelyn the Great. He stands in Welsh history as the champion of Welsh ecclesiastical independence, he stands in Irish history as the painter of Irish life in the Middle Ages ; in European history he is the most graphic narrator of some of the most wonderful scenes, and the most clear-sighted observer of the greatest men of those wonderful times.

In 1188 he came to Wales on a preaching tour. Jerusalem had fallen before the might of the heathen Saladin ; and Giraldus accompanied an archbishop in a tour through the land of his birth to rouse the religious fervour of the Welsh. His vivid descriptions will show us how similar we are, after all, to our forefathers of eight hundred years ago.

The translation is that of Sir Richard Colt Hoare, with a few corrections, and with place-names modernized.

BOOK I.—CHAPTER I.

JOURNEY THROUGH HEREFORD AND RADNOR.

IN the year 1188 from the incarnation of our Lord, Urban the Third* being the head of the apostolic see ; Frederick, emperor of Germany and king of the Romans ; Isaac, emperor of Constantinople ; Philip, the son of Louis, reigning in France ; Henry the Second in England ; William in Sicily ; Bela in Hungary ; and Guy in Palestine : in that very year, when Saladin, prince of the Egyptians and Damascenes, by a signal victory, gained possession of the kingdom of Jerusalem ; Baldwin, archbishop of Canterbury, a venerable man, distinguished for his learning and sanctity, journeying from England for the service of the holy cross, entered Wales near the borders of Herefordshire.

The archbishop proceeded to Radnor about the beginning of a feast, accompanied by Ranulph Glanville, privy counsellor and justiciary of the whole kingdom, and there met Rhys, son of Gruffydd, prince of South Wales, and many other noble per-

sonages of those parts ; where a sermon being preached by the archbishop upon the subject of the Crusades, and explained to the Welsh by an interpreter, the author of this Itinerary, impelled by the urgent importunity and promises of the king, and the persuasions of the archbishop and the justiciary, arose the first, and, falling down at the feet of the holy man, devoutly took the sign of the cross. His example was instantly followed by Peter, bishop of St. David's, a monk of the abbey of Clugny ; and then by Einon, son of Einon Clyd, prince of Elfael, and many other persons. Einon, rising up, said to Rhys, whose daughter he had married,—“ My father and lord, with your permission, I hasten to revenge the injury offered to the great Father of all.” Rhys himself was so fully determined upon the holy peregrination, as soon as the archbishop should enter his territories on his return, that for nearly fifteen days he was employed with great solicitude in making the necessary preparations for so distant a journey ; till his wife, and, according to the common vicious license of the country, his relation in the fourth degree, Gwenllian, daughter of

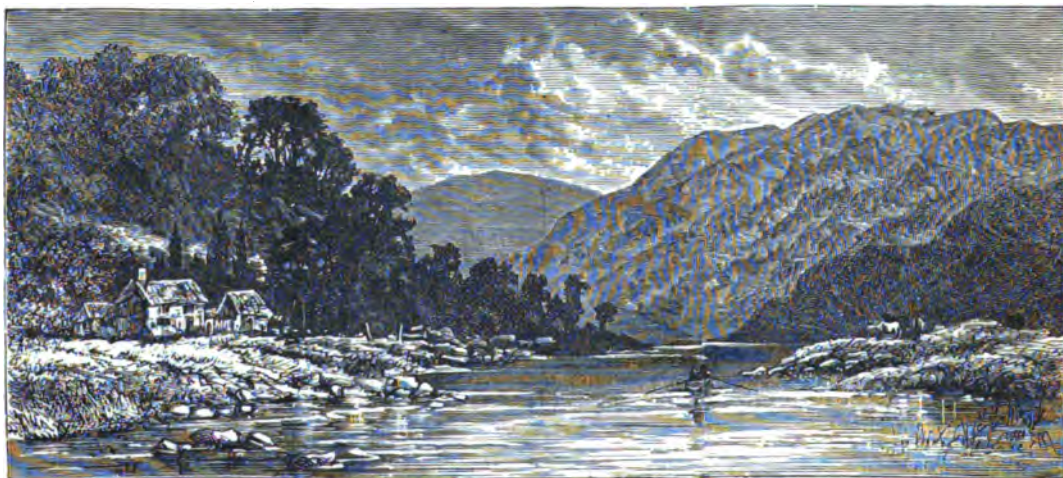
* A mistake for Clement the Third.

Madoc, prince of Powys, by female artifices, diverted him wholly from his noble purpose; since, as Solomon says,—“A man’s heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps.” As Rhys before his departure was conversing with his friends concerning the things he had heard, a distinguished young man of his family, by name Gruffydd, and who afterwards took the cross, is said thus to have answered,—“What man of spirit can refuse to undertake this journey, since, amongst all imaginable inconveniences, nothing worse can happen to any one than to return.”

On the arrival of Rhys in his own territory, certain canons of Saint David’s,

prevail, lest by prohibiting the archbishop’s progress he might appear to wound his feelings.

Early on the following morning, after the celebration of mass, and the return of Ranulph Glanville to England, we came to Cruker Castle, two miles distant from Radnor, where a strong and valiant youth named Hector, conversing with the archbishop about taking the cross, said,—“If I had the means of getting provisions for one day, and of keeping fast on the next, I would comply with your advice.” On the following day, however, he took the cross. The same evening, Malgwn, son of Cadwallon, prince of Maelienydd, after a short but efficacious exhortation from the arch-



A BEND OF THE WYE.

through a zeal for their church, having previously secured the interest of some of the prince’s courtiers, waited on Rhys, and endeavoured by every possible suggestion to induce him not to permit the archbishop to proceed into the interior parts of Wales, and particularly to the metropolitan see of Saint David’s (a thing hitherto unheard of), at the same time asserting that if he should continue his intended journey the church would in future experience great prejudice, and with difficulty would recover its ancient dignity and honour. Although these pleas were most strenuously urged, the natural kindness and civility of the prince would not suffer them to

bishop, and not without the tears and lamentations of his friends, was marked with the sign of the cross.

But here it is proper to mention what happened during the reign of King Henry the First to the lord of the castle of Radnor, in the adjoining territory of Buallt, who had entered the church of Saint Avan,—which is called in the British language Llan Avan,—and, without sufficient caution or reverence, had passed the night there with his hounds. Arising early in the morning, according to the custom of hunters, he found his hounds mad and himself struck blind. After a long, dark, and tedious existence, he was

conveyed to Jerusalem, happily taking care that his inward sight should not in a similar manner be extinguished; and there, being accoutred and led to the field of battle on horseback, he made a spirited attack upon the enemies of the faith, and, being mortally wounded, closed his life with honour.

Another circumstance which happened in these our days, in the province of Gwerthrynion, distant from hence only a few furlongs, is not unworthy of notice. Einon, lord of that district, and son in law to Prince Rhys, who was much addicted to the chase, having on a certain day forced the wild beasts from their coverts, one of his attendants killed a hind with an arrow as she was springing forth from the wood, which, contrary to the nature of her sex, was found to bear horns of twelve years' growth, and was much fatter than a stag, in the haunches as well as in every other part. On account of the singularity of this circumstance the head and horns of this strange animal were destined as a present to the king Henry the Second. This event is the more remarkable, as the man who shot the hind suddenly lost the use of his right eye, and, being at the same time seized with a paralytic complaint, remained in a weak and impotent state until the time of his death.

In this same province of Gwerthrynion, and in the church of Saint Harmon's, there is a staff of Saint Curig, covered on all sides with gold and silver, and resembling in its upper part the form of a cross; its efficacy has been proved in many cases, but particularly in the removal of glandular and strumous swellings; insomuch that all persons afflicted with these complaints, on a devout application to the staff, with the oblation of one penny, are restored to health. But it happened in these our days that a strumous patient, on presenting one halfpenny to the staff, the humour subsided only in the middle; but when the oblation was completed by the other halfpenny an entire cure was accomplished. Another person also coming to the staff with the promise of a penny was cured, but not fulfilling his engagement on the day appointed he relapsed into his former disorder; in order, however, to obtain

pardon for his offence, he tripled the offering by presenting threepence, and thus obtained a complete cure.

At Elfael, in the church of Glasgwm, is a portable bell, endowed with great virtues, called Bangu, and said to have belonged to Saint David. A certain woman secretly conveyed this bell to her husband, who was confined in the castle of Rhaiadr Gwy, near * Gwerthrynion,—which Rhys, son of Gruffydd, had lately built,—for the purpose of his deliverance. The keepers of the castle not only refused to liberate him for this consideration, but seized and detained the bell; and in the same night, by divine vengeance, the whole town, except the wall on which the bell hung, was consumed by fire.

The church of Llywel, in the neighbourhood of Brycheiniog, was burned, likewise in our time, by the enemy, and everything destroyed, except one small box, in which the consecrated host had been deposited.

It came to pass also in the province of Elfael, which is separated from Hay by the river Wye, on the night in which king Henry the First expired, that two pools of no small extent, the one natural, the other artificial, suddenly burst their bounds; the latter, by its precipitate course down the declivities, emptied itself; but the former, with its fish and contents, obtained a permanent situation in a valley about two miles distant. In Normandy, a few days before the death of Henry Second, the fish of a certain pool near Seez, five miles from the castle of Exme, fought during the night so furiously with each other, both in the water and out of it, that the neighbouring people were attracted by the noise to the spot; and so desperate was the conflict, that scarcely a fish was found alive in the morning; thus, by a wonderful and unheard of prognostic, foretelling the death of one by that of many.

But the borders of Wales sufficiently remember and abhor the great and enormous excesses which, from ambitious usurpation of territory, have arisen amongst brothers and relations in the districts of Melenydd, Elfael, and Gwerthrynion, situated between the Wye and the Severn.

* *Justa.* But Rhaiadr is in Gwerthrynion.

CHAPTER II.

JOURNEY THROUGH HAY AND BRYCHEINIOG.

HAVING crossed the river Wye, we proceeded towards Brycheinog, and on preaching a sermon at Hay, we observed some amongst the multitude, who were to be signed with the cross,—leaving their garments in the hands of their friends or wives, who endeavoured to keep them back,—fly for refuge to the archbishop in the castle.

Early in the morning we began our journey to Aberhonddu, and the word of the Lord being preached at Llandduw, we there spent the night. The castle and chief town of the province, situated where the river Honddu joins the river Usk, is called Aberhonddu; and every place where one river falls into another is called *aber* in the British tongue. Llandduw signifies the church of God. The archdeacon of that place* presented to the archbishop his not unknown work on the Topography of Ireland. He graciously received it, and either read or heard a part of it read attentively every day during his journey; and on his return to England completed the perusal of it.

I have determined not to omit mentioning those occurrences worthy of note which happened in these parts in our days. It came to pass before that great war, in which nearly all this province was destroyed by the sons of Iestyn, that the large lake, and the river Llyfni, which flows from it into the Wye, opposite Glasbury, were tinged with a deep green colour. The old people of the country were consulted, and answered, that a short time before the great desolation caused by Howel, son of Meredydd, the water had been coloured in a similar manner. About the same time, a chaplain, whose name was Hugo, being engaged to officiate at the chapel of Saint Nicholas, in the castle of Aberhonddu, saw in a dream a venerable man standing near him, and saying,—“Tell thy lord William de Braose, who has the audacity to retain the property granted to the chapel of Saint Nicholas for charitable uses, these words: ‘The public treasury takes away that which Christ does not

receive; and thou wilt then give to an impious soldier, what thou wilt not give to a priest.’” This vision having been repeated three times, he went to the archdeacon of the place, at Llandduw, and related to him what had happened. The archdeacon immediately knew them to be the words of Augustine; and shewing him that part of his writings where they were found, explained to him the case to which they applied. He reproaches persons who held back tithes and other ecclesiastical dues; and what he there threatens, certainly in a short time befell this withholder of them; for in our time we have duly and undoubtedly seen, that princes who have usurped ecclesiastical benefices,—and particularly king Henry the Second, who laboured under this vice more than others,—have profusely squandered the treasures of the church, and given away to hired soldiers what injustice should have been given only to priests.

Yet something is to be said in favour of the aforesaid William de Braose, although he greatly offended in this particular,—since nothing human is perfect, and to have knowledge of all things, and in no point to err, is an attribute of God, not of man; for he always placed the name of the Lord before his sentences, saying,—“Let this be done in the name of the Lord; let that be done by God’s will; if it shall please God, or if God grant leave; it shall be so by the grace of God.” We learn from Saint Paul that every thing ought thus to be committed and referred to the will of God. On taking leave of his brethren, he says,—“I will return to you again if God permit;” and Saint James uses this expression,—“If the Lord will, and we live,” in order to show that all things ought to be submitted to the divine disposal. The letters also which William de Braose, as a rich and powerful man, was accustomed to send to different parts, were loaded, or rather honoured, with words expressive of the divine indulgence to a degree not only tiresome to his amanuensis, but even to his auditors; for as a reward to each of his amanuenses for concluding his letters with the words, “by divine assistance,” he gave annually a piece of gold, in addition to their stipend.

* Giraldus himself.

When on a journey he saw a church or a cross, although in the midst of conversation either with his inferiors or superiors, from an excess of devotion, he immediately began to pray, and when he had finished his prayers, resumed his conversation. On meeting boys in the way, he invited them by a previous salutation to salute him, that the blessings of these innocents, thus extorted, might be returned

to him. His wife, Maud de Saint Valery, observed all these things: a prudent and chaste woman; a woman placed with propriety at the head of her house, equally attentive to the economical disposal of her property within doors, as to the augmentation of it without; both of whom, I hope, by their devotion obtained temporal happiness and grace, as well as the glory of eternity.



A SHEPHERD'S COTTAGE IN WINTER.

MOUNTAIN SHEEP FARMING.

THE hills were bleak and cold, and the wind was tearing their shroud of mist into a thousand fragments, when I took my last journey in search of lost sheep. I came to a shepherd's cot, where the smoke from the peat fire was driven headlong as soon as it emerged from the chimney, and the mountains I sought were scarcely visible through the cold clouds. The water looked colder than if it had been frozen, and the occasional sheep which found a miserable shelter beneath a rock or leafless hedge made a desolate scene more desolate still. I had heard that my

lost sheep had strayed, in spite of the cold inclement weather, into a bit of wet mossy mountain, right beneath perpendicular rocks some hundreds of feet high; and as I approached the rocks, ankle deep in moss, I could see the broken mist climbing the precipices, in fantastic shapes, like a giant's deformed fingers.

What a contrast to the same scene as it was in summer! Then the mountain was dry under foot like a carpet, then the tiny yellow lady strew-bed smiled from green spots between reaches of heather,—heather in all the glowing beauty of its

purple bloom. Then the wild cry of the plover tried to lure the shepherd from the dry bank whereon her four eggs lay; and the lark rose higher and higher into the blue sky, until he became a black speck too small to be seen; and the sparrowhawk's wheeling circles could be watched from the edge of the rocky cliffs above. But, after all, the shepherd is as happy in winter as in summer, because it is in winter he feels he can do most for his sheep. In summer he shears them and sells them, but in winter he looks after them and protects them.

A Welsh mountain sheep farmer has a flock of sheep varying from 50 to 2,000 in number. He has his farm in the valley, and a sheep-walk higher up among the mountains. The boundaries of the farms are, with few exceptions, what they were six or seven hundred years ago. The boundaries of the sheep-walks, though these are not walled or fenced off as a rule, are equally well known. The mountain boundaries are always matters of tradition. Though there is no periodical beating of bounds, the oldest shepherd is sometimes asked where the boundary is. He walks from rill to rock, from rock to hollow, from hollow to a patch of rushes, and thence to a haunted glen. He is followed by the anxious sheep farmers, and is often admonished to let his conscience direct his steps. But, as a rule, a feud concerning the limits of mountain liberties goes on for ever. New families may come, fights innumerable may take place between dogs and between shepherds, but the curse of a disputed boundary is one of the standing curses of Welsh mountain districts.

Nowadays the enclosure of mountains is proceeding at a very rapid rate. Vast tracts of mountains are fenced in, but remain sheep-walk as before. The sheep farmer gains two things by enclosing. He gets rid of any doubt about boundaries, and he makes his "liberty" less of a common that it was before,—he feels justified in warning off those who come, as their forefathers have come from time immemorial, to pluck rushes for rushlights, to get furze and heather for fuel, to get moss and peat and fern. Peeling rushes is one of the favourite occupations of a long

winter evening. But the villagers and others, through their own unconcern, are rapidly losing their rights to the free and open mountains.

The extent of sheep-walk is not always proportionate to the size of the farm,—the contenment has not always been adjusted, by Statute of Merton or otherwise, to the tenement. Sometimes the sheep-walk is close to the enclosed fields, and sometimes four or five miles distant from them.

All through the summer the sheep are on the mountain sheep-walks. They keep to their accustomed walk, though, as far as hedges are concerned, a sheep might stray from one end of the Berwyn range to the other without any difficulty. When a sheep strays it is easily known to whom it belongs from its wool-mark and from its ear-mark. The wool-mark is a spot of red or black paint, or a combination of the two, placed on the back, on the head, or on the tail, as the case may be. This must be renewed every year after shearing; but the ear-mark is made once for all,—it is a slit or a hole in the ear, and innumerable ear-marks can be made by varying the direction and the place of the slits. In addition to this, a pitch mark,—the initial letters of the owner's name,—is often placed on the sheep's side immediately after shearing. But a difficulty often occurs with respect to lambs, and a mountain sheep farmer's conception of a perfectly honest man is this,—“A man near whom an unmarked lamb is safe.”

Sheep are very fond of their accustomed home. As a rule they have a hereditary love for their mountain walk; for, whenever a new tenant comes into a farm, he takes the sheep over as a matter of course. Once a sheep wandered from Kent to her old home on a breezy bank on one of the offshoots of the Aran, and shepherds still call the place “The Black Sheep's Acre.” Lambs that are brought up in the shepherd's home, having lost their mothers in the winter snows, are particularly affectionate, and retain their attachment to the shepherdess who fed them even after many years of freedom on the mountains. A suckling lamb once used to come to an old woman to get a piece of bread; many years afterwards, while a drove of sheep

was passing the cot, a hoary old sheep came to the place where the crumbs once awaited it.

When the sheep are sold to an incoming new tenant, they are generally sold for more than they would fetch in an open market. The greatest dread of the new farmer is a hard winter as soon as he has had his hundreds of sheep into his possession. It is not unusual for one-third of the sheep to die during one winter, when the snow lies long on the ground, or when cold wet days are followed by a sharp frost. I have seen the mountains coated with ice as if it were a coat of glass, while the hungry sheep looked wistfully at the blades of grass which lay beneath ice too thick for their breath to thaw.

"You are very lucky that you have no sheep, my lad," said a sheep farmer to his youngest servant once, as they heard the winter storm rumbling in the old chimney.

"If this weather continues, my master," was the ready answer of the lad, "you will be as lucky as I, for you will have no sheep left."

But the sheep are not all left on the mountains during the winter. Very often they are all brought down to the farm in the valley when the November storms set in, and they remain in the sheltered fields until the flowers have begun to appear. If there is no room for them all in the fields, the yearlings and a few of the weaker ewes are sent into winter quarters far away.—I have seen Merionethshire flocks spending their winter in the Vale of Clwyd, and Montgomeryshire flocks on the banks of the Menai. They leave for their winter fields at the end of October, and come back at the

beginning of April. One of the saddest sights of the year is seeing the flocks going away, and their return is one of the gladdest signs of Spring. Three shillings or three and sixpence is paid for the winter keeping of each sheep. But if any die, their keeper gets only the price of their skin. The defter the Skinner is the less holes will be in the skin, and the more valuable it will be.

"I take away a penny for every hole," said a tanner to a stupid-looking youth who came to sell a skin with two holes in it. "I'll save a penny, anyhow," said



SHEEP ON THEIR WAY TO WINTER PASTURES.

Silvius, as he whipped his pocket-knife out and made a long slit between the two holes.

Flocks of sheep on their way into winter quarters rest during the night; and they get half an hour's rest when passing through a village, while the drovers are slaking their thirst, a thirst due partly to much whistling and shouting, and due partly to imagination. Once, while resting in a certain village, a flock disappeared suddenly, as if by magic. The expectant quietness and unwonted good behaviour

of the children of the village school, who were out for their quarter of an hour, did not make the affair less mysterious. When the village schoolmaster entered the school, however, he found it densely packed with sheep, and an old ram stood within the master's desk, chewing his cud, and regarding the sheep below him with an air of profound wisdom.

Twenty years ago sheep farming was a very profitable occupation. The owner of two thousand sheep would make from five to six hundred pounds every year from his sheep alone, and this would mean his rent three times over. Every hundred sheep would give him eighty fleeces,—for one fifth of the hundred would have lost most of their wool in their wanderings through the heather, or in their attempts to squeeze through hedges into forbidden pastures,—the enclosed fields into which the sweet grass and fragrant clover tempted hungry sheep from the dry closely nipped mountain grass. The eighty fleeces,—honest fleeces, without any lamb's wool in them,—would bring in, say, seven pounds. Then a few ewes would be sold in May; lambs would be sold in August; and in September many wethers would be sold to lowland farmers for fattening, and ewes for breeding. Out of every hundred sheep, a wise sheep farmer would sell twenty pounds' worth every year.

The secret of success in sheep farming is to know how to increase the flocks. In these times, mutton is much more marketable than wool. Many sheep farmers make the mistake of thinking that the way to increase the number of sheep is by keeping them. They are averse to selling, they keep the sheep till they get old, and do not make one fourth the money they ought to make out of their farms. "The more you sell, the more you have," is a wise shepherd's saying. Sell, and they increase; keep them to get old, they will decrease under your hands; for, somehow or other, young sheep will not thrive when there are many old ones among them. This cardinal mistake is made oftenest by small sheep farmers, who know and love every sheep they possess.

Owing to foreign competition and rise in rents, the mountain sheep farmer is not

now the happy thriving being of twenty years ago. Then he could get fifteen or sixteen pence a pound for his wool, now he would be glad of an offer of sixpence; then he could get twenty-two and sixpence for a wether, now he would gladly take thirteen shillings; then ewes were sold at sixteen shillings each, now they can be got for nine shillings; lambs then sold for ten shillings, now they sell for three and sixpence.

By these bad times, the sheep farmer is lucky that the prosperity of twenty years ago did not bring with it a very high rise in his standard of comfort. In the matter of clothes, undoubtedly, he spends more than his father spent, but his food is still of the poorest description. That delicious Welsh mutton he knows nothing of, he sells his sheep to those who have land for fattening them, and he hardly ever tastes fresh meat himself from one end of the year to another. He gets porridge in the morning, salt bacon or salt beef and potatoes at mid-day, tea and bread and butter in the afternoon, and porridge for supper. Oatmeal cakes are still very common, and red herrings are a welcome change when there is no salt meat of any description. But, owing to the bracing mountain air, this penurious diet does not seem to affect the sheep farmer for evil; and some of the older generation, brought up entirely on milk and porridge and oatmeal, are among the tallest and most handsome men in the world.

It is to be hoped that the decline in the prosperity of the mountain sheep farmer is only temporary. It is a most delightful and healthy occupation. Sheep-dipping day is an important day among the mountains. A lake is formed where the water is clear as crystal, and where there is not a particle of mud at the bottom. The sheep are gathered into the sheepfold close by, and driven one by one towards the river. A strong, skilful shepherd takes hold of them, and the others watch the sheep plunging into the limpid waters, and emerging on the other side with its fleece as white as snow. Shearing day is more important still. The shearers sit in a row, underneath trees or a tall hedge,—for it is now well on in June, and the sun

is hot, and the dog-roses crown the hedges. All through the long summer day, the long row is busy at work, the click click of the shears sounding incessantly, and the talk never ceasing the while. Before the shearers, on the greensward, the fleeces are rolled up by the women, and a big white pile gladdens the eyes of the farmer, sitting at the end of the row, before night. Close by, the pitch-kettle hangs above a peat fire, and the ever ascending column of intensely blue smoke is in sharp contrast to the green of the trees and the fields dotted with the white newly-shorn sheep.

The farmer, if he is wise, gives his sheep hay before the hard weather comes in, so that they may be strong enough to stand it. But it is possible to undermine the morality of a sheep, and to destroy all the independence of its character. Sheep which habitually look to the hay-rick as their winter sustenance are very worthless; and that is the reason why families who have suffered from indiscriminate charity, and are dependent on the parish from generation to generation, are called "hay-rick sheep."

I very nearly forgot to mention the shepherd's dog. I did so because, in speaking of the shepherd, I almost regarded man and dog as one being; they are so inseparable, and so necessary to each other. Fleet, sagacious, sleeping on the mountain side with one eye always open, ever on the alert for his master's whistle, understanding the tone of his voice and almost his words,—the shepherd's dog is proverbial for his faithfulness to his master and to his duties, as well as for his intelligence.

The wool is sold either to the few woollen manufacturers still remaining in Wales, or to the English manufacturers. The Welsh woollen industries, in picturesque Dolgellau or in lovely Newtown, will be described by other hands,—but it is a

declining industry that, in most cases, they will have to describe. At one time almost every mountain village was the centre of a group of tiny industries. But these have all disappeared, or are rapidly disappearing. In our village the old fulling mill has been in ruins for many years, though the stream of rushing water is ready to serve this generation as it has served so many generations before. The tenter poles have all disappeared from the sunny field, where they once stood in long rows, and to the school children of this age the very name of the field is a mystery. In old times the tenters had to be "in the eye of the light;" no man was allowed to have tenters in his own house, for fear he might stretch his cloths too much, with a view to selling them by measure. Close by is a field full of bulrushes. No one cares for the bulrushes now, but there was a time when

they were used for deceiving people concerning the real colour of the manufactured cloth. Cork and chalk are no longer bought for deceitful



THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.

dyeing; "so deceivable," says an old statute, "that the same colours may in no wise abide, but fade away, to the great hurt of them that wear or occupy any such cloth so deceivably made." One kind of dye is now in use in the few village factories where the wool is still made into cloth. It is got from a particular kind of lichen, and is a most beautiful variegated dye. The shepherd can vary his occupation by scraping the lichen from stones, and bringing it to the village to sell at dusk.

The shepherd's spare time is not given to eking out his scanty wages as a rule, though he could make a few pence a week in spring and summer by collecting plovers' eggs or by picking cranberries. He often devotes some of his leisure to reading, and some of the best poets of Wales have been shepherds. THOS. JONES, AND ANOTHER.

HOWEL THE TALL.

I.

HAWK of war, Howel the Tall,
Prince of men :
Dead is Howel, David slew him ;
He will not lead to war again !

Periv once, Kedivor's son,
Sang him so,
Sang his youth and death and passion,
Now nine centuries ago.

But they say—the bardic poets,
In their tales :
Whoso names in rhyme those heroes,
Calls them back again to Wales :
Calls them back, and gives them there
Life and breath
In the grey and ancient places,
Where they gave their hearts to death.

And this broken rhyme is made
For a spell,
From the shades to summon Howel
To the land he loved so well.

II.

Owain loved an Irish princess :
So there sprang
Howel of two passionate races,
When harp and sword in Argoed rang.

Owain Gwynedd golden sire
Of seven sons,
Fathered him : when Death took Owain,
Seven claimed the crown at once.

First-born of the seven, blighted
Yorweth came ;
Then David of the dagger-stroke,
And Madoc of the sailor's fame.

David's finger felt the crown,
And he said,—
'Yorweth of the broken face ;
[Ere he reign, be David dead !']

Blighted Yorweth might not reign,
Wanting grace :
Then the swords rang out for Howel,
For the beauty of his face.

Hawk of war ! Howel ruled them
Royally :
But his mother's blood was in him ;
One morn he sailed the Irish Sea.

O, high the Gaelic welcome
Of her house,
When he stayed to share the feasting
At their Lammas-tide carouse.

All too long indeed, while David,
Left at home,
Plied Argoed with fine fury :—
'Base-born Howel well may roam :

'Not for me this bastard bred
Shall be King,
To come anon with Irishry
Of his mother's nurturing :

'Out my sword !' As swift the word,
Winged with fate,
Over sea was sped to Howel :—
Come, or yet it be too late !

Through the night the horsemen came,
Spurring west :
'Hawk of war, arouse ! the ravens
Pick to shreds your mountain nest !'

Howel's horn broke up the feast :
All the night
They galloped thro' the Gadael's fields, *'Gaeael's'*
And reached the sea at morning light.

As he rode, at Howel's heart
Stirred the strain,
That he sang them while they waited
For the ship to Porth Dinlleyn.

HOWEL'S SONG.

A foaming wave flows o'er the grave
Where Rhivawn lies ;
Ah, I love the land beyond Arvon,
Where the trefoil grows and the mountains rise.

I love at eve the seaward stream
Where the seamews brood,
And the famous vale of Cwm Dythore,
Where the nightingale sings in the privet wood.

I love the land where we drank the mead,
And drove the spear,
At the forest side of Tegenyl,
Where my yellow steed outdid the deer ;

Where Hunyd's love, and Gwen's white arm,
Defend my doom ;
Where Olwen is, and Gwenerys,
And Nesta like the apple-bloom !

A foaming wave cried out all night
Upon my fate ;
Last night I dreamt of an open grave,
A crying wound, and a closing gate.

A foaming wave flows o'er the grave
Of Rhivawn's sleep :
But dig my grave at the forest side,
Where the trefoils grow, and the squirrels leap !

III.

There sang the heart whose even-song
 Came too true,
 That soon lay rent on Arvon field
 By David's dagger through and through.

Dead is the Prince of Chivalry;
 But Kymric rhyme
 May call him yet to Argoed,
 'Tis said, as of old time.

The shepherd there, at nightfall,
 O'er his sheep
 Humming some old warlike rhyme,
 May see him cross the steep.

There, late I climbed from Cwm Dythore
 The triple height,
 To wait beside the mountain cairn
 The ancient mystery of night.

The mountain drew his purple robe
 Around,
 And his seven tireless torrents
 Sent from the Cwm a lonely sound.

From the haunted vale of Howel
 At my feet,
 I surely heard his even-song
 Rise mountain-wild and sweet?—

'I love at eve the seaward stream,
 Where the seamews brood;
 And the famous vale of Cwm Dythore,
 Where the nightingales sing in the privet wood!'

And surely here, beside the cairn,
 A shadowy form
 Gazes afar on Arvon field,
 Where the cottage fires shine warm?

His mien heroic, round his brow
 The circling bay;
 Around his neck the golden torque
 Finds his dark locks half-way?

.

So come the stars, so come and go,
 And he was gone;
 Poised high, amid the mountain-night,
 Beneath the stars, I stood alone.

But down the track the shepherds take,
 As I clung
 On the torrent's brink, benighted,
 And the mountain-fox gave tongue—

Night, nor Time, nor David's dagger,
 Could give pause
 To your deathless rhyme, O Howel,
 And, O Wales, your ancient cause!

ERNEST RHYS.



ST. DAVID'S AND ITS RUINS FROM THE LAND SIDE.

From a photograph by John Thomas.

ST. DAVID'S.

IT is not so very long since St. David's was regarded by everybody as an out of the way, inhospitable, dreary, and unhealthy place. It is out of the way still, being sixteen miles from the nearest railway station, and it is a common saying that the pilgrim to St. David's must climb and descend sixteen hills in traversing the sixteen miles.

At first sight, the peninsula of Dewisland, at the end of which St. David's stands, is dreary enough. It is more like Brittany than Wales, inexpressibly *trist*. The monotony is broken occasionally, however, by igneous rocks protruding through the undulating surface. On one of these rocks the ruined Roch Castle is perched, and it is seen from far and near

brooding, like a bird of ill omen, over the dreary stretch of country. Dewisland lies between the slate system of the north and the old red sandstone of the southern portions of Pembrokeshire. As we cross its plain, sloping gently towards the western sea, we cannot fail to notice the weird series of igneous rocks,—the Presely peaks, rising to a height of more than seventeen hundred feet, on the north; and the islands, between which the sea has eaten its way through the softer rocks, forming a rugged but picturesque border for the skirts of Wales. South and west the black rocks rise from the sea, their names often telling tales of the fearless Norse pirates who pushed their ships between them,—Skokholm, Skomar, Grasholm, the Smalls, the Bishop and his Clerks. They and the precipitous cliffs that face them failed, however, to protect St. David's shrine against destroyer after destroyer.

Dewisland is treeless, and this adds much to its apparent desolation. Trees will not live in the strong sea wind which blows so often and so fiercely, with its salty breath. Even the quick-set hedges gradually disappear, and stone walls take their places, as we advance west. But, in spite of all, this region is indescribably beautiful in its own way. Newgale, with all its sands and its gulls, in a setting of glowing purple heather,—it comes up as fresh as ever in one's memory, giving never-ending delight. Farm houses in well-sheltered nooks, with their kind and inquisitive inhabitants, all quite wealthy in their way,—there are plenty of hospitable resting places. Around these houses, in the troughs of the undulating plain, the creamy-white queen of the meadow and the red and white fox-gloves grow luxuriantly, and the woodcock and the heron are no great strangers.

Whatever differences of opinion there may be about the beauty of the interior of Pembrokeshire, there can be no two opinions about the beauty of the coast. From it the views are glorious. The rocks above are often covered with gorse and heather, and the isolated rocks which rise from the waves are the haunts of myriads of birds. There is the cormorant and the

sea pie, the Cornish chough and the gannet, puffins and gulls innumerable, the razor-bill (*poethwy*), and the common guillemot (*eligug*). If one is lucky, one may see the one bluish beautifully variegated egg of this latter bird, laid on the bare rock. If one is very fortunate indeed, it is said one might see the peregrine falcon, which is said to be an occasional visitor to this wild and lonely scene,—wild and lonely from a human point of view, but densely populated from a bird's point of view. Seals come to the caves, though I did not see any. But I saw the sea samphire blossoming on the rocks, and it brought a scene in Shakespeare to my mind,—

“Stand still. How fearful

And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!

The crows and choughs that wing the midway air
Show scarce so gross as beetles. Half-way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire,—dreadful trade.”

It is an old saying that two pilgrimages to St. David's are as efficacious as a pilgrimage to Rome itself. A degenerate traveller of modern times has said that the pilgrimage is so meritorious because travelling in so barbarous a country is so difficult. I found the journey most interesting and most pleasant. A Haverfordwest driver, whom I found excellent company, drove me from Haverfordwest to St. David's, a distance of sixteen miles, in less than three hours. In passing over the first half of the journey the hills were not very steep, and we rattled merrily along, the driver telling me all the characteristics of the Fleming English of this “little England beyond Wales.” When we had passed Newgale sands the driver said that we were in Welsh Pembrokeshire. The farmers in the Welsh district are very well off, he said; they are often freeholders, and all of them thrive and prosper in their own economic way. But he had his doubts about the clergy of St. David's, because, though there were so many of them, they had not succeeded, during all these years, in weaning the farmers and labourers from their radicalism.

When we had descended the steep hill to Solva we saw magnificent sea scenes occasionally, and before long I was told that St. David's was close by. It suddenly appeared before us as we were driving

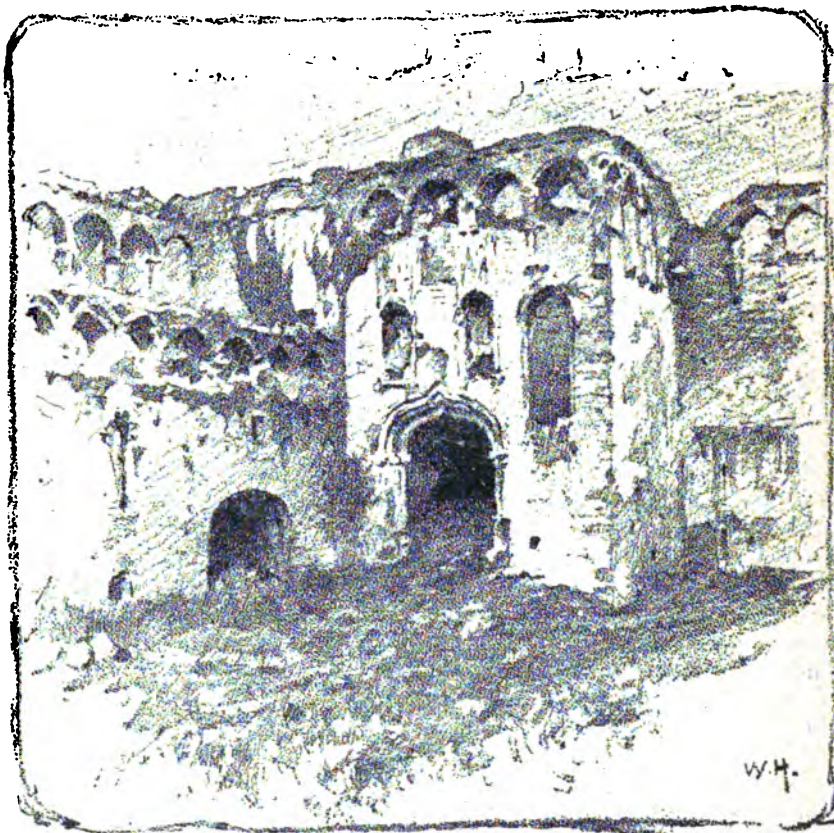
rapidly on. It looked like a large straggling village, and there were no signs of antiquity in sight. We went on through the village until we came to the Cross Keys, and there we stopped. I walked a short distance on, and came to the edge of a hollow. And then old St. David's, in the loveliness of its ruins, burst upon my sight. My eye wandered from the Cathedral, in spite of myself, to the beautiful open

parapet of the bishop's palace, which has not been touched for many generations by any hand save that of time. The cathedral,—far away the largest in Wales, and of the second order among British cathedrals,—has been renovated in parts, but the renovations at their worst have one good point,—the most fastidious of modern historians of architecture could not say that they are flimsy. The cathedral, the ruined palace, and the graveyard in the hollow are an ideal picture of the grandeur of

perfect repose. Surrounded by no busy city or grimy works, the stillness is unbroken by anything save the murmur of the rill that flows from the ruined palace, and the sad distant murmur of the sea.

There was a time when this silent and deserted spot was full of life, for it was a resting place on the chief route between England and Ireland, and one of the centres of British civilization and culture.

It was stormed, and its treasures were stolen often by Danish pirates; its sacred precincts were invaded by many an English conqueror,—Red William coveted the dimly visible Ireland from its shore, and Henry the Second dreaded its semi-superstitious traditions. It has been the resting place of great preachers in every age, from St. David to Giraldus Cambrensis, and from Giraldus Cambrensis to William Morris,



RUINS OF THE BISHOP'S PALACE, ST. DAVID'S.

Cilgeran. It has been the home of Welsh ecclesiastical independence in the dreams of many a patriot, though it is certain that it never exercised any metropolitan rights over the loosely organised Welsh Church. It was the shrine to which the Welsh mediæval pilgrim directed his steps, where he obtained health for soul and body. In the troubles of Owen Glendower's times, Iolo Goch thinks of its peaceful delights with rapture,—the limpid streams that ran

between borders of flowers through the Vale of Roses, and the clergy that made melody where the patron saint rested.

Now again this historic place is becoming the resort of visitors. To those who delight in the life of sea-birds, and in the wild beauty of sea-coast scenery, it is a haunt after their own hearts. The student of history can roam in peace among the

ruins, where the hartstongue is let alone in the crypt, and the black maidenhair spleenwort in the walls. The antiquarian will find himself in a country full of cromlechs, menhirs, and camps; and may spend his holiday in trying to find the end of Ffordd Ffleming and the Via Julia. And the weary always finds soothing rest here, and health.

THE CATALOGUING OF WELSH MANUSCRIPTS.

WHEREVER two or three Welshmen are gathered together the trend of talk no sooner turns on literature than we hear the lament,—What a pity it is that we have no good history of Wales and of Welsh literature? Why is it that no one has taken up these subjects and written exhaustively thereon? The number of Welshmen who would welcome such works is so great that the reward of the writer would be certain. Moreover, Englishmen of the keener sort, both in England and Wales, are eager to learn something of our past life and thought. Why, then, to put it in the language of commerce, is the supply not equal to the demand? There must be some effective barrier in the way, for we have scribblers enough and to spare, and no man willingly undertakes, for small pay, an ephemeral piece of work, when he has a chance of “filling his pockets” and of inscribing his name on the scroll of time.

What, then, is the barrier? For a long time I had had my private opinion, but lest I should be mistaken I was glad to have an excuse for running up to, Oxford in that gay time,—the boats’ week,—to catechise, amongst others, such men as Prof. Rhys, the editor of this magazine and Mr. Gwenogvryn Evans. The barrier was precisely of the nature I had anticipated. Indeed, it is self-evident that before we can write on Welsh history we must have access to Welsh documents, and that before we can write on Welsh literature we must have access to that literature. We were told in the first number of this magazine that most of the poetry of our

golden period lies in manuscripts, unedited and unpublished. In that mass of material there are hundreds of elegies and war songs full of those minute touches which make the pages of history live. The love poems, again, are eloquent on many points of social life. One has no need to be a specialist in order to understand that all this material must be sifted, printed, and assimilated before the two works we are so eager to possess can ever be written. But, before we can print, there is still a previous question, which I cannot state better than in the words of the preface to the *Black Book of Carmarthen*,—

“We do not even know where many of our oldest manuscripts are now kept. We have been supplied with careful calendars of the manuscripts of Scotland and England by competent scholars at the expense of the State; but those of the Principality have been neglected, notwithstanding the assurance that ‘poor little Wales’ enjoys the same laws and privileges as England. Surely, it is high time that the Government should appoint a commissioner qualified by a knowledge of palæography and of the language of the manuscripts to calendar them fully and thoroughly. Till this is done it will be useless to attempt a critical text of our chronicles, laws, and classics, as no editor can feel sure he has all the documents available and necessary for his subject.”

These words, penned in his usual shrewd and pat way by Prof. Rhys in 1888, put the question in a nutshell, but they fell on deaf ears. Mr. Gwenogvryn Evans dealt with the same subject in the preface to the *Bruts* (1890), but from that day to this I am not aware that any concerted action was taken by our representatives in Parliament, who alone can

help us. This is not a question of party politics, nor one which concerns the history of Wales alone, and if the subject were clearly put before the Treasury I cannot conceive that any difficulties would be raised. If it should be urged that there has already been a report on the manuscripts at Peniarth, Mostyn, Gwysaney, and Brogyntyn, I should like our representatives to glance at these reports, and to ask the question,—Did the gentleman who prepared these reports *know Welsh*, or did he merely pick other men's brains and gather a few fragments from older lists to cover his ignorance? Is it possible to report on the contents of manuscripts whose language you do not understand? Would the English members of Parliament sanction or put up with the appointment of a monoglot Irishman or Welshman to report on English MSS.? The thing is absurd, and I wonder that an Englishman could be found so wanting in self-respect that he could accept from the State the responsibility for work he had no qualification to perform.* Add to this the knowledge that his imperfect work would help to postpone a genuine report, and his conduct becomes still more reprehensible. These reports on Welsh manuscripts, as far as they may be said to have been calendared, are not only imperfect and inadequate, but deceptive. Imagine that the Welsh portion of the magnificent collection of MSS. at Peniarth, consisting of about 400 volumes, should be dismissed with twenty-one lines under the heading *Welsh*. The few MSS. in English and Latin have fared fairly well, and there has been a futile attempt to give an unclassified list of the MSS. of the Laws and of the Bruts. But the gems of the collection, the *Black Book of Carmarthen* and the *White Book of Rhydderch*, are not even mentioned. The latter contains, among many other important documents, the oldest version of the *Mabinogion*. Such an omission is enough to make Matthew Arnold, not merely turn in his

grave, but leave the sheeted dead to deal once more with such Philistinism. We are told that over thirty manuscripts at Peniarth contain poems by Dafydd ab Gwilym, but we search the report in vain for a single item on the subject. Small wonder, then, that other poets are ignored, though there are numerous poems by them of great historical value.

Let us glance at the reports and quote a few entries,—

"The volumes of poems by Welsh Bards of the 16th and the 17th centuries are numerous. [It would have been truer to say, by bards of the 14th and 15th centuries.] No. 60 is a most valuable Dictionary by Thomas ap William, in 3 vols. 4to. of the 16th century. [Vol. II., p. 106.]" "No. 1, folio, paper. *Cywyddau ac awddau gan ben beirdd Cymru.*" "No. 87, 4to. paper. *Rheolau y pedwmesur ar hugian yr amser Gryffyd ap Cynan.* (Rules for the meetings [!] held by the Welsh Bards?)" [*The translation is not ours.*] "No. 110, 4to. paper. *Gramadeg Gythyn Owen (Astronomi), &c. 1455.*" *Commences "Aughyfiawn y medrod pffeith," &c., ends "ymgeifgar chwiliongar E. D. Tho. W. Mehevin."* [Will any one inform us what language the words between inverted commas represent? We should also be glad to know what is the meaning of "yeghyd a danghosed" (No. 112); "Plais-arfa" (No. 113); "Hen fardoniath" (No. 130); "Cywyddan" (No. 132); "Llyf Sion . . . ar hen Fairdd Arathra" (No. 133); "Peredr-vab: Eurog" (No. 135); "Gwaith yr hen Feiridd" (No. 155), [*Beirdd* we know, but what kind of animals are *Beiridd*?]; "Feirdd" (No. 147); "Cywyddan" (No. 160); "Gwaith yr hen Treirdd" (No. 161), &c. [Vol. IV, pp. 347-363]. And take again from Vol. VI, p. 419, the following: "No. 23, Folio of the sixteenth century; of Welsh Poetry and genealogy. No. 24, Welsh Poetry. Of the sixteenth century. Half folio. No. 25, Welsh Poetry. Of the sixteenth century. Small quarto."

Of what earthly value are entries of this kind? The sizes of the MSS. seem to be of more importance to this gentleman than their contents!

What then do we want? In the first place we want to know precisely what material has survived the fires and the neglect of ages, or in other words *we want to know*, as far as possible, *where every manuscript written in Welsh is now preserved*. I mean, of course, every manuscript not of a private nature; we have no desire to meddle with family affairs, wills, title deeds, and the like. If these should come under the eye of the commissioner he

* I am not quite sure that any blame attaches to the gentleman who drew up the report. If he was a permanent official of the Record Office he had to obey orders and to do the best he could. I am not defending the responsible party, but merely suggesting that perhaps the whip is applied to the wrong back.—ED.

should put them aside at once, and on no account divulge any of their contents. Secondly, *we want to have a careful catalogue of the contents of our Welsh manuscripts*; we want the contents classified when there are several copies, or more than one version of the same subject; we want the first and last two lines of every poem, as well as the author's name; we want to know the approximate date of every manuscript, and the state of its preservation; when one MS. is manifestly a copy of another MS., the fact should be indicated. Finally there should be a complete index, both of the subject matter and of the writers, so that a student may, without unnecessary waste of time, discover what material there is on any given subject.

Suppose for instance we wished to edit the Welsh Laws. We ought to be able to find out, from such a catalogue as we have been pleading for, how many MSS. there are of each of the three different versions, which are the oldest in every case, and what are the relations of the different MSS. in any one group. One could then set to work deliberately with a fair knowledge of the extent of the work about to be taken up, and one would know with which MS. to begin,—no small advantage in such undertakings. Take another example. A friend of mine, many, many years ago, wished to edit the poems of Tudur Aled, and being a methodical man he began by making a list of the MSS. containing poems by this author. His list covers some sixty odd manuscripts, but it is by no means exhaustive. What is worse, he begins to realize that life is ebbing fast, and that the dream of his life is not destined to be fulfilled. The time that he spent in collecting material would have sufficed to edit the work several times over; and it may be that before another lover of Tudur appears many of the MSS. now in existence will be lost for ever, and we and our heirs shall be that much the poorer.

Take another instance. It is an open secret that Mr. Gwenogvryn Evans after spending much time, off and on for seven years, in transcribing the poems of D. ap Gwilym, is finding the task a hopeless one so long as our manuscripts remain uncatalogued. I have seen over 1500 pages of

these transcripts of D. ap Gwilym's poems, and he told me that at least a thousand pages represented so much wasted labour, because when he began the work he did not know where the oldest MS. was kept, and had therefore to transcribe everything as chance and opportunity offered. He has now come upon the statement in two different hands that a MS. in D. ap Gwilym's own hand was seen in the 17th century. Where is that priceless MS. now? A commissioner would probably discover it somewhere in Glamorgan or Gwent, and the cost of a commission would be cheap if it did nothing but bring this to light. Till that MS. turns up, or is known to be lost, it would be waste of time to proceed with editing the works of our national poet.

Not many years ago, a young heir, upon succeeding to his property, found a heap of Welsh MSS. in a damp place, and as they were in a somewhat dilapidated condition he had them straightway removed and destroyed! *Had these MSS. been properly catalogued their value would have been known; self-interest would have saved them from such a doom, and secured for them a dry place and safe custody.*

An ex-cook, who had served many years at a place once famous for its Welsh MSS., told me that she and her fellow-domestics were in the habit of hurling "the old skinny things" at each other's heads in play; that after the "old missus died" there was a sale (as no one of the family wished to live there), but some of the MSS. were deemed to be such utter rubbish that they were not offered for sale, but *thrown into a heap and burnt!* "And very badly they burnt, sir; they smouldered for days, and gave us lots of trouble," was the cook's heartless commentary.

What has happened in the past may happen in the future so long as our MSS. are uncatalogued, and their value unknown. Since the *Myvyrian Archæology of Wales* was published less than a century ago, quite a large number of manuscripts of the first importance have disappeared. It behoves us, therefore, to bestir ourselves at once if we wish to see our old literary treasures preserved and printed, and thus become a fruitful source of information and instruction, of pleasure and inspiration.

A. E. J.

AN ANGRY BARD'S LETTER.

This letter was written about the year 1792, by Iolo Morgannwg, the Welsh bard made known to the English readers of his day by Robert Southey. It shows how North and South Wales Welshmen regarded each other during the time of the inestimable services of Dr. W. O. Pughe and the Owen Jones who spent his hardly earned fortune in the collection of Welsh manuscripts. It throws light upon some famous Welsh books. It shows how absurdly unjust the honest old bard could be. The letter is a copy made from the original at the Cardiff library by the Rev. J. A. Jenkins, B.A.

No. 36, BROAD STREET,

Saturday Noon.

SIR,

I thank you for the perusal of Mr. Davies' MSS. I was highly pleased with it. His observations on our historians and bards are, in my humble opinion, very just. When I return to the country I can furnish him with a better copy of the British Triads than he seems to have. The paraphractical translations of Taliesin are much in the spirit of the original, and far more practical. His translations of Dafydd ab Gwilym are true to, without being the slaves of, the originals. This is just what they ought to be, in my opinion; they are by far the best attempts that have yet appeared to put our old licentious bards into an English dress. So much in commendation. Now for severe criticism, in the true spirit of a review. What, in the name of old Nick,—for it cannot be in that of any other being,—induced Mr. Davies to address his book to the Gwyneddigion? If he knows but little of them, let me give him some information. I was one of the very first members, in 1772. It was at first whimsical, became afterwards ridiculous, and is now detestable. Mr. Owen Jones was the first institutor, and is,—I know not from what infatuation,—the chief, if not the only, support of it. He has, on all other occasions, good sense, and, what is still better, a good heart; but he is no scholar, no judge of poetry, and will not thank Mr. Davies for abusing his favourite historian Geoffrey, whom I call in Welsh *Galfredd Gelwydd Teg*. Mr. William Owen has long ago left the Gwyneddigion. So has Mr. Samwell,—like myself ashamed of being seen amongst them. Having thus excluded Messrs. Owen and Samwell, what shall I say of the other members,—about 40 in number? Why, there are amongst them some very eminent coal-heavers, porters, scavengers, chimney sweepers,

"Knaves and fools of every class."

Now, if Mr. Davies thinks that I have wronged the Gwyneddigion in this account of them, I wish he would take a trip to London. The committee,—the cleverest of these d—n clever fellows,—meet every Monday night at the *Crindyl* (Bull's Head),—a very creditable low house in Walbrook Street. There he shall hear the vociferation of John Edwards, bard of the society, who is well convinced that iambs, trochees, and such outlandish things, are poisonous plants that grow in Otaheitee,—a place, he says, almost as far as the Land's End. He will also be edified by the harangues of Mr. Jones, their worthy president, who is an eminent journeyman carpenter. He was, it is true, a mere clown; but no matter for that, he is now tolerably well becockneyed,—if I may use the phrase. His deficient knowledge of English is well supplied by the true, classic, London slang. On his orations Mr. Davies would do well to form his style, and then about half the number of them would understand a line, or at least half a line, in every page. They would also subscribe a penny each towards purchasing one of Mr. Davies' books, and who knows but that they would highly honour him with a silver medal, such as they annually give to the best bard in North Wales, which is a half-crown piece, the reverse effaced, and there engraved the successful candidate's name. This is the high reward obtained by the best scurrilous bard, who leaves his family to starve whilst he goes fifty miles from home to contend for the honourable prize.

Messrs. Owen Jones and William Owen were at the whole expense of printing Dafydd ab Gwilym; not one of the Gwyneddigion contributed a single farthing. Another eminent member of the Gwyneddigion is Edward Jones the harper. He has published the *Musical Remains*, and in his account of the bards gives long quotations from Latin and even Greek writers. True; but for all that he cannot

write three words of good English. The late Mr. John Walters wrote much of it; Mr. Samwell much, and myself a little,—amongst other things, the prose translation of the *Afallenau*; but not a line has Mr. E. Jones, “bard to the Prince of Wales,” as he has dubbed himself, acknowledged.

He is now preparing a second, and, as he says, improved edition. Now, Mr. Davies would do him very essential service by publishing his book, that he may pilfer a little from it, if he may be able to procure somebody to read and select for him.

I fear that I have expressed myself with some indecency, but I am really hurt that Mr. Davies,—a gentleman of learning, genius, and good breeding,—should think of addressing his work to the Gwyneddigion, amongst whom there are not three that can properly read a single page in it. Why must it be addressed to any man or set of men whatever? If it must, would not the principal and fellows of Jesus College be more proper? But why does a member of the barbarous Gwyneddigion Society presume to dictate? Yes, they still call me a member, for I have had no quarrel with them. When in town I go sometimes amongst them, for we all of us, sir, now and then spend a little of our time in such a manner that we cannot help

being ashamed of. I hope I shall never live to see Mr. Davies’ name disgraced by being put at the tail end of an address to the Gwyneddigion. What benefit could he derive from it, supposing them a little respectable? Nothing; it would degrade him in the eyes of the literary world. His work will stand in need of no such feeble support. I hope he will think no more of these Gwyneddigion, but that he will be so fortunate as to find a Maecenas in some noble patron, who would receive no less honour from than he would confer on this performance.

If anything that I have said is offensive to Mr. Davies, I humbly ask his pardon. If I have felt a little warm, it was from being hurt at the phrases,—“I presume with deference,” “I humbly ask pardon,” and all this spoken to a set of wretches that know not the meaning of the words; that, knowing them, he could not possibly think of suffering his name to be mentioned by them.

I am, Sir,

With all possible respect,

Your and Mr. Davies’

Most humble servant,

EDWARD WILLIAMS.

MR. MEYLE.

OUR TRADITIONS.

II. THE RED MEN OF THE DUSK.

THE following account of the famous Mawddwybanditti,—Gwylliaid Cochion Mawddwy,—is given as I received it from a very old man’s lips. To the best of my knowledge, the tradition is strictly historical. In one of the glens of Mawddwy, east of the Aran, a strong band of robbers had made their home in Tudor times. Thence they crossed the wild inhospitable Berwyn to the valley of the Severn, or the high Pass of the Cross to the valley of the Dee, and they came back from their murderous raids loaded with booty. The energetic attempts at repressing brigandage, which are so characteristic of the Tudor reigns, brought retribution even to that lonely glen of Dugoed. The

justices of the peace were roused to do their duty, and the following is the account that tradition has preserved of the end of the Red Men.

Their memory still remains at Mawddwy, their name is still used to frighten children, and it is whispered that some of their descendants can still be traced.

“Have you ever heard of the Baron’s Gate?” asked an old man I met on the mountain moorland between Llan ym Mawddwy and Llanwddyn.

“Yes,” I answered, “I have seen it. It is on the mountain side as you cross from Dinas to Cann Office.”

“Do you know who Baron Owen was?”

“I have often been told I am descended from his family.”

"O then, I'll tell you how he died. You can see the Dugoed Mawr down in yonder glen. Once the red robbers of Mawddwy lived there. It was a long, long time ago, before my great grandfather's time. They were very cruel, and many an ill deed they did. They crossed the pass yonder to Bala, and there is a little well by the road-side in which they used to wash the blood off their hands. It is still called the Robbers' Well, and its water is still red, as if the blood remained in it. They were suffered to rob and to kill for many years, but retribution came. Does not the Old Vicar say,—

'God tarries long before he strikes,
Full vengeance wreaks he when he comes.'

"When did the retribution come?"

"O long, long ago. My great grandfather did not remember it. But it was in winter, and on Christmas eve."

"How did it come to pass, then?"

"Well, the king heard about them far away in England, and he sent to Dolgellau to Baron Owen, and told him to go to their haunt and bring them to justice. Baron Owen called together all the gentlemen of Merioneth, and they crossed the Cold Door Pass and they journeyed along the valley of the Clywedog, and it was on the evening before Christmas that they reached Dugoed Mawr. They were all on horseback, and they were all well armed, for they knew that the red robbers would fight desperately. The Red Men had fortified Dugoed Mawr, I have seen the scythes they had placed in the chimney. But they were no match for Baron Owen's men, especially as they were taken unawares. They were dragged out, they were tried on the spot, and very short shrift was given them; for, before it was too dark for you to see, there were between thirty and fifty corpses swinging from the trees."

"It was a ghastly sight."

"It was. The last to be hanged was a young lad. His mother stood by while his fate was being decided upon. He was her youngest son, and she implored Baron Owen to spare him. When she saw that they would hang her son, she looked at his death struggle without tears in her eyes. But her face was full of agony, and she bared

her yellow sun-burnt breasts, and said to Baron Owen,—'These breasts have given suck to sons that will see thy heart's blood for this.'"

"She was raving, I suppose, her grief had affected her brain."

"Her words came true. Many days after that Baron Owen was coming home from the Montgomery sessions. It was beginning to get dark as he came down the road which crosses the mountains from Montgomeryshire to Dinas. He was going home to Dolgellau, and perhaps he wanted to pass through the robber's glen before night."

"Was he alone?"

"No, he had many men with him. When he came to the spot now marked by the Baron's Gate, a tree fell across the road in front of him. 'We cannot pass on,' said the Baron to his followers. Before he had finished his sentence, another tree fell across the road behind them. 'We cannot turn back,' said Baron Owen, 'we must fight for our lives.' A shower of arrows fell among them from over the hedge, and the servants were too terrified to think of resisting. The Red Men rushed upon their prey, and Baron Owen was killed. The sons of the woman who had threatened him went back, and plunged their daggers into the Baron's heart, as they had promised their mother they would."

"They were very cruel."

"But they were not ungrateful. They spared one of the Baron's companions, Lloyd of Ceiswyn, because he had secured fair play for a wronged Gwylliad at a running match once. 'Go thou in peace,' they said."

"Was the blood of Baron Owen avenged?"

"O yes. The Red Men dared not stay in Mawddwy. They fled all over the country, and were hotly pursued. Some took refuge in the valley of the Wnion, and a farmer was bribed by the soldiers to say where they were. Sion Rhydderch had hidden them in a hay-stack, but he betrayed them for gold, and the treachery of Sion Rhydderch (ffalster Sion Rhydderch) is proverbial to this day. There are many stories about them, but they are too long to tell."

EDITOR'S NOTES.

I REGRET that the first article on "Laws relating to Wales" was crowded out of this number. In the next number it is intended that the following articles, most of them illustrated, should appear, among others,—“The Vale of Clwyd a hundred years ago,” “Under the leaves,” “Quarrying at Bethesda,” “The Rise of Cardiff,” “The Second Meeting of the Guild of Graduates,” “Wales and the Telescope,” “A Welsh Sculptor,” “Carnarvon and its history,” “A pastoral by Glasynys.” The great number of articles offered to me is, I hope, a sign that WALES has a mission, and that, in time, it will deserve the help of the best writers in Wales.

In answer to many correspondents, I may say that the articles in WALES are in no sense a translation of articles in CYMRU. I hope that in the bilingual parts of Wales the two magazines will be welcomed into the same families. My difficulty is to find space for the excellent articles that are sent me; in any case, I would not publish the same articles the second time, translated or condensed.

By the time this number is in the reader's hands, Ernest Rhys' new volume, “A London Rose and other Rhymes,” will be published by Mathews and Lane, Vigo Street, London. It will be a

beautiful crown octavo book, with a title page by Selwyn Image, sold at five shillings. There are very few ballads embodying Welsh traditions, and Ernest Rhys has a fruitful field.

“Irving” writes to ask why the traditions of Wales are not utilised by novelists, as many of them are ready to a novelist's hand. The only reason I can give is that they do not know them, and one of the aims of WALES is to relate them, in their true and simple traditional form. The various legends connected with the Mawddwy and Yspytty Ifan robbers, and with other localities, will be found on these pages.

I wish to call attention to the article on cataloguing Welsh MSS. I have myself suffered much from this want, and I hope that our representatives in Parliament will give it the immediate attention it deserves. I take it as a very hopeful and encouraging sign for the future of Wales that a practical man should, of his own initiative, be moved to take up a matter of this kind. If our busy professional and business men keep in touch with the literary movements and aspirations of their time, and sympathize even with the needs of specialists, we may look forward to a bright intellectual future.

GABRIEL YORETH.

A STORY ILLUSTRATIVE OF WELSH THOUGHT FIFTY YEARS AGO.

BY THE REV. E. CYNFFIG DAVIES, M.A., MENAI BRIDGE.

CHAPTER I.

FLOWERS AND SUNSHINE.

“GOOD morning, Gabriel; a dear day again,” said John Yandale, in his usual sententious way, with an expressive enunciation of “dear day.”

They met in going to their daily task in the coal mine at the foot of the hill, Gabriel descending from his grandfather's small farmhouse, Hafod y Bryn,—a name signifying “the summer house on the hill;” and John Yandale coming from his modest lodgings about half a mile from the mouth of the coalpit.

“How clamourously joyous is the song of the cuckoo this morning, John Yandale,

and how sparkling the wild flowers look under the rays of this morning's sun!”

On account of the high esteem in which he was held, and probably in part, also, on account of his uncommon surname, John Yandale had an opportunity of hearing his name in full whenever he was accosted.

“Have you never heard a day opening brightly, such as this, styled ‘fox?’” said Yandale. “For it begins with more brilliancy than it can possibly keep till noon. A day decked with flowers and beautiful with song thus early requires much to hold up its credit for many hours, to say nothing of sustaining the burden it imposes on itself till evening comes to relieve it of its toil.”

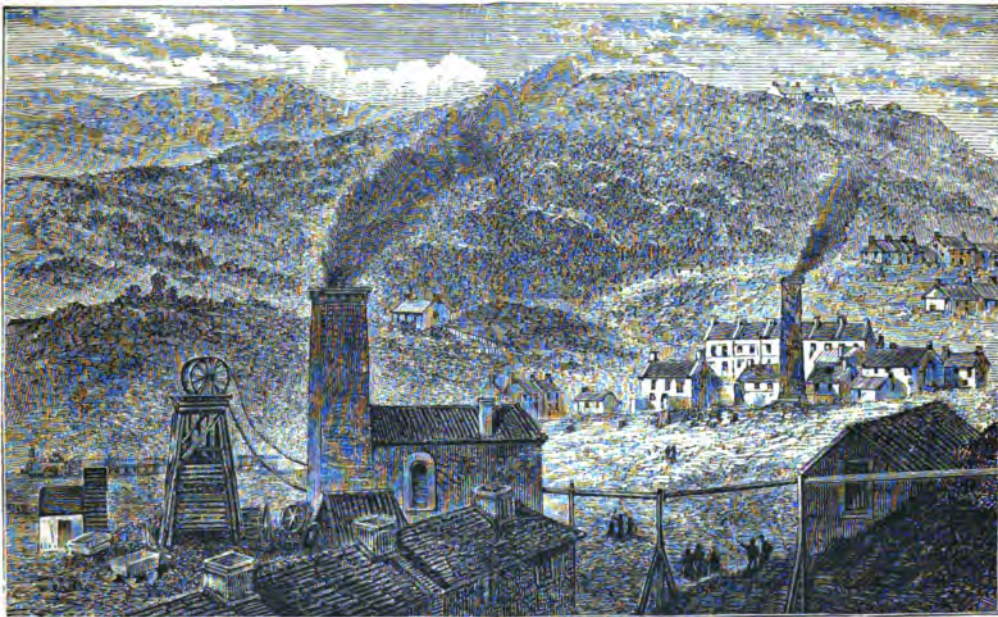
“I wish to look at the sunny side this morning,” replied Gabriel, “though I fully

appreciate the force of the lesson your words imply."

"Far be it from me, Gabriel, to damp your ardour, or check your love of nature, and especially when she visits us in her finest moods. But your remark concerning the beauties of any single day, as they appeal to the eye and the ear, and coming from you just now, when life is like a brilliant morning opening before you, and gives promises so pleasing and fair, brought with it an irresistible association of the day of one's life."

"I must admit, it affords me keen

thoughts of the elder John Yandale and youthful Gabriel concerned themselves with matters of the highest import and of great interest for both. They were let down to the depths of the earth in a few seconds by the powerful machinery to which the cage was attached by means of a strong wire rope, and they continued their conversation for the mile or thereabouts they had to walk to their respective galleries in the bowels of the earth. The dark path they traversed from the eye of the pit to the distant workings was in many ways a fitting emblem of what life



ABERVALE.

pleasure to glance at the flowers which this time of the year seem to be creeping to the very verge of the shaft, as if they desired to show their sympathy with us whilst leaving the light for the darkness below."

"Here we are, Gabriel, it is our turn now to enter the cage to descend. Let us go together."

John Yandale was a much respected elder and officer of the church with which Gabriel had been connected from childhood; and it was apparent to many of their companions that morning, at the mouth of the descending shaft, that the

had been for one of the two, and, to a great extent, of what it would be for the other. But though their road was gloomy, each carried the best light that could be provided him—a light that would lead them back ere evening closed to the light of a clear day. But in anticipating thus the future in store for Gabriel, a brief reference may here be made to his early training.

He had no recollection of his parents, Ann and John Yoreth, whom he lost in childhood; and he was brought up with tenderness and care by his pious grand-

parents, Gabriel and Mary Yoreth, who lived on their small freehold farm.

"We have been so engrossed with other matters, that I have not taken time to enquire how your grand-parents are to-day."

"Both attended family worship before I left the house this morning," replied Gabriel, "and I never saw them more taken up with the Word and their devotions. Our service at the family altar was all so fresh and sweet, that I felt nature was particularly instinct with the unseen and the divine when I crossed outside the threshold."

"It is all clear to me, Gabriel, their piety is filled with renewed vigour from seeing you about to consecrate your life to the service of God in the work of the Christian ministry. God bless you my lad! Your trial sermon at the church meeting this evening weighs upon their mind, I have no manner of doubt. Four trial sermons before the church members, cannot but be a trial for you and for them. It will be much easier for you when you ascend the pulpit before the whole congregation."

"It is a test upon candidates for the work of the ministry set by the old church at Ebenezer, Abervale, for many scores of years, and I do not wish to avoid a task you all so kindly impose upon me."

At this point they overtook Jenkyn James, who was blessed with a constitution brimming over with good-nature, as well as with a remarkable gift of public prayer.

"I have not gone on quickly to-day," said he, "if I could do so any time with this lame foot of mine; because I expected you to catch me, and I have caught you in the midst of a subject which has been deepest in my mind since five o'clock."

"When will you leave off playing, Jenkyn?" broke in Yandale.

"I play! With my lame foot! I am surprised to hear you say so, John Yandale."

"Yes, you play continuously, play with words."

"If that is my play, let me play to the last breath, so as to make my words stick when spoken. Now, Gabriel, we are expecting a great deal from you this evening; and I feel we shall not be disappointed."

"No, no, not disappointed," echoed Yandale. "I bear in mind a saying of the good

old people of former days. When they wished anyone to be strengthened in the work for the Master, they exhorted one another by a forcible metaphor,—'circle him with your prayers.' But the encircling meant to encircle as a hooper puts new hoops around a wooden vessel. This has been done for you, and we expect you to be a vessel in the service of the Lord."

It had been a long standing custom with Yandale to assign a portion of his dinner hour to prayer, with the same force of voice as if among four or five hundred worshippers in a prayer meeting at Ebenezer; and many a time did his fellow-workmen from the surrounding galleries secretly assemble sufficiently near to hear Yandale's mid-day prayer. As Legree in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* heard his own name in the prayers of Uncle Tom, so on that day was Gabriel repaid for being a secret listener to the prayer of his old friend and adviser.

For a young man in his humble station of life Gabriel possessed a well-trained mind, stored with scriptural knowledge and the theological dialectics of the day, in addition to a keen perception of human nature and its motives. His small Bible had a history of its own, for he had walked ten miles of an afternoon to effect its purchase in a town situated five miles from Abervale. That Bible came to be known amongst his friends as "the ten miles Bible," the money to purchase it being a present from his grandmother when he became a church member at the age of thirteen. Moreover, his ready gift of public utterance served him in good stead at this period; yet the power of persuasive speech, which he sedulously cultivated, came to be so much in demand that his studies were thereby to some extent retarded. He continued to follow his occupation as a miner, and to prosecute his studies late at night for nearly a year after he had entered upon the duties of his sacred office. His love of nature and of exercise in the open air were rewarded when he helped his grandfather to tend the sheep on the hill-side near their home. But unforeseen events soon befel him, and changed for him the whole tenour of his life.

The Theological College, BALA, NORTH WALES.

Principal: The Rev. T. C. EDWARDS, D.D., late Principal of the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth.

Professor of Dogmatics and the Biblical Criticism of the New Testament: The PRINCIPAL.

Professor of Ethics, Apologetics, and Comparative Religion: The Rev. ELLIS EDWARDS, M.A., (Edin.)

Professor of Church History and the History of Doctrine: The Rev. HUGH WILLIAMS, M.A. (Lond.)

Lecturer in Hebrew and Exegesis of the Old Testament: Rev. JAMES O. F. GRACIE, M.A., B.D.

The College is exclusively Theological, but is open to *all*, whether candidates for the ministry or laymen, and whether men or women, belonging to any section of the Christian Church, on passing an entrance Examination.

A fee of £5 for the Session is charged in the case of students not candidates for the ministry among the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists.

The next Session begins on Tuesday, September 18th, 1894. For Calendar apply to the Registrar at the College.

ELOCUTION:

Voice Cultivation. Stammering Cured.

Lessons given by Rev. E. Cynffig Davies M.A., L.T.S.C., Member of the Tonic Sol-fa Council.

For particulars apply to

REV. E. CYNFFIG DAVIES, M.A.,

GRAMMAR SCHOOL,

MENAI BRIDGE.

This Page

T O L E T

For

June and the ensuing months

HUGHES & SON'S

1/- each. **Popular Songs.** 1/- each.

With the exception of the first, all these Songs have the Staff & Sol-fa Notations on same copy: all have English and Welsh words.

The Land of my Fathers: This well-known Air and Chorus is our Sole Copyright. (Compass D-E2.) O.N. 1/-, Sol-fa 3d.

The Cavalier's Song, by J. T. Prichard, for Baritone (B-E)

Forth to Battle, by John Henry, R.A.M., for Tenor (E-A)

Myvanwy, by W. Davies; St. Paul's Cathedral, London. for Tenor (E2-A2)

Oh! that Summer smiled for aye, by W. Davies, for Soprano or Tenor (G-G)

The Summer Rose, by W. Davies, for Contralto or Baritone (A-E)

The Bell, by W. Davies, for Soprano or Tenor (E2-A2)

Jesu, lover of my soul, by J. T. Prichard, for Soprano or Tenor (C-A)

Seek ye the Lord, by D. Parry, for Contralto or Baritone (B2-E2)

On Wings of Love, by W. Davies, for Tenor (E2-A2)

She Loves and loves for ever, by D. Pughe Evans, R.C.M., for Soprano or Tenor (F-G.)

VARIOUS.

As sung by Miss MAGGIE DAVIES—

'Tis I that nurses Baby, by Owain Alaw (E-F2.) O.N. 6d., Sol-fa 3d.

As sung by Mr. FFRANGON DAVIES—

Return to me, my lovely Gwen, by G. Powell (E-E). Both Notations on same copy. 6d.

The Cuckoo on The Birch Tree, by Mrs. Watts Hughes. Soprano (G-G.) O.N. 6d., Sol-fa 3d.

The Spotless Dove, by R. S. Hughes, R.A.M., for Soprano or Tenor, both Notations, together with 9 other Songs by Popular Composers—in Book Form, 1/6.

For Anthems, Duets, Trios, Glee, Partsongs, &c., see our Musical Catalogue, 88 pp. Post free on receipt of name and address.

Y CERDDOR (*The Musician*). The leading Welsh Musical Monthly. Edited by D. Emlyn Evans & D. Jenkins, Mus. Bac. (Cantab.) 2d. On the 1st of every month.

TIME TESTED TEA.

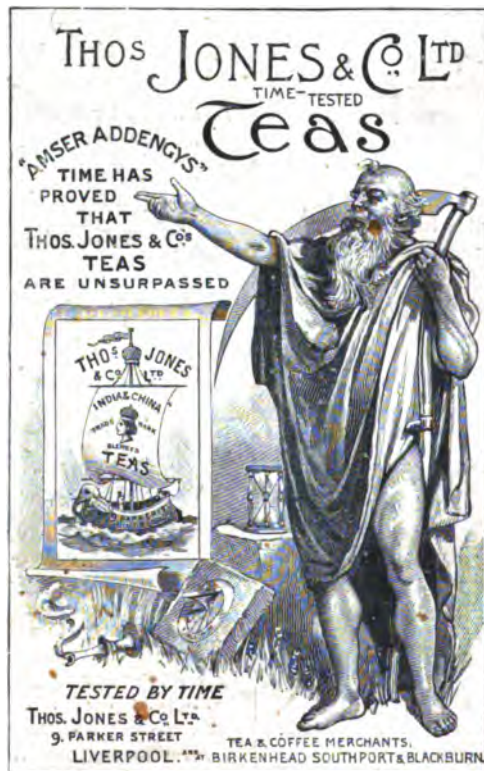
Pure Indian Souchong

(PRIZE MEDAL LIVERPOOLE EXHIBITION)

At 1/7 per lb.



Superior
Blended
TEA
At 2/- per lb.
Specially
recommended



Choice
"Afternoon"
TEA
At 2/6 per lb.
rich delicate
flavour



Samples and Price List on application.

THOS. JONES & CO., LTD.
Tea and Coffee Importers,
9, PARKER STREET,
LIVERPOOL.

A NATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR THE ENGLISH SPEAKING PARTS OF WALES



SYR HUGH OWEN



THOMAS CHARLES



WALES

EDITED BY

Owen M. Edwards, M.A.,

Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford.

Contents:

FRONTISPIECE,—*"Parting."*

OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS.—*Carnarvon Castle; Jesus College Quadrangle; Dafydd ab Gwilym Society; W. Goscombe John's works; Altar Piece at St. John's; W. Goscombe John; "Grief;" St. John the Baptist; "Son of Sleep;" Study of a Head; A Lady; Design for Altar Piece. A Colliery Explosion; The Chair in Mourning; A Spring Morning, &c.*

	PAGE.
CARNARVON IN 1793..	97
THE SECOND EVENING WITH HENRY VAUGHAN..	102
PLOUGHED IN SMALLS. By J. Jones, Hafod y Mynydd ..	105
THE STORY OF HOWELL HARRIS' LIFE. IV.—VI.	109
GERALD'S JOURNEY, HAY AND BRECON ..	111
"PUT ME UNDER THE LEAVES." By J. Edwyn Purche, Ludlow ..	114
W. GOSCOMBE JOHN. By J. Ballinger, Cardiff ..	115
GABRIEL YORETH. II.—III. Disaster and Ruin. By the Rev. E. Cyffig Davies, M.A. ..	121
OUR TRADITIONS. III. The Heiress of Llwyn Gwern ..	125
THE ANGEL'S SONG ..	125
THE CHAIR IN MOURNING. By J. W. Jones, Carnarvon, and R. Roberts, J.P., Wrexham ..	126
A PASTORAL BY GLASYNYS ..	129
THE VALE OF CLWYD A HUNDRED YEARS AGO..	130
THE SIN OF THE FATHER. By T. L. Owen, Carnarvon ..	132
ENOCH HUGHES. Chapters II., III. From the Welsh of Daniel Owen by the Hon. Claud Vivian, Chester ..	135
THE HISTORY OF WALES. III. The Welsh Shires	139
A TRIP THROUGH NORTH WALES IN 1700. By E.B.	142
MISCELLANEOUS.—Editor's Notes ..	128

Sixpence.

PIANOS! PIANOS!! PIANOS!!

From 10/- Monthly.

— ON NEW HIRE SYSTEM. —

LARGEST STOCK IN THE KINGDOM.

Thompson & Shackell,

(LIMITED.)

QUEEN'S MUSIC WAREHOUSE, CARDIFF,

Also at Swansea, Newport, Bristol, Merthyr, Gloucester, Cheltenham, Pontypridd, Llanelli, &c., &c.

☛ Sole Agents for South Wales for the Estey Organs and the Neumeyer and Ibach Pianos.

Agents for Pianos by Collard & Collard, Broadwood, Brinsmead, Kirkman, & all Leading Makers.

Organs by Estey, Mason & Hamlin, and all best American Firms.

[Illustrated Catalogues FREE.]

PIANOS AND ORGANS

On the Easy Payment System; delivered Free on Payment of First Instalment.

THE BEST & CHEAPEST HOUSE IN WALES.

OLD INSTRUMENTS TAKEN
IN EXCHANGE.



AMERICAN ORGAN, with
Pipe or Mirror Top, 6s. per Month.

10/6 per month, Walnut Cottage Pianoforte, Iron Frame, Check Action, Full Trichord, Brass Pinplate, Truss Supports, Panel Front with Gilt Inclusion or Marquetry, &c. Delivered on Payment of **TEN SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE.**

CRANE & SONS,

R. THORNTON JONES, MANAGER

4, REGENT STREET, WREXHAM.

Tunings and Repairs in any part of Wales by experienced men. Estimates Free. Illustrated catalogue free on application.



"PARTING."
(Original design at the Art Gallery, Cardiff.)
By W. GOSCOMBE JOHN.

See page 117.

WALES.

VOL. I.]

JULY, 1894.

[No. 3.

CARNARVON IN 1799.

There is no town in Wales with a longer and more eventful history than Carnarvon. It marks one of the furthest points in the west inhabited by the Roman; it was the home of the mysterious crown of Arthur, and of what was fondly believed to be a portion of Christ's true cross; it has the traditional birthplace of the first English Prince of Wales; it was besieged by Owen Glendower, who raised his golden dragon outside its walls; it has taken its place long ago as an important centre of Welsh literature and aspirations.

With a view to those who attend the National Eisteddfod of 1894, which will be held in this ancient and most interesting town, I give a description of Carnarvon in July, 1799. It shows what the Prince of Wales and other visitors are not to expect at Carnarvon in July, 1894. It shows how absurd the mighty religious revival of that year was even to a most sympathetic Englishman. The author was W. Hutton, F.A.S.S., of Birmingham.



THE situation of the country which surrounds Carnarvon is remarkable, and merits the attention of the traveller. The whole Isle of Anglesey, twenty four miles over, and seven miles in Carnarvonshire, east of the Menai, may be consider-

ed as one vast meadow, guarded by the sea on three sides, and by a range of rocky and majestic mountains on the south, forming a curve like a bow, the two extremities of which, Penmaen Mawr and the Rivals, project into the sea, and are distant from each other about thirty five miles. Upon any of the eminences in the neighbourhood of Carnarvon, we have a complete view of this beautiful meadow.

The observer, at one glance, may count thirty one of these mountains, ranged in front; but how many thirty-ones compose the rear ranks is not easy to determine.

This natural barrier admits but of five narrow and dangerous passes, guarded by five castles,—Deganwy, at the opening of the Conway, which leads to Sychnant, at the foot of Penmaen Mawr; Caer Hun or Bwlch y Ddeufaen, enters at Aber; Dolyddelen, at Nant Ffrancon, opens at Llan-

degai; Dol Badarn, at Nant Beris; and Cidwm, at Nant Tal y Llyn, between Moel Elian and Mynydd Mawr.

This vast meadow, thus guarded, was thought the most secure retreat against the South, or stronger Britons, the Romans, Saxons, Danes, and Normans; and this, no doubt, induced the cautious Druids to fix their emporium in Anglesey, which is said to be a modern island, once joining the main land till the ravages of the sea destroyed the isthmus, near Bangor ferry.

Close within the range of mountains, mentioned above, runs a range of lesser mountains, forming a kind of lining, which still adds to the strength of the barrier. This guard is further strengthened by a line of about twelve forts, and these are placed the nearest together where the grand fence was the least secure. Seven of these were pointed out to me.

Carnarvon is a handsome town. The streets are regular, though the buildings are not, and exceedingly well paved. It is the only place I have seen so in Wales; neither can any place be handsome that is not. The passenger should always be accommodated, whether he rides or walks, with an easy and safe passage. Most of the Welsh towns have the two faults of narrow streets and bad pavement; faults not to be excused.

The parade between the castle and the sea is beautiful, clean, convenient, and much frequented, but the Bangor turnpike road, which is delightful, is more, being unimpeded with dirt, dust, or sea winds.

I found the inhabitants much more civil

than I had a right to expect, and though a stranger, was indulged with books, information, &c., and found myself happy among them.

Owing to various enquiries after druidical remains in Anglesey, which I intended to visit, several gentlemen of Carnarvon offered to conduct me to the various places, and showed me every attention; this I declined, as it would have led me to the tables of the gentry, and deprived me of a treasure I could ill spare, although I have received more than most men, *time*. The savoury dish and sparkling glass were inadequate to liberty and my own plan. I had no doubt of meeting, in the island, with some intelligent person who could speak English. But in this I was disappointed; I found the land in a low state of cultivation, the inhabitants thinly scattered, and the few I saw knew no language but their own. An antiquary does not deserve the name who cannot fast half a day, and live hard the other half. When the guide was conducting me over Moel Elian, between the lakes of Llanberis and Quellyn, I held forth a piece of bread and cheese, and said, with a smile,—“This is my dinner.” “Thank ye,” says he, supposing I had asked him to partake. I trust for drink till I meet with a spring, or an ale-house. The pursuit is entertainment for the head, not the appetite.

THE CASTLE.

When Edward the First, about five hundred and fifteen years ago, erected Carnarvon castle, it served the old city Segontium (Old Carnarvon) as St. Alban's served Verulam; drew it into its own vortex. Houses began to shelter themselves, for security, within the castle walls, which I apprehend is about five or six acres, and there are now one hundred and seventy two houses, which compose nine streets. As the powers of the castle failed, the houses increased *without* the walls, and there appears about six streets, and about three hundred houses more. All these are on the east side of the fortress, for the others are guarded by water. The castle, at a distance, makes a grand and awful appearance, but within, like a man in a consumption, is drawing towards an

end. I was curious to examine the room which gave birth to one of the most unfortunate sovereigns that ever existed, a title to an illustrious race of princes, and the means of uniting and making peace between two quarrelsome nations,—that where Edward the Second was born. This I could only *see*, for no man has entered it, perhaps, for ages, having no floor or ceiling, but is open to the cellar and the sky. Upon expressing my disappointment, the guide told me he could take me to that room in the other tower which exactly matched it, and which I found to be thirty three feet diameter. This fortunate, and unfortunate room, which gave birth to Edward, is in the Eagle Tower, and seems, to an eye without the castle, to be a chamber of considerable elevation, but *within* is a ground floor, because the land is much higher, and rises only three or four steps. It is nearly circular, or rather an octagon, is fifteen or twenty feet high, has *one* fire place, and seems, according to the fashion of the day, short of light, nor do the few and small windows there appear ever to have been glazed, or the walls wainscotted, painted, or white-washed, or the least remains of tapestry or plaster! What would a queen of England, or the ladies of 1799, think of lying in among cold and bare walls? It would shock even the wife of a tailor, make a tinker's grumble, and that of a cobbler strap her husband.

Three roads proceed from Carnarvon, all excellent,—on the south, that to Pwllheli, which communicates only with the peninsula that stretches into the sea about thirty miles, and lies between Traeth Mawr and the bay; on the east, that to Beddgelert, which is a beautiful ride; and a third on the north, to Bangor, more beautiful.

The trade of this place, I should think, was considerable; for I saw one morning a fleet of twenty-two ships sail from the bay to pursue their several voyages. A place of commerce, situated upon the sea, like that of Carnarvon, necessarily induces the inhabitants to venture upon that uncertain element, consequently upon melancholy accidents; but most of those accidents which came to my knowledge originated in imprudence. They excite both censure and pity.

Some time back, I believe about the year 1783, sixty one people,—men, women, and children,—who had come from Anglesey to Carnarvon fair, were about to return. It was ten o'clock of a dark and tempestuous night, the tide was out, and the sand beds not easily discovered. Under these unfavourable circumstances, their friends entreated them to stay; but people elevated with liquor are not easily persuaded. They ventured, swerved from the usual pass, got about three miles to the south, near Abermenai, and struck against a sand bed. The most lamentable cries of distress

A young attorney had come from Anglesey to transact business, which held him till a dark hour. He would not wait till morning, but, contrary to the advice of friends, the water being very low, would ride his horse over; I believe near Llanvair church. The horse found his way home, but his rider the way to the bottom. A short time after, he was discovered, standing upright in the sand.

While musing in my chamber over a book, in August, 1799, I was alarmed by a shrieking in the street. Looking out, I saw people running to the beach, in the



CARNARVON CASTLE.

were now extended both to Anglesey and Carnarvon, but no vessel durst venture to their assistance. The tide was flowing in. What then must be the horror of their feelings, who saw inevitable death approaching by inches! Sixty of these persons perished, *one* only was saved, and he by adhering to floatable matter. This multitude was lost through obstinacy.

While my family were at Carnarvon, in 1797, the man who guided the helm of the ferry boat, in crossing to Anglesey, being intoxicated, fell overboard, and was lost. He perished by the ale barrel.

utmost terror. I followed, and found about a dozen people in great consternation, which, in three or four minutes, increased to five hundred. Upon enquiry, I was told a boat had just sunk, with two men; that they were bringing stone, had overloaded the vessel, which, striking against a sand bank, and not yielding to the waves, they flowed in, and instantly sunk her. One only could swim; the other laid hold of the plank, which bore him up. I saw their heads, like two small black spots, just above water, a considerable distance asunder, and more than half a

mile from the shore. Seven boats issued from various parts of the beach, to give assistance. I saw them brought to land. They seemed a couple of sturdy fellows, advanced in years, who did not much regard their late situation. The most circumspect may fall, but he who voluntarily enters into evils, with his eyes open, may meet with dreadful consequences; he who plays with danger may win destruction.

The market at Carnarvon is numerously attended with supplies for the town for the ensuing week. It is difficult to procure a joint, or even necessities for family use, on any other day. Standing in a shop where provisions were sold, a person applied for some cheese. The mistress took up a piece which lay on the counter, nearly two pounds. "How much do you choose?" "The whole." "I cannot spare more than half a pound, for this is all there is in Carnarvon!"

The people of Anglesey are great supporters of the market, with the productions of the island; and, I believe, often pinch themselves to supply others; for money must be had. The ferry boat, at Tal y Foel, is fully employed on Saturday morning and evening, to bring and return them. I saw it unload thirty eight persons at one time, every one with a luggage for the market, and each solicitous to quit the vessel; and who does not rejoice to leave a prison? The men were assiduous, I observed, to assist the young women, but the old, who stood most in need of assistance, were left to shift for themselves. Some of these poor helpless things, in jumping on shore, jumped into the water, but instantly walked off, and a little ashamed; but I think the men ought rather to have taken shame to themselves. Perhaps the English fair are treated with more attention than the Welsh. They are, however, treated with less labour.

Observing the sea very rough, and the wind strong, on a succeeding market day, I said to a gentleman, "Dare the people of Anglesey venture over?" "Yes, but they cannot return."

Neither coal nor wood are in the neighbourhood of Carnarvon. Half this arises from the neglect of public good, and of the landlord's private interest, in not planting

timber for beauty, profit, and use. Whoever visits Wales, sees her nakedness. British timber has been long declining, and there are two reasons why the generations of trees, like those of men, do not succeed each other. The landlord is too inattentive to plant, because no advantage can accrue in his life time; and the tenant will prevent the growth except he can make free with the crop. This neglect will soon become a national grievance.

The coal which supplies Carnarvon may be said to be purchased from the sea, for the carts run up to the axle-tree, to load foreign coal from the vessel. The inhabitants suffer great inconvenience when a supply is detained by contrary winds. The remedy would be found in a coal wharf.

THE JUMPERS.

There is as much necessity to change a mode of religion as a coat; for both, by using, become feeble, and wear out; they may, with safety, be renewed by a skilful preacher, and an able tailor. Time will again wear both to rags, and call for another renewal. Whenever a new religion is broached, or rather, the renovation of an old one, it gives umbrage to the world, but the philosopher will examine whether it is monstrous in *itself*, or only in his *own eye*. No people, in a free state, were more cruelly treated than the Methodists, and yet they taught the original doctrines of their persecutors; as if the world would not suffer a new religion, or preserve the purity of the old. Time, however, induces the professors to bend a little to the world, and the world to them, which promotes harmony; thus the Quakers were as much abused as they are now venerated. Before we censure, we ought to be certain we are right, and the censured wrong.

Perhaps many of the people in Carnarvon, like those of every other place, are not attached to any society of religionists. The higher class cast an eye to the bottle, and the lower to the stroll. I attended prayers twice at the church, where the congregation, the first time, consisted of sixteen persons, and the second, of eighteen.

I also visited a dissenting meeting-house;

it was crowded. But the most numerous society of worshippers, I believe, are the Methodists. I saw two of these; both ran over with attendants. I had heard many ridiculous things of a set of Methodists called jumpers, for all new religions are treated with ridicule, and exhibited in an erroneous light. These, by some, are deemed "mad;" by others, "traitors, who read Paine's works, have designs against government, and ought to be suppressed by the magistrate."

Being told, September 8th, 1799, in the evening, they were at worship, I hastened to the chapel, and found the doors crowded without. Gaining a passage, I perceived myself in a spacious room with two galleries, crowded with about five hundred people; many, no doubt, like myself, were spectators only. There were not many pews, the great body of the hearers stood in the area, and with a devotional aspect, indicating all attention. The preacher possessed uncommon lungs.

After a few minutes, he delivered himself in short sentences, with the utmost vehemence, evidently designed to strike the passions of his hearers. Ignorant of the Welsh tongue, I could not understand them, but was told, upon enquiry, they were ecstatic sentences, selected from scripture, chiefly the Psalms. At the end of one of these issued a small *hum* from the people; a second sentence increased it; a third, still more, &c., till, in the space of one minute, the crowd broke out into the most rapturous violence of voice and gesture. Every one seemed to adopt a sentence of his own, perhaps caught from the minister, and continued to vociferate it with all the exertion of which he was capable, and this in a kind of tune or cadence. One hundred different tunes, yelling from one hundred different voices, in a single room, must produce horror in the extreme. I never experienced sounds more discordant. That person was the happiest who could exert the loudest, continue the longest, and jump the highest.

They performed in parties of from two to eight. Sometimes the two sexes joined, but generally not. If one began to jump, another answered him, face to face; then a third, fourth, &c., forming a kind of ring.

As jumping is most violent exercise, they were obliged to desist, at intervals, but the body was kept in motion, something like what I have seen in dancing. The hands, head, and feet, were more employed, but the tongue never lay. The parson disappeared when he had raised his people to that pitch of enthusiasm he wanted. I, who did not understand their words, but could only observe their gestures, and hear their sounds, could scarcely detach the idea of quarrelling, and was fearful lest, by standing too near, they should jump upon my feet, or I give offence by impeding their rough devotions.

They were all decently dressed. The females were the most numerous. Some of both sexes, advanced in years, made but miserable jumpers. They seemed just as much intoxicated with exertion as they could have been with liquor; and, had a thirsty traveller passed by, he could not have been charged with impropriety had he stepped in and called for a pint.

The scene continued near an hour. It gradually wore off, for nature must sink under violence. I could perceive a small degree of finesse, arising from pride, in a few of the worshippers, who chose to lie by till the rest were exhausted, and then begin with double energy.

When the performers had exerted themselves to the very last moment of their ability, so that they were unable even to stand, the husband, or friend, took charge of them with seeming pity, and, I observed, cast an eye round, to see if any of their garments were giving the slip. Caps, handkerchiefs, and aprons, were obliged, by the friend, to undergo a renovation.

Upon enquiry, I found these boisterous worshippers were people of very orderly life, and I am inclined to think, they are no more conversant with Paine's writings, or the arts of government, than with algebra.

As every shoot of the grand tree which composes religion is supported by scripture, I make no doubt but this inoffensive race can bring unanswerable texts in support of theirs, though I had not the pleasure of conversing with any one of them. Their ecstasy seemed to proceed from a profusion of heavenly love, perhaps founded upon the words,—“Rejoice in the Lord evermore,

and again I say, rejoice." If this sentence does not *command* jumping, it gives a latitude. The conduct of David is still more in point,—“Who *danced* before the Lord with all his might.” Nay, he proceeded one step further, he *leaped* before him, and in a dress too thin to be delicate.

I have since had an opportunity of perusing their articles of faith, which are consonant to those of the established church, are nearly the same as those of the Presbyterians, Independents, and Baptists. Their

rules of church government are excellent, and correspond with the best I know, the Quakers. Their rough exercise in devotion is not mentioned.

The mind of man, like his fingers, retains an active principle. If he can find employment for neither, he becomes a burden to himself. Strength of body and of mind may be considered as tools by which we perform the business of life. If we use them too little, they rust; if too much, they wear out. It follows, prudence lies in the medium.

THE HOME READING CIRCLE.

II.—THE SECOND EVENING WITH HENRY VAUGHAN.

I. MOUNT OF OLIVES.

WHEN first I saw true beauty, and thy joys,
Active as light, and calm without all noise,
Shined on my soul, I felt through all my powers
Such a rich air of sweets, as evening showers
Fanned by a gentle gale convey, and breathe
On some parched bank, crowned with a flowery
wreath;

Odours, and myrrh, and balm in one rich flood
O'er-ran my heart, and spirited my blood;
My thoughts did swim in comforts, and mine eye
Confessed,—“The world did only paint and lie.”
And where before I did no safe course steer,
But wandered under tempests all the year;
Went bleak and bare in body as in mind,
And was blown through by every storm and wind,
I am so warmed now by this glance on me,
That midst all storms I feel a ray of thee.
So have I known some beauteous paysage * rise
In sudden flowers and arbours to my eyes,
And in the depth and dead of winter bring
To my cold thoughts a lively sense of spring.

Thus fed by thee, who doest all things nourish,
My withered leaves again look green and flourish;
I shine and shelter underneath thy wing,
Where, sick with love, I strive thy name to sing;
Thy glorious name! which grant I may so do,
That these may be thy praise, and my joy too!

II. CORRUPTION.

SURE, it was so. Man in those early days
Was not all stone and earth;
He shined a little, and by those weak rays
Had some glimpse of his birth.

* *Paysage*,—a scene; *Fr. pays*; *W. pau.*

He saw heaven o'er his head, and knew from
whence

He came condemned hither,
And, as first love draws strongest, so from hence
His mind sure progressed thither.

Things here were strange unto him; sweat and till,
All was a thorn or weed;

Nor did those last, but, like himself, died still
As soon as they did seed;

They seemed to quarrel with him; for that act
That felled him, foiled them all;

He drew the curse upon the world, and cracked
The whole frame with his fall.

This made him long for home, as loth to stay
With murmurers and foes;

He sighed for Eden, and would often say,—
“Ah! what bright days were those!”

Nor was heaven cold unto him; for each day
The valley or the mountain

Afforded visits, and still Paradise lay

In some green shade or fountain.

Angels lay leager here; each bush and cell,

Each oak and highway knew them;

Walk but the fields, or sit down at some well,
And he was sure to view them.

Almighty love! where art thou now? Mad man
Sits down, and freezeth on;

He raves and swears to stir nor fire nor fan,
But bids the thread be spun.

I see thy curtains are close-drawn; thy bow
Looks dim too in the cloud;

Sin triumphs still, and man is sunk below
The centre, and his shroud.

All's in deep sleep and night; thick darkness lies
And hatcheth o'er thy people—

But hark! what trumpet's that, what angel cries,—
“Arise! thrust in thy sickle!”

III. MIDNIGHT.

WHEN to my eyes,
 Whilst deep sleep others catches,
 Thine host of spies,
 The stars shine in their watches,
 I do survey
 Each busy ray,
 And how they work and wind,
 And wish each beam
 My soul doth stream
 With the like ardour shined.
 What emanations,
 Quick vibrations,
 And bright stirs are there !
 What thin ejections,
 Cold affections,
 And slow motions here !

Thy heavens, some say,
 Are a fiery-liquid light,
 Which, mingling aye,
 Streams and flames thus to the sight.
 Come then, my God !
 Shine on this blood
 And water in one beam ;
 And thou shalt see,
 Kindled by thee,
 Both liquors burn and stream.
 O what bright quickness,
 Active brightness,
 And celestial flows,
 Will follow after,
 On that water
 Which thy Spirit blows !

IV. STARS.

JOY of my life while left me here !
 And still my love !
 How in thy absence thou dost steer
 Me from above !
 A life well led
 This truth commends ;
 With quick or dead
 It never ends.

Stars are of mighty use. The night
 Is dark and long ;
 The road foul ; and where one goes right
 Six may go wrong.
 One twinkling ray,
 Shot o'er some cloud,
 May clear much way,
 And guide a crowd.

God's saints are shining lights ; who stays
 Here long must pass
 O'er dark hills, swift streams, and steep ways
 As smooth as glass ;
 But these all night,
 Like candles, shed
 Their beams, and light
 Us into bed.

They are indeed our pillar-fires,
 Seen as we go ;
 They are that city's shining spires
 We travel to.
 A swordlike gleam
 Kept man for sin
 First out ; this beam
 Will guide him in.

V. THE MORNING WATCH.

O JOYS ! infinite sweetness ! with what flowers
 And shoots of glory my soul breaks and buds !
 All the long hours
 Of night and rest,
 Through the still shrouds
 Of sleep and clouds,
 This dew fell on my breast ;
 O how it bloods
 And spirits all my earth ! Hark ! In what rings
 And hymning circulations the quick world
 Awakes and sings !
 The rising winds
 And falling springs,
 Birds, beasts, all things
 Adore him in their kinds.
 Thus all is hurled

In sacred hymns and order, the great chime
 And symphony of nature. Prayer is
 The world in tune,
 A spirit-voice
 And vocal joys,
 Whose echo is heaven's bliss.
 O let me climb

When I lie down. The pious soul by night
 Is like a clouded star, whose beams, though said
 To shed their light
 Under some cloud,
 Yet are above,
 And shine and move
 Beyond that misty shroud.
 So in my bed,

That curtained grave, though sleep, like ashes, hide
 My lamp and life, both shall in thee abide.

VI. ISAAC'S MARRIAGE.

"And Isaac went out to pray in the field at the eventide, and he lift up his eyes, and saw, and, behold, the camels were coming."—GEN. xxiv. 63.

PRAYING! and to be married! It was rare,

But now 'tis monstrous; and that pious care,
Though of ourselves, is so much out of date,
That to renew't were to degenerate.

But thou a chosen sacrifice wert given,
And, offered up so early unto heaven,
Thy flames could not be out; religion was
Rayed into thee like beams into a glass;
Where, as thou grewst, it multiplied, and shined
The sacred constellation of thy mind.

But, being for a bride, prayer was such
A decried course, sure it prevailed not much.
Hadst ne'er an oath nor compliment? thou wert
An odd, dull, suitor; hadst thou but the art
Of these our days, thou couldst have coined thee
twenty

New several oaths, and compliments too plenty.
O sad and wild excess! and happy those
White days, that durst no impious mirth expose;
When conscience, by lewd use, had not lost sense,
Nor bold-faced custom banished innocence!
Thou hadst no pompous train, nor antic crowd
Of young, gay, swearers, with their needless, loud
Retinue. All was here smooth as thy bride,
And calm like her, or that mild evening-tide.
Yet hadst thou nobler guests,—angels did wind
And rove about thee, guardians of thy mind;
These fetched thee home thy bride, and all the way
Advised thy servant what to do and say;
These taught him at the well, and thither brought
The chaste and lovely object of thy thought.
But here was ne'er a compliment, not one
Spruce, supple, cringe, or studied look put on.
All was plain, modest, truth. Nor did she come
In rolls and curls, mincing and stately dumb;
But in a virgin's native blush and fears,
Fresh as those roses which the day-spring wears.
O sweet, divine, simplicity! O grace
Beyond a curled lock or painted face!
A pitcher too she had, nor thought it much
To carry that, which some would scorn to touch;
With which, in mild, chaste, language she did woo
To draw him drink, and for his camels too.

And now thou knewst her coming, it was time
To get thee wings on, and devoutly climb
Unto thy God; for Marriage of all states
Makes most unhappy, or most fortunates.
This brought thee forth, where now thou didst undress

Thy soul, and with new pinions refresh
Her wearied wings, which, so restored, did fly
Above the stars, a track unknown and high;

And in her piercing flight perfumed the air,
Scattering the myrrh and incense of thy prayer.
So from Lahai-roi's Well some spicy cloud,
Woody by the Sun, swells up to be his shroud,
And from her moist womb weeps a fragrant shower,
Which, scattered in a thousand pearls, each flower
And herb partakes; where having stood awhile,
And something cooled the parched and thirsty isle,
The thankful earth unlocks herself, and blends
A thousand odours, which, all mixt, she sends
Up in one cloud, and so returns the skies
That dew they lent, a breathing sacrifice.

Thus soared thy soul, who, though young, didst
inherit

Together with his blood thy father's spirit,
Whose active zeal and tried faith were to thee
Familiar ever since thy infancy.
Others were timed and trained up to't, but thou
Didst thy swift years in piety out-grow.
Age made them reverend and a snowy head,
But thou wert so, e'er time his snow could shed.
Then who would truly limn thee out must paint
First a young patriarch, then a married saint.

VII. THE SHOWER.

WATERS above! eternal springs!
The dew that silvers the dove's wings!
O welcome, welcome to the sad!
Give dry dust drink, drink that makes glad.
Many fair evenings, many flowers
Sweetened with rich and gentle showers,
Have I enjoyed, and down have run
Many a fine and shining sun;
But never, till this happy hour,
Was blest with such an evening shower!

VIII. LOOKING BACK.

FAIR, shining mountains of my pilgrimage,
And flowery vales, whose flowers were stars!
The days and nights of my first happy age,
An age without distaste or wars!
When I by thought ascend your sunny heads,
And mind those sacred midnight lights
By which I walked, when curtained rooms and beds
Confined or sealed up others' sights;
O then, how bright and quick a light
Doth brush my heart and scatter night!
Chasing that shade, which my sins made,
While I so spring, as if I could not fade.
How brave a prospect is a traversed plain,
Where flowers and palms refresh the eye!
And days well spent like the glad East remain,
Whose morning glories cannot die.



THE EAST QUADRANGLE, JESUS COLLEGE.

PLOUGHED IN SMALLS.

MY journey to Oxford I shall never forget. I can not think of those ancient colleges and grave dons without realizing, with painful vividness, the truth I learnt among them. That truth is an old one, and has been seen in the lives of

monarchs and statesmen; it found expression also in my obscure life,—“Pride goeth before a fall.”

I was not labouring under an overwhelming feeling of modesty when I went to Oxford, I had determined to pass Smalls.

And I was not going to pass Smalls in an ordinary way. I had selected the most difficult Greek plays, and the most difficult Latin author, I had read enough Cicero to think I could beat him at Latin prose and enough Euclid to discover what a mess his books are in. It was some condescension on my part to try Smalls at all, and my papers would undoubtedly strike the examiners as being something out of the ordinary way. They would say, as I stalked with unconscious majesty to the *viva voce* examination table,—“Here he comes, let us hear more of his wonderful lore.” Then they would give me my opportunity, and say at last,—“We are much struck by your work, we must ask the University to pass a special statute to let you proceed to your Honours examination at once, Pass examinations are not suited for you.”

Oxford does not impress one very much as one approaches it by train, a flat and uninteresting place it seemed to me to be. But when we came to St. Giles, through Beaumont Street, and entered the garden quadrangle of Balliol, I began to understand what people meant by saying that seeing Oxford is in itself an education. I had a room in that Balliol garden quadrangle; and a more delightful scene, with its rooks and undergraduates, I thought it had never been my privilege to gaze upon. I sauntered out into the quadrangle, passed under the shadow of its trees, and found its soft green grass and its coolness most delightful after my long journey. I jumped over a low wall into the most inviting corner in it, and sat there until my fatigue had gone. When I went back to my room, I found a long piece of paper on my table, and on it, in large bold letters written with a lead pencil, were these words,—

“The Master presents his compliments to Mr. John Jones, and wishes to have the honour of his company at breakfast to-morrow morning, at 8-30 a.m.”

The hand-writing did not seem to me to be very characteristic of a great Greek scholar; but, as I was a devoted collector of great men's autographs, I put it carefully away in my Bible, to place it among my other treasures when I got home.

The morning came, and I heard the tolling and the clanging of innumerable

bells instead of the deep summer quietness which surrounded my mountain home. I hastened to look for the Master's house, and was ushered into a very long room looking out upon another quadrangle. The Master had not yet come out of chapel, his servant said, and I thought what a very religious man the Master must be. Presently a number of men began to glide into the room. They looked very shy and uncomfortable. I tried to enter into friendly conversation with some of them, but was not encouraged. After one or two futile attempts in this direction, I fell to thinking what kind of a man the Master might be. My picture of him was,—a very tall man, with a long beard and a deep sonorous voice, who would instantly make us all feel at home and fill us with his own enthusiasm.

Presently a little old man came in, with silvery hair, and rubbing his hands rather impatiently, and I thought he must have sat under an unedifying sermon that morning. He told us, in three words, to sit down at the table; and we began to breakfast in great silence. I sat at the end of the table,—I do not know how I got there,—and I would have said something if I could have caught somebody's eye. But all looked down, as if they were in mortal fear. The silence was broken at last by the Master, who looked up wearily, and said in a thin small voice,—

“Gentlemen, I wish some of you would venture a remark.” I was very anxious to say something; but, for the life of me, I could not remember anything at all. The silence deepened, and I thought that the portraits on the wall would be more likely to make a remark than we. After a very long and a very dreadful pause, the silence was broken by the thin voice again,—

“Gentlemen, shyness is not a vice; but it is a great misfortune.”

I could not bear the silence any longer, I made a desperate effort to break it, and a vain thought first found an almost involuntary utterance,—

“Master, don't you think that Welshmen are a people of great genius?”

The other men looked at me wonderingly, and not without gratitude. Then they heard the thin voice answering,—

“Yes, but they are very conceited.”

I wondered what Welshmen he was thinking of, and I thought I would make another start, in a bolder and more disinterested way. I thought I would improve his politics, if there was need.

"Master," I began again, while all the men watched me with curiosity, "do you not think that it is time for the Irish to obtain what they desire?"

"Have you ever been to Ireland?" he asked.

"No," I answered, beginning to feel that he must have discovered that I had never been out of Wales.

"Then you have one excellent qualification for talking about that matter."

I never felt so crushed, it was the tone

man, isn't he? We don't agree about the Irish, but you musn't be angry with me, I have always liked the Welsh."

"I hope I can bear an occasional rebuke," I said, quite at ease by this time, and finding my vanity returning, "I rebuke people myself, and one of our proverbs says that one who sows thorns must not walk barefoot."

"Oh good," he said, almost gleefully, "that is better than the Scotch proverb. Now tell us more."

I translated all the Welsh proverbs I could recollect, making the most absurd mistakes. The other guests, in spite of their good breeding, hardly kept their countenances; but the Master helped me loyally. Between us we translated the name of one



REV. T. G. OWEN, M.A. (C.M. Minister, Liverpool).
 REV. W. D. ROBERTS, M.A. (Curate of St. Mary's, Llanidloes).
 J. GWENOGER EVANS, M.A. (Ed. *Welsh Texts*).
 REV. MAURICE GRIFFITHS, M.A. (C.M. Minister, Llanidloes).
 REV. R. T. WILLIAMS, M.A. (Prof. of Welsh, St. David's College, Lampeter).
 PROF. RHYS. LL. D. W. LL. WILLIAMS, M.A. (Ed. *South Wales Daily Post*).
 EDWARD ANNYL, M.A. (Prof. of Welsh, Aberystwyth).
 J. M. JONES, M.A. (Prof. of Welsh, Bangor).
 J. ARTHUR JONES, M.A. (Of the *Bristol Mercury*).
 REV. J. O. THOMAS, M.A. (C.M. Minister, Aberdovey).
 REV. J. PULESTON JONES, M.A. (C.M. Minister, Bangor).
 D. ILLIFF THOMAS, M.A. (Barrister at Law, Sec. Welsh Land Commission).

THE DAFYDD AB GWILYM SOCIETY.

of the voice more than anything else. My lips began to quiver, there was a big lump in my throat, and my eyes,—it was very absurd. The old man's manner changed immediately. He lost his absent look, and there was something like mirth in the little voice as he said,—

"I always like to go to Wales. In every little village there is a bard, and I think that is a very hopeful sign. I was in Wales a short time ago, and the landlady of the hotel told me that a lady had just left, and this lady had been quite angry with her because she did not speak Welsh. That lady was Lady Charlotte Guest. One of my best friends was a Welshman,—Rowland Williams. And Lord Aberdare is a Welsh-

Welsh tune, also, into "The sweet verge of drunkenness." The Master remarked it was a very good translation, adding that a Welsh pupil of his never ceased to denounce that sweet verge. "You know Griffith Ellis, I suppose?" he said.

In leaving the Master's breakfast-room that morning, I felt that every one of my fellow guests had one consolation that was denied me. It was this,—every one of them might flatter himself that he had not been the biggest fool in that company. I tried to believe, at times, that the Master had liked my conversation, but I gave it up; no vanity could hide from me the apparent truth,—I had made myself utterly ridiculous, and in Jowett's presence too.

"Never mind," I said to myself, in plucking up my courage, "I shall retrieve myself in Smalls." I almost longed for the morrow and the examination. I presented myself at the Examination Schools, and was immediately turned out because my coat was not black and because I had no white neck-tie on. I was instructed to cross the High to a haberdasher's shop; there I bought a white tie, and I had to hire a black coat. I had lost my collar stud, and the coat was most painfully tight across my shoulders, but there was no time to set matters right. The examination was uneventful. I did not do brilliantly, but I dreamt of no disaster.

I had a day or two to wait for the *viva voce* part of the examination. One evening a friend took me to a meeting of the Dafydd ab Gwilym Society, at Jesus College. That meeting made me forget all my woes, and I thought Oxford would be worth coming to were it only for the sake of the mirthful edification to be got in the meetings of this Society. I bought a photograph of the members, in order that I might tell my grandchildren with what great men it was once my proud lot to associate.

The *viva voce* day came. The real name of the whole examination is Responsions, and it is the first examination for a degree in arts. But the undergraduates call it "Smalls." The examiners say that one has either satisfied them or failed to satisfy them; the undergraduates say that "one is through" or that "one is ploughed." I found myself sitting at a long table, facing three examiners. They began to chase me through the mazes of the Greek irregular verbs. I should have preferred the Greek irregular nouns, but it was not mine to choose. I certainly managed to give them forms they had never heard or seen before. There was a conversation among them, and they placed me at a side table, requesting me to be good enough to turn an extract from a newspaper into Latin prose. I did not quite see the meaning of this proceeding; but I thought of cadence and effect as I translated, avoiding datives and the subjunctive mood, as I had not been quite persuaded that these had any definite use. The examiners said they need not detain me further, and I felt that was conclusive.

I told the Clerk of the Schools I knew I

had passed, but with what distinction I could not then tell him. He said that if I came at one o'clock, I could get my certificate. But, when I came, there was no bit of blue paper bearing the name of Johannes Jones. I said there must be a mistake, and he replied blandly that such mistakes were always occurring. "It means, sir," he said "that you have not passed."

I rushed away from Oxford, and in the long railway journey I felt all the torments of wounded pride and of shameful failure. I gave up all hopes of gaining laurels at the University of Oxford, thinking it would be wiser for me to remain in the sphere in which Providence had placed me. My journey to Oxford, however, gave me greater weight in my own little circle. I figured as "John Jones of Oxford," "John Jones, M.A.," and even as "Professor John Jones," on placards announcing that I was to take the chair at the annual meeting of the Shepherd's Club. And when I had occasionally made a most violent radical speech, my friends would say that all the moral influence of Oxford added weight to my words.

A short while ago two Balliol undergraduates and the sister of one of them passed my home. We began to talk about Balliol, and I was afraid the lady might have had a brother or cousin among the men who were at that unlucky breakfast. So, when she began to talk about the Master, I immediately turned the conversation and asked her whether she knew of that delightful nook behind the chapel.

"Oh yes," she said, "that is the Fellows' Garden. No undergraduate is allowed to go there, but one came once——."

I knew she was beginning to tell the history of another blunder of mine when I cut her short by bringing my book of autographs, saying that the Master's autograph was the gem of the collection. There was a whispered consultation among them, and I could not help catching the words,— "Would it be kind to tell him?" Then one of the men said,—

"My dear fellow, this is not the Master's writing at all. It is that of the under-porter."

I am still in dread of finding out new enormities I committed in my one visit to Oxford.

THE STORY OF HOWELL HARRIS' LIFE.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

This is the last part of Howell Harris' confession to God. In the next number there will be an epitome of his very full diary while at home at Trevecca and while matriculating at Oxford.

IV. END OF THE CONFESSION IN PRAYER.

Seeing the goodness of thy nature first moved thee to send thine only begotten son to die for the sins of all that, by his death, might be reconciled to thy majesty, O wilt thou now reject my penitent soul, who, being displeased with self for sin, desireth to return and serve thee in newness of life? O all gracious God, carest thou not that I perish? Thou that wouldst have all men saved and that none perish, wilt thou now show thine anger against a reed, a worm, a leaf, a vapour, that vanisheth before thee? O remember how short my time is, and deliver not my soul to the power of hell. For alas! What profit is there in my blood, or who shall give thee thanks in the bottomless pit? No! Let me live in thy sight, let me live, O my God, that my soul may praise thee! Reach from heaven thy helping hand to save me, thy poor servant, who am like Peter, ready to sink in the sea of my sins and misery. Wash away the multitude of my sins with the merits of that blood which I believe thy dear son has so abundantly shed for penitent sinners.

O forget me as I have been,—disobedient, provoking thee to anger; and regard me as I am,—distressed, crying out to thee for help. Look not upon me as I am a sinner, but consider me as I am thy creature. A sinner and no ordinary one I am, I confess. But let not this hinder thee, O my God, for upon such sinners thou gettest thy greatest glory. O remember for whose sake it was that thou camest down from the bosom of thy Father, and didst set thyself down so low as to be content to be born of thine own handmaid. Remember for whom it was that thy tender body was torn and scourged and crucified, and thy precious blood spilt. O was it not for the sins of the whole world; and shall I be so narrow hearted to my own soul, or so injurious to

thy glory, as to think that in all this crowd thou hast particularly excepted me? Or, which is as great a dishonour to thee, can I possibly imagine that thou diedst and only for sinners of a lower kind and leftest such as I am without remedy. What had become then of thy own disciple, who with oaths and curses thrice denied thee, and the noted woman who had lived in sin? O how easy it is for thee to forgive, for it is thy nature. How proper is it for thee to save, for it is thy name. How suitable is it to the only end of thy coming into the world, for it is thy business. And when I consider that I am the chief of sinners, may I not urge the Father and say,—“Shall the very chief of thy business be left undone?” Mercy, mercy, good Lord! I ask not of thee any longer the things of this world, neither power, nor honours, nor riches, nor pleasures. No, my God, dispose of them to whom thou pleasest, so that thou sealest to my soul, by the merits of the death and passion of my dear Saviour,—which I believe he has suffered for me, O help my unbelief,—pardon and forgiveness of all my sins, that the curses and judgment which my sins deserved may not have power to shame, torment, and confound me in this life, with all those miseries that they so justly deserved, nor rise up to condemn me in the world to come. For my steadfast faith is (O help my unbelief) that thou, O Jesus, diedst for my sins and didst rise for my justification.

O that I could hear thee once say as thou didst to him in the Gospel,—MY SON BE OF GOOD CHEER THY SINS ARE FORGIVEN THEE. How would my drooping spirits revive at such a sound, and my now wounded soul break forth into hymns and praises, and hallelujahs, for a mercy so utterly undeserved of me, and which the angels which fell could never hear.

But O my weak soul, what dost thou fear? Or what dost thou scruple at, for

thou art not yet in such a desperate condition but thou mayst hope, believe, and firmly expect that what was said to him may possibly be said to thee. Nay, be confident, though it be with a mixture of fear and trembling, that if thou dost not act the part of an hypocrite at this, but dost sincerely repent and firmly resolve never to be willingly, or as much as thou canst negligently, guilty of any of these sins more, thy Saviour stands ready at the very doors of thy heart, to breathe the very same words in an heavenly whisper to thee.—BE OF GOOD CHEER, THY SINS ARE FORGIVEN TO THEE. Return thee unto thy rest, O my soul, for thy sins are forgiven thee. Only take this counsel along with thee,—SIN NO MORE, LEST A WORSE THING BEFALL THEE.

O that I could never sin against thee more, purposely, deliberately, willingly, wilfully, or negligently. O that I could have that power of thy divine spirit to serve thee in all holiness and righteousness from this minute all the days of my life. O let my soul never forget the love of so sweet a Saviour, that hath laid down his life to redeem me and all penitent sinners. Grant me henceforth to be able, by the continual help of thy divine spirit, to live by faith in thee, that I may carefully walk all the days of my life in godliness and piety towards thee, and in all christian love and charity towards all men, and for these sins of daily commission. Those over familiar corruptions of my nature which I am unable to surmount, Lord, either subdue them to me by degrees, or lay them not to my charge. But whereinsoever my conscience accuseth me, therein, O my God, be thou most merciful unto me.

Save me, O God, as a brand snatched out of the fire. Revive me, O my Jesus, as a sheep that hath wandered, but is now returned to the great shepherd and bishop of my soul.

V. A PRACTICAL REMINDER.

Here you may say the jubilee after sense of pardon obtained as in the *Golden Grove*, by Dr. Taylor. When you fast and pray for public calamities, then read the litanies in *Golden Grove* and other books you shall find. When you fast to surmount your own infirmities, then study beforehand and write them, or choose some book that contains them, and you may use those prayers in the *Whole Duty of Man*. After all this, use some proper conclusive prayer, sing a Psalm, and read a chapter, and follow the directions in the *Practice of Piety* for the rest of the duties of the fast.

VI. THE BEGINNING OF THE NEW LIFE.

Then confessed the fore-cited catalogue, promised and engaged by a communion oath to leave them all, and lead a new life, to leave my old companions, to alter my life in all respects from that minute to my life's end. Resolved to look upon everything that should dissuade me from my resolution as my most mortal enemy, though it were the dearest friend or nearest relation. I there promised and firmly resolved to make it my daily study, and only great care, to fight against the common enemies, to believe in, fear, trust in, obey, and love my blessed Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier, and to do all the good I can to the advancement of his glory and praise, by thought, word, and action. I resolved and promised to pray as soon as up in the morning, with divine meditations before and after, to read three chapters in the Holy Bible every day, viz., one in the morning at or about six, one at noon at or about twelve, and one at or about six in the evening, with a prayer before and after reading. I resolved and promised to lay aside about half an hour to meditate and write in a weekly book all the sins of the past day, of omission and commission,—against God, myself, or my neighbour; in thought, word, or deed,—by accurate recollections; what I did, saw, heard, or read, memorable, &c. If I had any quarrels, to be reconciled before sunset; if I had any very sinful thoughts and imaginations; if I misapplied any spare hour, neglected any opportunity of doing good to any body, or did commit anything wherein my conscience tells me I am guilty of a breach of God's law. When I have thus recollected, I have promised to write them every one down and confess them particularly before Almighty God in a proper form; I shall pray against them, praise God for what good I have done, and for deliverances, ordinary and extraordinary, he hath wrought for me that day. I shall pray for an increase in grace and preservation from those sins I find myself most prone to, and resolve against them, and meditate afterwards, having remembered my friends, &c., as I am directed in the *Practice of Piety*, &c., and compose myself to rest.

I resolved to spend every day thus,—with reading this catalogue of the past sins every morning if time, and other meditations to my life's end.

I have resolved to follow the directions in the *Practice of Piety*, the *Whole Duty of Man*, &c., for regulating my life according to the Scripture; to spend my time to observe the Sabbath, sacrament,

and all things else with the greatest care; and to write the said weekly, daily, catalogue,—which I must carry about me wherever I go,—every Saturday, if that is the most convenient day for fasting, &c. During life this is to be continued, and the catalogue to be confessed, if time, or often read at least, before every communion.

THE ITINERARY THROUGH WALES.

BOOK I.—CHAPTER II. (*Continued*).

HAY AND BRECON IN 1188.

[Could any Radnorshire, Breconshire, or Herefordshire friends tell us whether any traces of the strange customs, described by Giraldus Cambrensis in this chapter, still remain?]

It happened also that the hand of a boy, who was endeavouring to take some young pigeons from a nest, in the church of Saint David of Llanvaes, adhered to the stone on which he leaned, through the miraculous vengeance, perhaps, of that saint, in favour of the birds who had taken refuge in his church; and when the boy, attended by his friends and parents, had for three successive days and nights offered up his prayers and supplications before the holy altar of the church, his hand was, on the third day, liberated by the same divine power which had so miraculously fastened it. We saw this same boy at Newbury, in England, now advanced in years, presenting himself before David the Second, bishop of Saint David's, and certifying to him the truth of this relation, because it had happened in his diocese. The stone is preserved in the church to this day among the relics, and the marks of the five fingers appear impressed on the flint.

Moreover I must not be silent concerning the collar or chain which they call St. Cynog's; for it is most like to gold in weight, nature, and colour; it is in four pieces wrought round, joined together artificially, and clefted as it were in the middle, with a dog's head, the teeth standing outward; it is esteemed by the inhabitants so powerful a relic, that no man dares swear falsely when it is laid before him; it bears the marks of some severe blows, as if made with an iron hammer; for a certain

man, as it is said, endeavoured to break the collar for the sake of the gold, experienced the divine vengeance, was deprived of his eyesight, and lingered the remainder of his days in darkness.

A similar circumstance concerning the horn of St. Patrick,—not golden indeed, but brazen, which lately was brought into these parts from Ireland,—excites our admiration. The miraculous power of this relic first appeared with a terrible example in that country, through the foolish and absurd blowing of Bernard, a priest, as is set forth in our Topography of Ireland. Both the laity and clergy in Ireland, Scotland, and Wales held in such great veneration portable bells, and staves crooked at the top, and covered with gold, silver, or brass, and similar relics of saints, that they were much more afraid of swearing falsely by them than by the gospels; because, from some hidden and miraculous power with which they are gifted, and the vengeance of the saint to whom they are particularly pleasing, their despisers and transgressors are severely punished. The most remarkable circumstance attending this horn is, that whoever places the wider end of it to his ear will hear a sweet sound and melody united, such as ariseth from a harp gently touched.

Bernard de Newmarch was the first of the Normans who acquired by conquest from the Welsh this province, which was divided into three cantreds. He married the daughter of Nest, daughter of Gruffydd, son of Llywelyn, who, by his tyranny, for a long time had oppressed Wales; his wife took her mother's name of Nest, which the English transmuted into Anne; by whom

he had children, one of whom, named Mahel, a distinguished soldier, was thus unjustly deprived of his paternal inheritance. His mother, in violation of the marriage contract, held an adulterous intercourse with a certain knight; on the discovery of which, the son met the knight returning in the night from his mother, and having inflicted on him a severe corporal punishment, and mutilated him, sent him away with great disgrace. The mother alarmed at the confusion which this event caused, and agitated with grief, breathed nothing but revenge. She therefore went to king Henry I., and declared with assertions more vindictive than true, and corroborated by an oath, that her son Mahel was not the son of Bernard, but of another person. Henry, on account of this oath, or rather perjury, and swayed more by his inclination than by reason, gave away her eldest daughter, whom she owned was the legitimate child of Bernard, in marriage to Milo Fitz-Walter, constable of Gloucester, with the honour of Brycheiniog as a portion; and he was afterwards created earl of Hereford by the empress Matilda, daughter of the said king. By this wife he had five celebrated warriors,—Roger, Walter, Henry, William, and Mahel; all of whom, by divine vengeance, or by fatal misfortunes, came to untimely ends; and yet each of them, except William, succeeded to the paternal inheritance, but left no issue. Thus this woman,—not deviating from the nature of her sex,—in order to satiate her anger and revenge, with the heavy loss of modesty, and with the disgrace of infamy, by the same act deprived her son of his patrimony, and herself of honour. Nor is it wonderful if a woman follows her innate bad disposition; for it is written in Ecclesiastes,—“I have found one good man in a thousand, but not one good woman;” and in Ecclesiasticus,—“There is no head above the head of a serpent; and there is no wrath above the wrath of a woman;” and again,—“Small is the wickedness of man compared with the wickedness of woman.” And in the same manner, as we may gather grapes off thorns, or figs off thistles, Tully, describing the nature of women, says,—“Men, perhaps, for the sake of some advantage will commit one crime;

but woman, to gratify one inclination, will not scruple to perpetrate all sorts of wickedness.” But of the five above-mentioned brothers and sons of earl Milo, the youngest but one, and the last in the inheritance, was the most remarkable for his inhumanity; he persecuted David II., bishop of St. David’s, to such a degree, by attacking his possessions, lands, and vassals, that he was compelled to retire as an exile from the district of Brycheiniog into England, or to some other parts of his diocese. Meanwhile Mahel, being hospitably entertained by Walter de Clifford, in the castle of Brynllys, the house was by accident burned down, and he received a mortal blow by a stone falling from the principal tower on his head; upon which he instantly despatched messengers to recall the bishop, and exclaimed with a lamentable voice,—“O, my father and high priest, your saint has taken most cruel vengeance of me, not waiting the conversion of a sinner, but hastening his death and overthrow.” Having often repeated similar expressions, and bitterly lamented his situation, he thus ended his tyranny and life together; the first year of his government not having elapsed.

A powerful and noble personage, by name Brychan, was in ancient times the ruler of the province of Brycheiniog, and from him it derived this name. The British histories testify that he had four and twenty daughters, all of whom, dedicated from their youth to religious observances, happily ended their lives in sanctity. There are many churches in Wales distinguished by their names, one of which, situated on the summit of a hill, near Brycheiniog, and not far from the castle of Aberhonddu, is called the church of St. Almedha, after the name of the holy virgin, who, refusing there the hand of an earthly spouse, married the Eternal King, and triumphed in a happy martyrdom; to whose honour a solemn feast is annually held in the beginning of August, and attended by a large concourse of people from a considerable distance, when those persons who labour under various diseases, through the merits of the Blessed Virgin, received their wished-for health. The circumstances which occur at every an-

niversary appear to me remarkable. You may see men or girls, now in the church, now in the churchyard, now in the dance, which is led round the churchyard with a song, on a sudden falling on the ground as in a trance, then jumping up as in a frenzy, and representing with their hands and feet, before the people, whatever work they have unlawfully done on feast days; you may see one man put his hand to the plough, and another, as it were, goad on the oxen, mitigating their sense of labour by the usual rude song; one man imitating the profession of a shoemaker; another, that of a tanner. Now you may see a girl with a distaff, drawing out the thread, and winding it again on the spindle; another walking, and arranging the threads for the web; another, as it were, throwing the shuttle, and seeming to weave. On being brought into the church, and led up to the altar with their oblations, you will be astonished to see them suddenly awakened, and coming to themselves. Thus, by the divine mercy, which rejoices in the conversion, not in the death, of sinners, many persons from the conviction of their senses, are on these feast days corrected and amended.

This country sufficiently abounds with grain, and if there is any deficiency, it is amply supplied from the neighbouring parts of England; it is well stored with pastures, woods, and wild and domestic animals. River fish are plentiful, supplied by the Usk on one side, and by the Wye on the other; each of them produces salmon and trout; but the Wye abounds most with the former, the Usk with the latter. The salmon of the Wye are in season during the winter, those of the Usk in summer; but the Wye alone produces the fish called *umber*, the praise of which is celebrated in the works of Ambrosius, as being found in great numbers in the rivers near Milan. "What," says he, "is more beautiful to behold, more agreeable to smell, or more pleasant to taste?" The famous lake of Brycheiniog supplies the country with pike, perch, excellent trout, tench, and eels. A circumstance concerning this lake, which happened a short time before our days, must not be passed over in silence. In the reign of King Henry I.,

Gruffydd, son of Rhys ab Tewdwr, held under the king one comot, namely, the fourth part of the cantred of Caio, in the Cantref Mawr, which, in title and dignity, was esteemed by the Welsh equal to the southern part of Wales, called Deheubarth. When Gruffydd, on his return from the king's court, passed near this lake, which at that cold season of the year was covered with water-fowl of various sorts, being accompanied by Milo, earl of Hereford, and lord of Brycheiniog, and Payn Fitz-John, lord of Ewyas, who were at that time secretaries and privy counsellors to the king; earl Milo, wishing to draw forth from Gruffydd some discourse concerning his innate nobility, rather jocularly than seriously thus addressed him,—“It is an ancient saying in Wales, that if the natural prince of the country, coming to this lake, shall order the birds to sing they will immediately obey him.” To which Gruffydd, richer in mind than in gold, (for though his inheritance was diminished, his ambition and dignity still remained), answered,—“Do you, therefore, who now hold the dominion of this land, first give the command.” But he and Payn having in vain commanded, and Gruffydd, perceiving that it was necessary for him to do so in his turn, dismounted from his horse, and falling on his knees towards the east, as if he had been about to engage in battle, prostrate on the ground, with his eyes and hands uplifted to heaven, poured forth devout prayers to the Lord. At length, rising up, and signing his face and forehead with the figure of the cross, he thus openly spake,—“Almighty God and Lord Jesus Christ, who knowest all things, declare here this day thy power. If thou hast caused me to descend lineally from the natural princes of Wales, I command these birds in thy name to declare it.” And immediately the birds, beating the water with their wings, began to cry aloud, and proclaim him. The spectators were astonished and confounded; and earl Milo, hastily returning with Payn Fitz-John to court, related this singular occurrence to the king, who is said to have replied,—“By the death of Christ (an oath he was accustomed to use), it is not a matter of so much wonder; for although

by our great authority we commit acts of violence and wrong against these people, yet they are known to be the rightful inheritors of this land."

The lake also, according to the testimony of the inhabitants, is celebrated for its miracles; for, as we have before observed, it sometimes assumed a greenish hue, so in our days it has appeared to be tinged with red, not universally, but as if blood flowed partially through certain veins and small channels. Moreover it is sometimes seen by the inhabitants covered and adorned with buildings, pastures, gardens, and orchards. In the winter, when it is frozen over, and the surface of the water is converted into a shell of ice, it emits a horrible sound, resembling the moans of many animals collected together; but this, perhaps, may be occasioned by the sudden bursting of the shell, and the gradual ebullition of the air through imperceptible channels. This country is well sheltered on every side, except the northern, by high mountains; on the western by those of

Cantref Bychan; on the southern, by that range of which the principal is Cader Arthur, or the chair of Arthur, so called from two peaks rising up in the form of a chair, and which, from its lofty situation, is vulgarly ascribed to Arthur, the distinguished king of the Britons. A spring of water rises on the summit of this mountain, deep, but of a square shape, like a well, and although no stream runs from it, trout are said to be sometimes found in it.

Being thus sheltered on the south by high mountains, the cooler breezes protect this district from the heat of the sun, and by their natural salubrity, render the climate most temperate. Towards the east are the mountains of Talgarth and Ewys. The natives of these parts, actuated by continual enmities and implacable hatred, are perpetually engaged in bloody contests. But we leave to others to describe the great and enormous excesses, which in our time have been here committed, with regard to marriages, divorces, and many other circumstances of cruelty and oppression.

"PUT ME UNDER THE LEAVES,"

Was an expression made by the old bard Robyn Ddu Eryri a few hours before he expired.

TO Robyn's grave on banks of Teme,
With sad and noiseless tread,
With reverent mien, and thoughts profound,
I enter on the holy ground—
The village of the dead.
This is the spot—the hallowed spot—
In deep tranquility
Which nought disturbs, save Teme alone,
That in a dreary monotone
Prates of eternity.
Long weary years—fourscore and nine—
He has journeyed to this bourne;
Rugged the path—now dark, now bright;
At last o'ertaken here by night,
He rests until the morn.
The tongue that thrilled with matchless power,
The eye with fire aglow,
The hand that penned immortal songs,
The heart that mourned o'er Gwalia's wrongs,
Are mouldering here below.
"Under the leaves;" kind nature heard
The dying wish he gave,
And granted it;—for Autumn true
Has doffed his robe of golden hue,
And laid it on his grave.
"Under the leaves;" the golden leaves
Awhile our visions greet,
Alas! they too are touched by Death;

E'en now they feel the icy breath
Of winter's winding sheet.
But gentle Spring will not forsake
The garden of the dead,
But soon return with tender care,
For she has many an offspring there
Within their leafy bed;
Away the coverlet of snow
Her dainty fingers sweep.—
O, with what longing eyes she peers;
What mingled smiles, and April tears;
"Ah, are they still asleep?"
The sun, with loving father's eye,
Peeps from the cloudlet skies,
Darts through the spreading boughs; and, while
He kisses the wee ones, lo! they smile,
And ope their baby eyes.
Spirit of praise sweeps o'er the scene!
Wells out from nature's throng;
With perfumed breath, a thousand blooms
Are chanting o'er their leafy tombs
The resurrection song.
"He only waits the father's touch,"
Is what the flowerets say.
"He only rests, fond heart that grieves;"
"He's only sleeping 'neath the leaves;"
"He'll wake another day."
Ludlow. J. EDWYN PUGHE.



AARON. ABRAHAM AND ISAAC. CHRIST AS MELCHIZEDEK. ISAIAH. PETER.
ALTAR PIECE AT ST. JOHN'S, CARDIFF.

A WELSH SCULPTOR.

WILLIAM GOSCOMBE JOHN, a sculptor that Wales can well be proud of, was born at Cardiff, February 21st, 1860.

He belongs to a family in which the artistic temperament is strongly developed, and all the members of which are touched with a keen appreciation of what is best in art, in music, and in literature. His father, Thomas John, began life at Llantrithyd, Glamorganshire, as a

* carpenter,

but was always keen about doing little bits of "better work" as he called it; and this desire to be doing better work led to his becoming a very successful journeyman cabinet-maker, and long before he was thirty years of age he obtained employment in the workshops of the Marquess of Bute as a skilled cabinet-maker. Even this did not satisfy his as-

pirations, and he strove still further to acquire ability in the manipulation of wood; until, his skill as a wood carver

being recognised, he was employed wholly in that work. For nearly thirty years he served the Marquess of Bute, and during that time executed and superintended the execution of most, if not all, the beautiful wood work,—carved, inlaid, and cunningly wrought,—which now adorns Cardiff Castle, and that other magnificent home of Lord Bute, Mountstuart, in the Isle of Bute.

The three sons of Mr. John were apprenticed in the Bute workshops. The eldest, William Goscombe, the subject



W. GOSCOMBE JOHN.

of this sketch, followed in his father's footsteps as a carver in wood. Of the others, one became a cabinet-maker; and the third, like his father, a carver. But

* But he was born and educated in the village of Llantrithyd, Glamorganshire, where all his relatives now remain. He and his son Wm. travelled with me in 1876 from Wrexham to Llantrithyd, and, on our way, he told me he was in school the same time as I was.

the third son has also exhibited a remarkable talent for reproducing designs in various kinds of wood, inlaid so cleverly as to present the appearance of painting. He is now almost wholly employed upon this class of work.

In early life the father, and later the sons, attended the classes in the Cardiff School of Art. Mr. John, senior, was one of the first, if not absolutely the first student of the Art classes started in Cardiff about the year 1865, by the Free Library Committee; and before the age of ten, each of his sons in turn entered the Art School.

The father was a chorister in the Cathedral choir at Llandaff, and each of his sons in due course became choristers, two of them, including the subject of this paper, in the Cathedral choir.

In such surroundings, in a home of gentle and refined though simple tastes, in a workshop which produced some of the most exquisite work in wood to be found anywhere, in constant communication with Lord Bute's Castle, then being restored and decorated with an elaborateness and wealth of artistic display which is hardly

equalled in any modern building, in the School of Art, and in the Llandaff Cathedral Choir,—in such surroundings was the spring time of Mr. John's life passed. There is no doubt that these influences were quietly but surely moulding his future, and that the influence of his father's love of what was beautiful and good is now bearing a rich harvest in the work of the son.

At the age of sixteen or so, Mr. John was thoroughly instructed in the principles of anatomy by a working coach painter,—Mr. Phillpotts, one of those contented, hard working, but learned sons of toil, who have devoted a long life to the acquirement of some branch of knowledge. His ability as a coach painter was great, the coats of arms on many of the older coaches of the Taff Vale Railway are his work; but if he had lived to see the position attained by the pupil of whom he was so fond, he would realise that his life, humble though it was, had not been lived in vain.

Soon after the completion of his term of apprenticeship Mr. John left Cardiff for London, obtaining employment as a journeyman carver in



"GRIEF."

On W. R. H. Poucell's grave, Llanboidy, Carmarthenshire.

the studio of Mr. Nicholls, who was constantly executing work for Lord Bute and other distinguished patrons. The chief reason for Mr. John's removal to London was his desire to be within reach of a higher form of art teaching than was to be obtained in the provinces, and he at once became a student at the Lambeth School of Art, a school renowned for the large number of brilliant artists who have attended its classes.

In March, 1884 after about three years' study at Lambeth School, Mr. John ventured to put himself forward as a candidate for admission to the schools of the Royal Academy. He was at once successful, and the ideal towards which he had worked steadily for many years was attained, and the highest and most thorough training open to an art student in England was now within his grasp. Without rank or influence, and with no means except such as his daily toil produced, he had climbed the ladder entirely through his own energy, and in obedience to the impulse of genius which steadily but surely guided his career.

Many prizes and rewards had fallen to his share at the Cardiff and Lambeth Schools of Art. His career at the Academy was also full of rewards. He devoted himself exclusively to the study of sculpture,—modelling the human figure from life and from the antique, and attending lectures and classes in design, Anatomy, and composition. In his first year at the Academy Schools, 1884, Mr.

John was awarded a premium of £10 for the best model of a statue from the antique, and in the following year he won the second prize of £20 for a set of models from life. In 1886, he received the silver medal for the best study of a figure from life, and a prize of £30 for a modelled design,—“An Episode of the Deluge.” These successes were followed by the award of a Landseer

Scholarship of £40 per annum for two years, and a prize of £50 for a set of models from life. And then, in 1889, Mr. John succeeded in carrying off the blue ribbon of English Art,—the Royal Academy gold medal for sculpture, together with a travelling Scholarship of £200. The subject of the competition was “Parting,” and Mr. John produced a group of great pathos and beauty, which so fascinated Mr. Alma Tadema, R.A., that he promptly gave the brilliant young sculptor a commission for the work in bronze, and it now occupies a prominent place in Mr. Tadema's beautiful house. The original design is in the Art Gallery at Cardiff.

Mr. John's studies at the Academy were varied by trips abroad, also for study. In 1888, he went to Italy and made a careful study

of its sculpture, visiting all the principal Art Galleries, churches, and other buildings. In the following year he went first to Greece, where he spent some months; and then to Egypt, spending some time in Cairo, studying at the Bulak Museum; moving thence to Constantinople, and revisiting Italy on the return journey to England.



ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.
(Royal Academy, 1894).

by our great authority we commit acts of violence and wrong against these people, yet they are known to be the rightful inheritors of this land."

The lake also, according to the testimony of the inhabitants, is celebrated for its miracles; for, as we have before observed, it sometimes assumed a greenish hue, so in our days it has appeared to be tinged with red, not universally, but as if blood flowed partially through certain veins and small channels. Moreover it is sometimes seen by the inhabitants covered and adorned with buildings, pastures, gardens, and orchards. In the winter, when it is frozen over, and the surface of the water is converted into a shell of ice, it emits a horrible sound, resembling the moans of many animals collected together; but this, perhaps, may be occasioned by the sudden bursting of the shell, and the gradual ebullition of the air through imperceptible channels. This country is well sheltered on every side, except the northern, by high mountains; on the western by those of

Cantref Bychan; on the southern, by that range of which the principal is Cader Arthur, or the chair of Arthur, so called from two peaks rising up in the form of a chair, and which, from its lofty situation, is vulgarly ascribed to Arthur, the distinguished king of the Britons. A spring of water rises on the summit of this mountain, deep, but of a square shape, like a well, and although no stream runs from it, trout are said to be sometimes found in it.

Being thus sheltered on the south by high mountains, the cooler breezes protect this district from the heat of the sun, and by their natural salubrity, render the climate most temperate. Towards the east are the mountains of Talgarth and Ewyas. The natives of these parts, actuated by continual enmities and implacable hatred, are perpetually engaged in bloody contests. But we leave to others to describe the great and enormous excesses, which in our time have been here committed, with regard to marriages, divorces, and many other circumstances of cruelty and oppression.

"PUT ME UNDER THE LEAVES,"

Was an expression made by the old bard Robyn Ddu Eryri a few hours before he expired.

TO Robyn's grave on banks of Teme,
With sad and noiseless tread,
With reverent mien, and thoughts profound,
I enter on the holy ground—
The village of the dead.

This is the spot—the hallowed spot—
In deep tranquility
Which nought disturbs, save Teme alone,
That in a dreary monotone
Prates of eternity.

Long weary years - fourscore and nine—
He has journeyed to this bourne;
Rugged the path—now dark, now bright;
At last o'ertaken here by night,
He rests until the morn.

The tongue that thrilled with matchless power,
The eye with fire aglow,
The hand that penned immortal songs,
The heart that mourned o'er Gwalia's wrongs,
Are mouldering here below.

"Under the leaves;" kind nature heard
The dying wish he gave,
And granted it;—for Autumn true
Has doffed his robe of golden hue,
And laid it on his grave.

"Under the leaves;" the golden leaves
Awhile our visions greet,
Alas! they too are touched by Death;

E'en now they feel the icy breath
Of winter's winding sheet.

But gentle Spring will not forsake
The garden of the dead,
But soon return with tender care,
For she has many an offspring there
Within their leafy bed;

Away the coverlet of snow
Her dainty fingers sweep.—
O, with what longing eyes she peers;
What mingled smiles, and April tears;
"Ah, are they still asleep?"

The sun, with loving father's eye,
Peeps from the cloudlet skies,
Darts through the spreading boughs; and, while
He kisses the wee ones, lo! they smile,
And ope their baby eyes.

Spirit of praise sweeps o'er the scene!
Wells out from nature's throng;
With perfumed breath, a thousand blooms
Are chanting o'er their leafy tombs
The resurrection song.

"He only waits the father's touch,"
Is what the flowerets say.
"He only rests, fond heart that grieves;"
"He's only sleeping 'neath the leaves;"
"He'll wake another day."

Ludlow.

J. EDWYN PUGHE.

shire. Not often is a remote country burying place made interesting by such a lovely monument. About this period Mr. John received through his friend the Rev. Canon Thompson a commission for an altar piece for the parish church of St. John, Cardiff. We give a sketch from the design for this work, which was completed in October 1891. It is carved in solid stone built in when the church was restored, and it measures 9 feet long by 3 feet 6 inches high. In the design

the successive dispensations of the revealed faith,—the Patriarchal, the Levitical, the Prophetical, and the Christian,—are represented each by a type figure, with our Lord as Melchizedek, Priest and King, in the centre. The central figure holds the bread and wine of Melchizedek, proffered by him to Abraham (Gen. xiv. 8). On the right of the central figure is Abraham presenting tithes to Melchizedek in a casket (Gen. xiv. 20). The figure of Abraham is accompanied by that of his son Isaac, which gives a peculiar charm to the whole composition. To the right of Abraham, Aaron is depicted as the high priest, and

on the left of the central figure Isaiah, as the prophet, bearing a scroll with the words,—“Ho! every one that thirsteth come ye to the waters,” and St. Peter. The whole forms a group of great beauty.

The figure of “Morpheus,” the son of Sleep, and the god of dreams, so named because he is supposed to mould the dreams that visit the sleeper,—was produced during Mr. John’s residence in Paris.

It is a magnificent piece of sculpture, and portrays with great force the sleepy, dreamy attributes of the subject. It was exhibited in the Salon at Paris, and received a *mention honorable*, a rare distinction. Afterwards it went to the World’s Fair at Chicago, where it attracted much attention. It is exhibited this year in the Royal Academy, in bronze.

Having been so successful with a male figure, Mr. John essayed a study of the

female with the “Girl binding her hair,” exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1893, and which has been in constant request for exhibitions ever since. The “Head of a lady” is a study from life, which fully displays the wonderful modelling power of the artist. It was cast in bronze, and after being exhibited at the Royal Academy was purchased by the Corporation of Liverpool for the Municipal Art Gallery. To the Royal Academy of this year (1894) Mr. John sends amongst other works a figure of St. John the Baptist, which is to be cast in metal, and which has been executed for the Marquess of Bute, one of the most discriminating of



HEAD OF A LADY.

(At the Liverpool Municipal Art Gallery).

modern art patrons.

I have referred to only a few of the works already produced by Mr. John. His short career has been a very busy one, and he has already enriched the world of art with an unusual number of striking works, works which display great powers of design and of execution. And there has been an advance in excellence in each work,—more grip of the subject has been dis-

by our great authority we commit acts of violence and wrong against these people, yet they are known to be the rightful inheritors of this land."

The lake also, according to the testimony of the inhabitants, is celebrated for its miracles; for, as we have before observed, it sometimes assumed a greenish hue, so in our days it has appeared to be tinged with red, not universally, but as if blood flowed partially through certain veins and small channels. Moreover it is sometimes seen by the inhabitants covered and adorned with buildings, pastures, gardens, and orchards. In the winter, when it is frozen over, and the surface of the water is converted into a shell of ice, it emits a horrible sound, resembling the moans of many animals collected together; but this, perhaps, may be occasioned by the sudden bursting of the shell, and the gradual ebullition of the air through imperceptible channels. This country is well sheltered on every side, except the northern, by high mountains; on the western by those of

Cantref Bychan; on the southern, by that range of which the principal is Cader Arthur, or the chair of Arthur, so called from two peaks rising up in the form of a chair, and which, from its lofty situation, is vulgarly ascribed to Arthur, the distinguished king of the Britons. A spring of water rises on the summit of this mountain, deep, but of a square shape, like a well, and although no stream runs from it, trout are said to be sometimes found in it.

Being thus sheltered on the south by high mountains, the cooler breezes protect this district from the heat of the sun, and by their natural salubrity, render the climate most temperate. Towards the east are the mountains of Talgarth and Ewyas. The natives of these parts, actuated by continual enmities and implacable hatred, are perpetually engaged in bloody contests. But we leave to others to describe the great and enormous excesses, which in our time have been here committed, with regard to marriages, divorces, and many other circumstances of cruelty and oppression.

"PUT ME UNDER THE LEAVES,"

Was an expression made by the old bard Robyn Ddu Eryri a few hours before he expired.

TO Robyn's grave on banks of Teme,
With sad and noiseless tread,
With reverent mien, and thoughts profound,
I enter on the holy ground—
The village of the dead.

This is the spot—the hallowed spot—
In deep tranquillity
Which nought disturbs, save Teme alone,
That in a dreary monotone
Prates of eternity.

Long weary years—fourscore and nine—
He has journeyed to this bourne;
Rugged the path—now dark, now bright;
At last o'ertaken here by night,
He rests until the morn.

The tongue that thrilled with matchless power,
The eye with fire aglow,
The hand that penned immortal songs,
The heart that mourned o'er Gwalia's wrongs,
Are mouldering here below.

"Under the leaves;" kind nature heard
The dying wish he gave,
And granted it;—for Autumn true
Has doffed his robe of golden hue,
And laid it on his grave.

"Under the leaves;" the golden leaves
Awhile our visions greet,
Alas! they too are touched by Death;

E'en now they feel the icy breath
Of winter's winding sheet.

But gentle Spring will not forsake
The garden of the dead,
But soon return with tender care,
For she has many an offspring there
Within their leafy bed;

Away the coverlet of snow
Her dainty fingers sweep.—
O, with what longing eyes she peers;
What mingled smiles, and April tears;
"Ah, are they still asleep?"

The sun, with loving father's eye,
Peeps from the cloudlet skies,
Darts through the spreading boughs; and, while
He kisses the wee ones, lo! they smile,
And ope their baby eyes.

Spirit of praise sweeps o'er the scene!
Wells out from nature's throng;
With perfumed breath, a thousand blooms
Are chanting o'er their leafy tombs
The resurrection song.

"He only waits the father's touch,"
Is what the flowerets say.
"He only rests, fond heart that grieves;"
"He's only sleeping 'neath the leaves;"
"He'll wake another day."

Ludlow.

J. EDWYN PUGHE.

GABRIEL YORETH.

A STORY ILLUSTRATIVE OF WELSH THOUGHT FIFTY YEARS AGO.

BY THE REV. E. CYNFFIG DAVIES, M.A., MENAI BRIDGE.

CHAPTER II.

DISASTER AND CONFUSION.

ONE morning, so calm and peaceful a morning in early spring, before the whole complement of the day workers had descended below ground to the deep mine furrowed far and wide under the hills, a terrible catastrophe overwhelmed the quiet hamlet with heart-rending grief. Of the three veins of coal worked in Abervale pit, one was of a decidedly fiery nature, a source of dread to many a family whose means of subsistence was dependent upon its working. A marked atmospherical depression had been setting in,—a source of danger in many ways to those who gain their livelihood deep below their native glens and vales. It was not so well known a fact, at that time, that a fall in the barometer is concurrent with falls from the roofs of mines, and the escape of volumes of gas from crevices and old workings. A loud rumbling noise was heard issuing from the pit and filling the whole valley, greatly resembling an earthquake were it not for the peculiar whizzing sound which accompanied the fearful tremor of the earth. Experienced miners at the bank understood well what it all meant, they knew that it was the death-knell of many a brave heart that descended the shaft an hour or two before, full of buoyant hope and song, anticipating an early return to the surface in order to join in a musical festival to be held in the district that very afternoon. But their song of praise was prepared for a more perfect choir than any found on earth; and the miners on the bank knew that there would be desolation and heart-breaking bereavement in many a home for miles around. The volumes of smoke issuing ere long from the upshaft told their tale only too well, and filled the stoutest breasts with consternation.

"There is a signal from the bottom, and

it signifies *Wind up quickly*," said someone, with bated breath. And when the cage was at the bank it was found to hold Gabriel Yoreth and six or seven besides, who had escaped unhurt, though most of them were much shaken. Rescue parties were formed to descend to explore the mine; and Gabriel volunteered to return, joining one of the companies, and he was chosen captain of his party. All was arranged promptly, and almost in silence, for they were as men in the presence of extreme agony and death, and they bravely prepared to face danger and death to themselves on behalf of their comrades. The spirit of self-sacrifice evoked on such occasions requires to be seen in order even to be faintly understood.

It was the happy lot of Gabriel's party to rescue, though in a state of unconsciousness, and to restore to life several who had been overtaken by the choke-damp. Among the rescued were John Yandale and his colleague in Christian work, Jenkyn James. As was surmised at first, the explosion took place in one of the galleries of the fiery seam of the colliery, and the force it exerted was so terrific that it precluded the possibility of escape of any living thing from the section of the mine where the explosive gas had accumulated. Days of weary toil were spent before the last corpse could be conveyed to the surface, and the scenes beheld at the top of the pit exceed the power and resources of language to depict.

It was past mid-day the subsequent day before the owner of the colliery felt called upon to visit the scene of the fearful disaster, and to show that the sad occurrence had claims upon his sympathy in any wise. Many uncomplimentary strictures were passed upon him for the coldness of his conduct towards those poor sufferers in his employ, who had helped, to the best of their strength and fidelity, to accumulate his abundance and wealth.

The British workman, as a rule, has much of the hero-worshipper in his nature, and will, under ordinary circumstances, idolize his master; but if the idol wrongfully falls from its pedestal he will not moderate his anger till he tramples it in the dust.

Before the arrival of the owner at the shed, where families made use of all the means they could devise to discover and recognise their disfigured dead, it was becoming known to the crowds present that a large and brilliant ball was held at his mansion the previous night --held in spite of the compunction of some against attending when they received information concerning the great loss of life incurred by

partly pair of horses so much in contrast with the expression of misery beheld in the faces and the gait of the majority of the mass of men, women, and children who had been watching there for many hours without a mouthful to eat or drink. The remembrance of the ball, which ought to have been postponed, rankled deep in the minds of many in Abervale long after some of the multitudinous graves occasioned by the explosion had clothed themselves in garments of nature's tender green.

One of the oldest hands in the works, a man who was proverbial for his fearlessness, though naturally gentle, John

Thomas by name, went up to his master and spoke to him sorrowfully,—

"Dear master, we are glad to see you come; it is a pity you did not come earlier. What a contrast for you between the company you had in your mansion last night and the company you find here under the dome of heaven!"

Not long after the occurrence of the explosion,

nearly every evening knots of stalwart young men could be seen at corners of streets and in the public spaces of Abervale, holding counsel together with menacing look, lowering mien, and clenched fists.

"We cannot stand it much longer," said Will Morris to a dozen or more of his companions in a tone of fearlessness not found except amongst those who are engaged in dangerous occupations.

"We must take up cudgels and arms of destruction, since arguments are of no avail with our task-masters, or be ground to powder."

"Cudgels first and then powder," replied the majority with a tinge of humour in



AFTER THE EXPLOSION.

toilers in his service. When the employer came to the margin of the crowd, Will Morris was heard to exclaim bitterly,—“The slave owner is come to bury his black slaves.” “Yea, worse than cindered slaves, we were called vermin and devils at the ball last night or rather this morning,” replied more than one voice, with suppressed anger.

A crowd knows no moderation, and the bigger it is the more unmanageable it becomes when once set in motion under the sway of a sentiment or a grievance. It was only a feeling of great sorrow that restrained the crowd from hooting when he alighted from his carriage drawn by a

their tone, at the turn given to the alternative of Will Morris.

The flame of discontent was fanned for months, and at last burst out into full blaze, so that the country for miles around was cast into the profoundest commotion. Bitterness and exaggerations against masters and employers grew apace; and how to avoid a collision between the authorities and the men, even the most clear-sighted of the peaceable leaders were unable to surmise. It is a misfortune in almost every misunderstanding between labour and capital that the authorities and upholders of order as a rule seem to range themselves with the masters more than with the men; and this fact, as is sufficiently patent, tends only to deepen the rancour and strengthen the antagonism between the poor and the privileged classes.

A mass meeting was announced to be held on a hillside on a particular day at sunset; and the authorities, being informed of the hour and the place of the meeting, were of opinion that it endangered the peace of the country and signified mischief to machinery and to property in general; and consequently a large police force was drawn in from all parts to the district. The peace-loving portion of the population were greatly concerned at the turn which affairs were taking, and did not forbear to express their anxiety in all the ways feasible with the view of stemming the turbulent tide. Others, having no special inclination to calculate consequences, were highly pleased at the bustle and the excitement of the hour. The elements and material of a conflagration were being gathered together thoughtlessly, yet with no lack of industry.

Jack Steven, a sturdy Pembrokeshire collier, who had somewhat easily lost his native tongue of Fleming English, and had failed to acquire Welsh with similar ease, gave more expressive vent to the sentiments of the party to which he belonged on account of the abrupt and disjointed mode he had discovered for himself of communicating his thoughts,—“We treated like thieves and robbers—idlers of policemen crowd the corners with batons—now

cudgels and staves to the mass meeting, lads. In a trial of strength we be stronger than masters and their crew together.”

Two of the deacons of the church, together with John Yandale, went up to Hafod y Bryn early in the afternoon to call upon Gabriel, and bore an anxious look upon their countenance.

“You are more popular, Gabriel Yoreth, with the young people of Abervale,” said Yandale, “than any of us. We therefore beg of you to attend the mass meeting on the Hill of the Wind at sunset to dissuade them from violence by all the persuasion you possess.”

Mary Yoreth had strong presentiments of harm to her dear lad whom she loved better than a son, and yet her trust in the wisdom and counsel of the three godly men who formed the deputation calmed her fears; and when he volunteered to go, she placed no obstacle in his way.

They had not calculated upon the presence of professional agitators from other parts, who had selected a late hour for the meeting from motives of their own; and whether these motives were sinister and violent or not, we have no certain means of deciding. Gabriel crossed the threshold of his happy home on the hill an hour before sunset to go to his friends and acquaint himself with the real state of affairs ere he went to the meeting in the capacity of a peacemaker, carrying in his hand the stout long staff he used in climbing up the mountain after his grandfather's sheep. Little did he think how he would long to cross the same threshold after this, and visit the old home which his poetic nature would idealize and clothe with unseen beauty.

It was palpable to his sensitive feeling, and to a kind of second sense with which he was endowed before a large audience, that the assembly was out of sympathy with his tone of mind and with the spirit of his convictions, for, when he looked upon the mass of faces before him, a cold shudder ran over him. He began to speak with a sense of deep responsibility, and being impressed with the almost insuperable difficulty of the task devolving upon him, he expressed his thoughts with marked precision, measured aim, and

telling effect; and when the agitators perceived the catching pathos of his delivery, they resolved to interrupt the speaker at any cost. His arguments they could not gainsay, nor did they dare to oppose him direct, inasmuch as they found he was esteemed a favourite by a preponderant part of the audience. Nothing then was left them but to create a disturbance near where the speaker stood. Stones were hurled; the police rushed about; batons and staves were freely used. By then the dusk favoured disorder, and Gabriel was helplessly carried by the surging mass, and had as much as he could do to defend himself and ward off blows aimed at him by extremists with whom he was not in special sympathy, and by the police, who, of course, did not think it worth their while to distinguish between a speaker and a disturber. His shepherd staff had been appropriated by someone when he was addressing the meeting.

In the melee that ensued, a constable in bowing the head to avoid a stone exposed himself to a cruelly violent blow on the base of the skull from the staff which belonged to Gabriel; and instantaneous death was the consequence. The staff was seized by an officer, but the man who had struck the blow escaped; and Gabriel's name was found carved upon it, and it was discovered upon investigation that he had it in his hand when he commenced to address the meeting; and besides he was on the spot when death was inflicted; and in addition to all this, two witnesses asserted that it was Gabriel that struck the poor man.

Circumstances, it was thought, were forcibly against him, and the bias of the police being hostile to him, they gave as evidence what was merely their inference founded on seeming and unsifted facts.

When the case was finally decided in the assizes held at Carmarthen, the circumstantial evidence was deemed to be so conclusive, and the assertions of the police so satisfactory, to say nothing of the two witnesses who asserted it was Gabriel they saw or someone exactly like him, that the judge, after the finding of the jury, in spite of the spotless character which Gabriel

bore, felt justified in inflicting exemplary punishment on the offender so as to deter others in similar cases of growing frequency; and he pronounced the verdict of transportation for twelve years to Van Diemen's Land.

The news of the verdict of the judge was received at Abervale with intense sorrow and execration. It broke the heart of Mary Yoreth, the convict's grandmother, and almost led to a renewal of the riots on the evening after her burial, and she departed to a better home before Gabriel had left his native shores. But his grandfather lived for five years more, being buoyed up by a feeling of certainty that the verdict was a miscarriage of justice, and he confidently expected to obtain sooner or later an explanation of the mystery.

At the church meeting on the Wednesday evening after the trial, the service and the hour being a fixed institution for generations at Ebenezer, the religious aspect of the disturbance and its results formed the sole theme of the addresses and the remarks delivered by all who spoke. The service being opened by singing a hymn, the young pastor, the Rev. J. Rhys, read portions of scripture, and called upon Morgan James to engage in prayer. From the full response which rang through the whole edifice, it was evident how thoroughly consonant with their sympathy was the intense pleading of Morgan James' prayer. What appropriateness of thought and felicity of expression in every petition it contained! Its remarkable unction, and pure pathos and the circumstances of the occasion were such that it is no wonder that nearly the whole congregation was melted into tears. It was a humorous saying that Morgan James was lame for the same reason as Jacob of old, that is, in token of his power of prayer before God. In the majority of church meetings, after the children have repeated their verses, eight or ten of the brethren make brief and generally pithy addresses, and it is tacitly understood that the theme introduced by the pastor at the commencement should indicate the groove in which the thoughts and sentiments of all the speakers are expected to move. The subject brought under consideration in a lucid, pointed and

pathetic address of ten minutes or thereabouts by the pastor was founded on the words,—“Shall not the judge of all the earth do right?”

Long and vividly was the service of that

Wednesday evening remembered; and as time went on the name of Gabriel Yoreth came to wear around it the hallow of martyrdom in the estimation of thousands of his fellow countrymen.

OUR TRADITIONS.

III. THE HEIRESS OF LLWYN GWERN.

AT Llwyn Gwern, on the slopes of the Garneddwen, there once lived a young heiress famous for her wealth and beauty. Many distinguished suitors applied for her hand, but, greatly against the will of her father, she refused them all. She had given her heart to one of her father's shepherds, well known among his fellow shepherds for his genius, and for his poverty. The man of Llwyn Gwern, the heiress' father, stormed with rage when the shepherd asked for his daughter's hand.

“You see yonder pass,” said the man of Llwyn Gwern. “You shall have my

daughter's hand on one condition. You must stand there all night, without a rag on. If you come down alive, my daughter is yours.”

The shepherd knew the pass well. It is one of the highest passes which cross the wild Berwyn from the valley of the Dee to the valley of the Severn. But his courage did not fail him. He took a long pole, and through the long winter night he belaboured the earth with it, to save himself from freezing to death. He could see the window of the heiress of Llwyn Gwern, and a light burned in it all night to cheer him.

The pass is called up to this day Bwlch y Pawl,—the pass of the pole.

THE ANGELS' SONG.

(From Hiraethog's “Job.”)

O God our Father, infinite
Thy glory, majesty, and might!
Beyond all praise we can outpour
Art thou, immeasurably more!
Beauteous nature we have scanned,
And seen therein thy holy hand.
The scroll of this extended sky
Thy finger wrote and fixed on high,
A wondrous lasting history
For ever magnifying thee;
Lines of divine, eternal lore,
Of wisdom an exhaustless store,
Where the feeble eye of mortal man
Thy endless miracles may scan.

A million suns, great gems of light,
Flash through the heavens in whirling flight;
Spheres innumerable spin,
And belted orbs their rings within;
While others, wandering wild through space,
Their trails of flaming glory trace,
Piercing the void on devious path
Like fiery serpents hissing wrath.

O what stupendous works are thine!
O vast unspeakable design!
How great thy power, how boundless!—Who
Thy awful might can ever know?

Thy hand doth regulate the force
Of worlds careering in their course;

Thou guardest, too, and watchest well
All living things thereon that dwell,
Opening thy tender hand to grant
Thy myriad creatures, each its want.
And nature's hosts, with one accord,
Responsive, hail thee sovereign lord;
Sweet smiles her face in gratitude
For all thy bounteous gifts of good.

Earth the dwelling place of men
To honours high thou didst ordain;
A sea of mercies evermore
Unceasing breaks upon her shore.
The roving breezes modestly
Breathe abundant joys and free:
Daintiest redolences rare,
Untold delights for man they bear.
Lord, thy handiwork is fair,
Full and faultless everywhere;
And righteous, too, Heaven's every law,
Beneficent, without a flaw.

Heaven and earth, concordant choirs,
Strike in unison their lyres.
Thy glory joyfully they sing,
And rapture wake in every string.
O that with skill, yea, ten times fine,
We praised thy name and power divine!
Falters our song,—it fails, and we
Are mute before thy majesty.

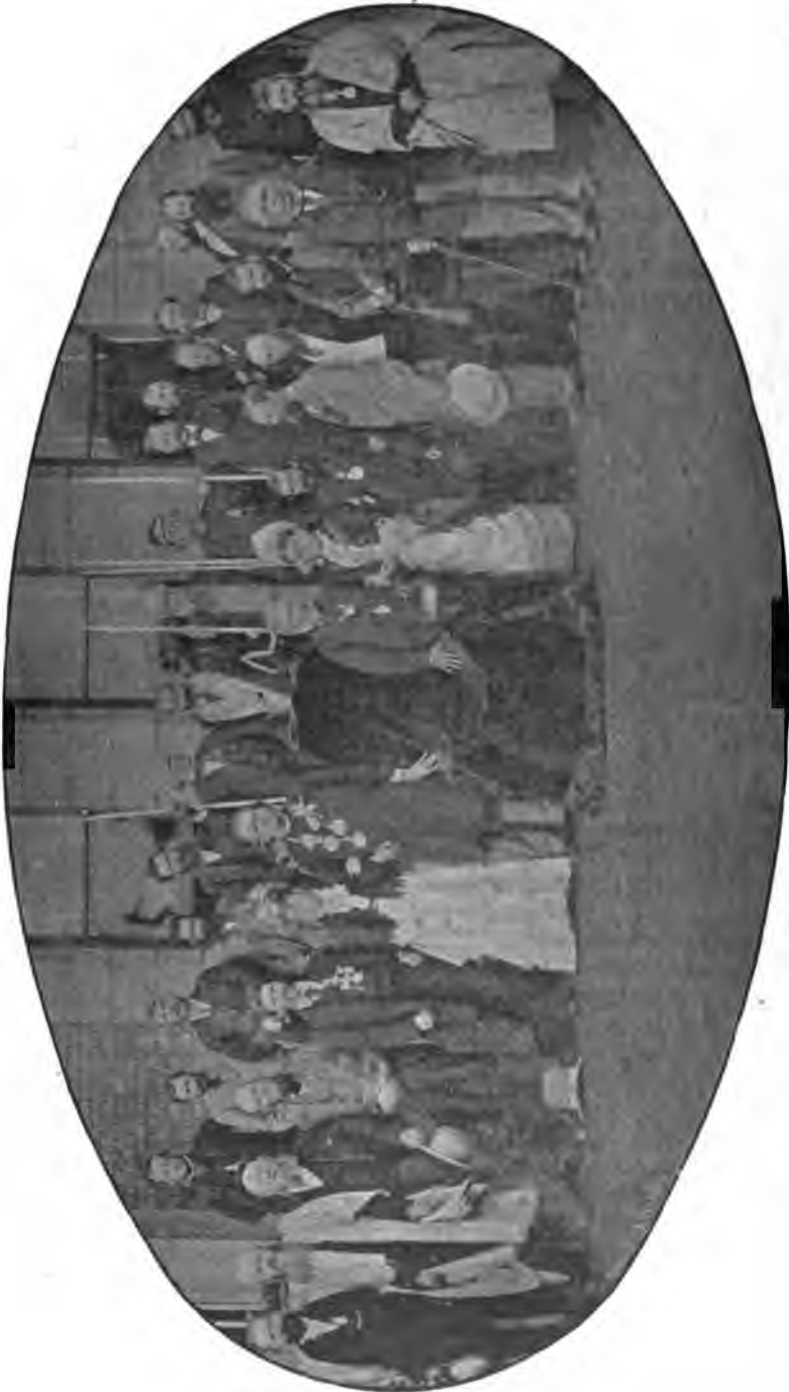
Swansea.

R. MORRIS LEWIS.

THE CHAIR IN MOURNING.

THE National Eisteddfod held at Wrexham in August, 1876, holds a unique position in the annals of the ancient festival of the Cymry. The chairing of the successful bard has for centuries held its place as the chief feature of our great national gathering. There is no part of the eisteddfod's proceedings that kindles in the hearts of Welshmen such enthusiasm as the ceremony of "Cadeirio'r Bardd."

A prize of £20, a gold medal, and a carved oak chair was offered at Wrexham for the best ode to Helen of the legions; and a goodly number of compositions came to the adjudicators. Three eminent bards were appointed to constitute the board of adjudicators, and to judge the merits of the odes, —the Venerable Archdeacon Howell,—then vicar of Wrexham, —Gwalchmai, and Tudno. When the chairing ceremony was reached on

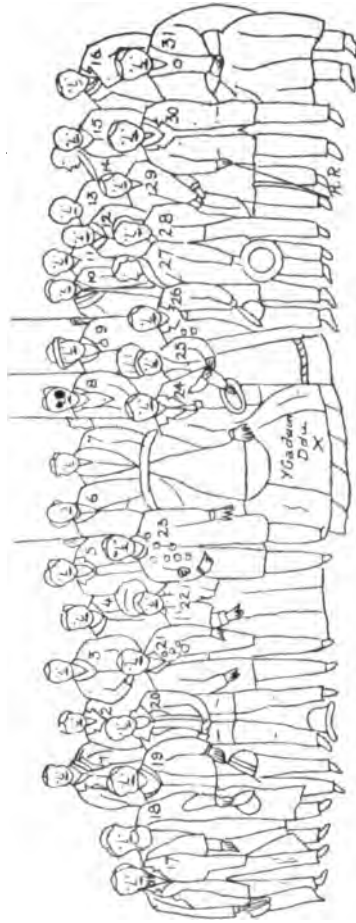


THE CHAIR IN MOURNING.—An episode of the National Eisteddfod of 1876. (*Key to illustration on opposite page.*)

the programme, Mynyddog, who was the conductor of the day's proceedings, called out the names of the bards who were to take part in the chief event, according to the ancient rites of the bards of the Isle of Britain. When the group of bards, as shown in our illustration, formed a circle round the bardic chair, and the three adjudicators stood side by side, the venerable Gwalchmai read the adjudication, and declared "ar air a chydwybod" that "Eusebius" was the chair bard of 1876. Then Mynyddog, in a clear and thrilling voice, called out,—“Is Eusebius present?” Then a voice from the audience on the right side of the platform answered “Yes.” A young man now got up, and amidst great cheering walked towards the platform, saying he was not “Eusebius,” but his representative. Whereupon Mynyddog told him to stay where he was, and walking in that direction, returned in a few minutes saying that “Eusebius” was the late Thomas Jones, of Llangollen, better known to the bardic world by his *nom de plume* Taliesin o Eifion. The bard had died some weeks before. The genial conductor added, in a broken voice, that Taliesin had forwarded his ode to Wrexham on the very day of his death, and his dying words were,—“*Ydi yr awdl wedi ei gyrru i Wrexham yn saf?*”* The announcement was not received with the usual boisterous acclamations of the vast audience, but by a deep-drawn sigh; and tears fell freely from the eyes of many an old friend of the lamented bard. The bards now filed off the platform, and entered an ante-room to consider the situation, and to assume some sort of mourning suitable to the occasion. In a few minutes they returned, headed by Hwfa Môn and Gwalchmai, all wearing emblems of mourning, not to the strains of “See the conquering hero comes” and the flourish of trumpets, but to the mournful “Dead march” in *Saul*. The empty chair was draped with black, and Mr. J. R. Elias (*Y Thesbiud*) now advanced, bearing upon

a black cushion the prize awarded to the victor, which he deposited on the vacant chair, not to the sound of the time-honoured “Corn Gwlad,” but amidst the stifled sobs of the weeping multitude.

Madame Edith Wynne now came to the front to sing the “chairing song.” The sweet songstress chose for the occasion the soul-stirring melody attributed to the dying bard Dafydd y Garreg Wen, Pencerdd



- | | | | |
|-------------------------|---------------------|------------------|----------------------|
| 1 Dewi Wyn o Eysyllt | 9 Dewi Ogwen | 17 Andressa Yon. | 25 Edith Wynne. |
| 2 Tegerin | 10 Wrexham Es Mayor | 18 Lloyd Jones. | 26 Ellis Wyn o Wyrfa |
| 3 Owen Hughes. | 11 Ioan Pidr | 19 Nathan Dyfed | 27 Iolo Irefaldwyn |
| 4 O Over Brithesthy | 12 Y Golebydd | 20 Gethin Jones | 28 Ceiriog. |
| 5 Menai Wylan | 13 James Savage | 21 Tudno | 29 Cadwaladr Davies |
| 6 Dr Williams (Chapman) | 14 Mynyddog | 22 Kate Wynne. | 30 Tudur |
| 7 Dr Esen Jones Mayor | 15 Carnad | 23 Hwfa Môn | 31 Idmryn. |
| 8 Hugh Davies (Hon Sec) | 16 Idris Vychan | 24 Gwalchmai | X Black Chair. |

KEY TO CHAIR IN MOURNING.

Gwalia playing the accompaniment on the harp. The sorrowing assemblage listened in deep silence to the sweet notes of the popular soprano, but it was too much for her, and she burst into a flood of tears.

Within the last forty years it has been my lot to witness at social gatherings many scenes of thrilling interest, but never anything to be compared with what took place on that sultry August afternoon in

* "Has the ode been safely sent to Wrexham?"

the pavilion of the Wrexham Eisteddfod of 1876.

Among the bards on the platform stood the chairman of the day, the late Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, the popular baronet of Wynnstay, known in eisteddfodic circles as "Eryr Eryrod Eryri,"—a man respected and revered by Welshmen throughout the world, irrespective of religious or political creed. The kindly baronet was deeply affected, as were many other distinguished visitors. The ever memorable ceremony was brought to a close by the recital by Gwalchmai of the following impromptu englynion,—

Deuai ymgais, diangen—Eusebius

Hybarch ar Awdl Elen,

A dawn bardd, i'w godi'n ben

I drwyadl gadair Awen.

Adwaedd iaith bedyddio yw—rho'i mawredd

Ar y meirwon heddyw;

Swydd odiaeth gorsedd ydyw,

Graddio'r bedd ag urddau'r byw.

Taliesin o fin ei fedd—ragorodd—

Ragorodd ar gewri'r gynghanedd;

A chael drwy gynrychioledd,

Barhaus hawl i wob'r ei sedd.

J. W. JONES (*Andronicus*).

Carnarvon.

EDITOR'S NOTES.

ALL contributions are to be sent to Owen M. Edwards, Llanuwchllyn, y Bala. The most welcome are short striking stories, founded upon traditions or facts in Welsh life. All business communications should be sent direct to the publishers.

There is every probability that Mr. David Jenkins' "St. David" will be a great success at the Carnarvon Eisteddfod.

The illustrations in this number have caused two or three articles to be crowded out. In the August number articles will appear on the National Eisteddfod of 1894, Quarrying at Bethesda, Anglesey Parsons, a Ramble with the Cambrian Association, the Rise of Cardiff, the History of Wrexham, and Across Monmouthshire. The articles will be illustrated by M. Thomas, S. M. Jones, J. T. Davies, and other Welsh artists.

I am making an effort to call the attention of Welshmen to the pure beauties of Henry Vaughan and John Dyer, the Breconshire and Carmarthenshire poets. Illustrated articles on the Welsh scenes described by these poets are in preparation.

In this number is seen an article by Andronicus, on the eisteddfod of 1876. The key to the illustration was kindly furnished by R. Roberts, J.P. Among the group will be found Ceiriog, the best lyrical poet of Wales; Idris Vychan, the *penillion* singer; Y Gohebydd, the pioneer of Welsh modern politics; Ioan Pedr, the antiquarian; and many others of eisteddfodic fame, who have now "joined the dim choir of the bards that have been."

CYMRU'R PLANT, the only non-sectarian children's magazine in Wales, is now published at the WALES office. This penny monthly magazine, —32 pages in a red cover,—is plentifully illustrated. It is my hope that it will be welcomed to every home where children are taught Welsh.

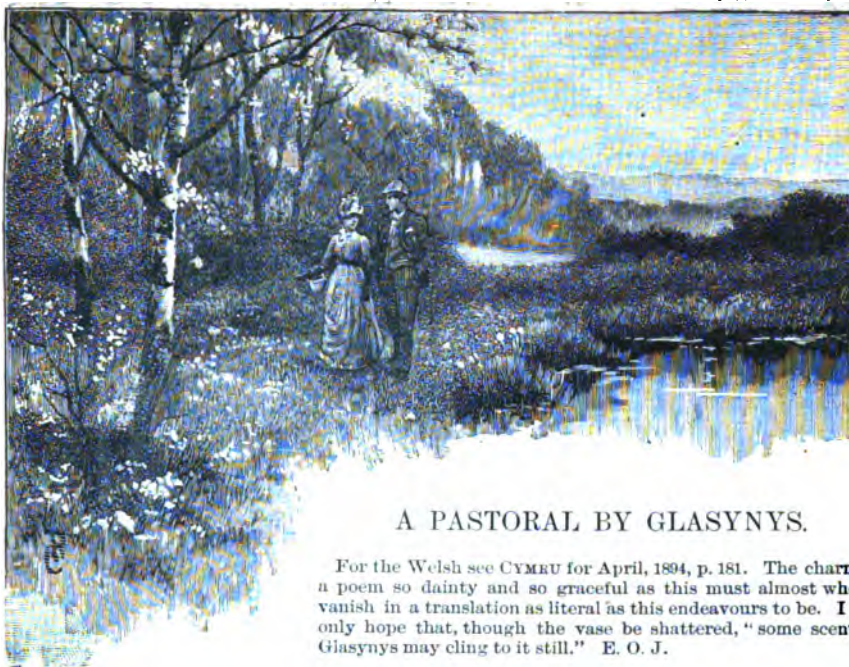
Through the kindness of Mr. Ballinger, I am able to give reproductions of some of Goscombe John's most beautiful work. The engraver has not been equally successful with all the illustrations; but I hope that, from "Parting" especially,—where the agonised father is parting with the dead body of his child,—the reader can see what pathos and eloquence the sculptor has made stone to express.

"Songs Sung and Songs Unsung" is the title of a 178 pp., crown 8vo volume of lyrics by Harold Boulton, artistically printed by the Leadenhall Press, and published also by Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., at 5s. "Songs Sung" have been set to music by the foremost English composers; and admirers of graceful writing, fertile fancies, and quaint conceits, will be charmed by them.

Mr. Boulton is to be admitted to the circle of the bards of the Isle of Britain at this year's National Eisteddfod. His new poem, "The kingdom by the sea," is to appear in my next number.

With regard to what I wrote in my first number about the teaching of Welsh, the head master of an important country school sends me the following:—

"In WALES I at once found myself in a congenial and bracing atmosphere. But when I came to the editor's notes, I was grieved to find that the elementary teachers of Wales came under your severe strictures. Teachers of anti-Welsh sympathies are exceptions, and not the rule. You referred to Welsh being taught in the great industrial centres, while it is banished from most country schools. The explanation is simple. This state of affairs is merely a reflex of the attitude of the district inspector towards the Welsh question. Let the editor of WALES take the district of any individual inspector, ascertain his sentiments, and then inform his readers if the state of the inspector's mind is not faithfully reflected in his district. Every lover of freedom will declare that this is a state of servility that should not exist in a free country. Nevertheless, it is only too true. While the inspector, with one stroke of the pen, can make or mar a reputation, and while the purse-strings of the nation are in his hands, school teachers will remain in a more galling state of bondage than the slaves of an eastern potentate. Outsiders may think that the picture is highly coloured, but all who are acquainted with the inner working of our educational system know that my statements can be proved to the hilt."



A PASTORAL BY GLASYNYS.

For the Welsh see CYMRU for April, 1894, p. 181. The charm of a poem so dainty and so graceful as this must almost wholly vanish in a translation as literal as this endeavours to be. I can only hope that, though the vase be shattered, "some scent of Glasynys may cling to it still." E. O. J.

O HOW sweet, on fair spring morning 'neath its cloak of hoar-frost peering,
'Tis to see the tiny blossom, with its smile the earth adorning,
O 'tis sweet, O 'tis sweet.

But the smiles of Howel slender, and his kind and gentle bearing,
When my icebound heart he's thawing with his honeyed kisses tender,
Are sweeter far a thousand times, sweeter far.

Sweet the violet on the swelling bank when first it shyly bloweth,
Pale and wan, but cheerily smiling on its lonely sheltered dwelling,
O 'tis sweet, O 'tis sweet.

But the sight of Howel coming,—sweeter is than flower that groweth,
On his cheeks a greater beauty,—near the fold at hour of gloaming,
Sweeter is a thousand times.

Laughing ever in the sunlight, primrose brakes the hill-side cover,
April breezes stir the petals till they smile beneath the twilight,—
O they are sweet, they are sweet.

So, in spite of opposition, true and constant is my lover,
Ne'er a moment he forgets me in the night of persecution,
O sweetheart mine, sweetheart mine.

Sweet the countless daisies flecking grass-green glade and meadow dewy,
Like some rich and precious jewels nature's verdant garment decking,
O they are sweet, they are sweet.

The blue eyes of Howel glowing, 'neath his forehead broad and ruddy,
When the tears,—love's best enchantment,—fill them full to overflowing,—
Are sweeter far a thousand times, sweeter far.

Roses white and lilies tender, marigolds and all sweet posies,
Filling all the breeze with fragrance, fair are they in summer weather,
O lily white, O roses fair.

But like every tender blossom lilies fade, and so do roses;
There's one flower that fadeth never, bloom of love shall never wither,
O sweetheart mine, O Howel true.

Leafy beech in verdant hollow, mighty oak with branches hoary,
 Sycamores—all proudly wearing autumn garb of russet yellow,—
 These are fair, O these are fair.
 But when darling Howel's near me, what reck I of woodland glory,
 Fairer far than sylvan bosage is my sweetheart's face to cheer me,—
 Fairer far a thousand times, O fairer far.

Sweet the song of thrushes filling all the air with shake and quiver,
 While the feathered songsters vying each with each their songs are trilling,
 Sweet the sound, O sweet the sound.
 But to me my love's caressing words and looks are sweeter ever,
 Would this moment I were near him, and my lips to his were pressing,
 O sweetheart mine, O sweetheart mine.

God in heaven, be thou his sentry, guard him from the tempests wintry,
 Sheep and shepherd ever tending; this my prayer to heaven ascending,
 Hear my cry, and guard my love.
 Gentle Jesus, stay beside me, let thy Holy Spirit guide me;
 Keep my feet from rock and mire, till within thy heavenly choir
 I shall dwell with thee above.

THE VALE OF CLWYD A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.



It is more than a hundred years ago, say one hundred and twenty years. "That is not so long ago. The documents just published by the Cymmrodorion give a glimpse of the Vale of Clwyd more than six hundred years back." True, but greater changes have taken place within the last two hundred years in

the Vale of Clwyd than within the preceding four hundred years. One hundred and twenty years ago there was little or no dissent in the parishes of the upper Vale of Clwyd, though its good sleepy parsons had heard of Daniel Rowland. Then there were no schools, except a few that had been founded by generous benefactors of their native vale. An occasional sermon

and a little catechising, in Lent, was all the education most of the districts had.

At Llandyrnog, the curate, Peter Jones, resided at Foxhall, five miles from his parish, according to his own confession. But he evidently did not neglect his duties. He had two services every Sunday in Welsh, and he preached every Sunday, except sacrament Sundays, occasionally in English. He administered the sacrament every month, and he catechised the children in Lent in English and Welsh, "making observations suitable to their capacities." He was in mortal fear that Daniel Rowland, "who travels in a chaise from one farmer's house to another," would come and disturb him; and he was much more afraid the bishop would ask him to come nearer his parish and leave pleasant Foxhall,—very lovely it must have been in that July, 1775. But he had a good opinion of a Methodist who lived close by; he kept the register of births and deaths most strictly, in a book that had been bought more than a hundred years before; he registered marriages in a strong parchment book; and he had written a terrier of church lands carefully with his own hand. He had no school of any kind in his parish.

At Llanhychan, the rector, David Foulkes, performed divine service twice every Sunday in Welsh, at ten in the morning and three in the afternoon, and on holidays when there was a congregation,—“which happens but seldom.” He administered the sacrament four times a year, and catechised in Lent in Welsh and English, “and I expound it to them in the plainest manner I can.” There was no school and no collection in church.

At Llangwyfen, the curate, Robert Morris, had two services a Sunday in Welsh, and at festivals. He catechised in Lent in Welsh, expounding at the same time. There was no school of any kind in the parish. The same curate did like service for the parish of Llangynhafal, two miles distant, and containing a school of a kind,—

“There is a small legacy of five pounds a year left this parish by Mrs. William Wynne of Plas yn Llan, towards teaching twenty poor children to read the Welsh and English languages. It is paid by Mrs. Wynne, of Ffos. The school does not flourish at present, the mistress of it being old and decrepid. Her name is Jane Williams.”

What a dim rushlight, scarcely better than the surrounding darkness.

Ruthin was highly privileged, comparatively. The warden, Edward Jones, had divine service performed three times a Sunday, in English and Welsh, with a sermon every other Sunday. There was also a daily service, and often two services every day, with a monthly administration of the sacrament. The register book went back to 1592. Education flourished also,—

“Here are a free school, almshouse, and hospital, in this parish. The school is free to natives of this parish and borough, and Llanellidan parish.

The almshouse is for twelve poor people, with ten men and two women. The founder of both was Dr. Gabriel Goodnan, dean of Westminster. The revenues are applied for the maintenance of the warden and almsfolk by ordinance of the said founder. There are twelve shillings and four pence left yearly for the repair of the church by the direction of the minister and church wardens, and received by church wardens of the parish six shillings. The visitors of the said free school are the bishop of Bangor and warden of Ruthin.

There is a blue coat school, endowed with £2 8s. yearly salary for the master of it for teaching twelve poor parish boys; that sum is the whole of its endowment. The master's name is Robert Edwards.”

The same Edward Jones saw that divine service was performed twice a Sunday, in Welsh always, at Llanrhyd; and on holidays,—“if a congregation meets the minister.” The sacrament was administered every month “if a sufficient number do attend.”

At Llanfwrog an old curate, Ambrose Thelwall Lewis, stayed until Mr. Robert Nanney, of Dolgellau, should settle in the parish. He conducted all his services in Welsh, and preached a Welsh sermon every other Sunday. It had been the custom for the schoolmasters to bring their scholars in Lent to be catechised, “to show how well they had profited by their instruction and under their care.” There was no public or charity school, but the Ruthin school was quite near.

“We have an almshouse in the parish founded and endowed by Lady Jane Bagot, about the year 1695, for four poor men and six poor women. The present governor and guardian is Sir William Bagot, Bart., of Blithfield, in Staffordshire, her ladyship's great grandson. The alms-people receive shillings per month, paid by the steward. The revenues are carefully preserved, and, I verily believe, employed as they ought to be. The minister and church wardens have the direction and management of the benefactions left for pious uses, and an account of the distribution of them is inserted annually by the vestry clerk in a book kept for that purpose.”

At Llanbedr an invalided clergyman had a curate to see to the services, but no school. T. Roberts, vicar of Llanynys, lived in his own house three miles from the church. In the church there was a register going back to 1626,—the early days of Charles I., the martyred king, for whom every pious churchman prayed, as the vicar took care to inform his bishop. The parish enjoyed some money left for the poor, managed by the vicar and church wardens. There was a small school, with a mistress named Rutter, supported by voluntary subscriptions, where boys and girls were taught the English language. At Gyffylliog there was a chapel of ease belonging to Llanynys, served by David Lloyd, a curate.

Owen Owens, curate of Llanfair, lodged in a farmhouse, and did not find his parish in perfect peace. A chapel of ease, called Jesus Chapel, had been consecrated about 1600, but there was to be neither singing,

nor marrying, nor christening in it. The master was to keep the chapel and house in repair, to keep school, to read prayers twice a week, and to teach twelve children gratis. The house and land was valued at ten pounds per annum; and £6 13s. 4d., a charge on Eyarth Ucha estate, was paid yearly to the master. Owen Owens says that,—

“One John Price, a layman, has read some time in it, but was excommunicated for contempt of court, when presented for so doing. I have been appointed a curate of it by its trustees, but the doors are nailed up, and I have been denied admittance.”

Robert Conway, rector of Llanelidan, informs his bishop with great deference that he does not reside in the “small little cottage” belonging to the living. He lives at Llwyn Ynn in Llanfair. He could ride home to dinner after morning service, he says, on the shortest day in winter, and come back by the early afternoon. He had no school of any kind in the parish.

Derwen, the curacy of David Ellis, enjoyed preaching every Sunday, and the children were catechised in the afternoons. Efenechtyd had less preaching, next to no catechising, and no school at all; it was served by William Parry, a schoolmaster living at Denbigh. William Sutton, who served Clocaenog, also lived at Ruthin, and apparently did nothing for the education of his parish.

Llanrhaiadr had a resident curate of the name of Hugh Williams. The parish had an almshouse, founded by a Mrs. Jones, of

Llanrhaiadr Hall, for four old men and four old women, with Sir William Bagot and Sir W. W. Wynn as trustees. There was other land left for the poor of the same parish. Rice Lloyd kept a very poor voluntary school, in which he tried to teach boys and girls to read Welsh and English.

A hundred and twenty years ago, visitors to St. Asaph found that mine hostess at the inn would not take anything for their supper. Then land in the Vale let for three pounds an acre, and the rich soil, without any superhuman exertion on the part of the inhabitants, produced sixteen times more than was necessary to the support of the inhabitants. Then at Ruthin a black and disagreeable town hall,—with the marks of Glendower’s fire possibly upon it,—disgusted the eye of the traveller; and the castle, the home of the once powerful and tyrannical Greys, was a heap of ruins nearly level with the ground.

Then the bells tolled in the morning at nine o’clock throughout the valley, and again at three for evening prayer. Possibly a stray methodist preacher would come; and numbers might be seen wending their way to where he was to take his stand and preach,—provided, perhaps, with rotten eggs. Then there was no school,—except one kept by an old woman or an old man unfit for anything else,—in the whole district above Ruthin. The people were indolent, fond of fairs and gatherings, illiterate and superstitious, but not unhappy.

THE SIN OF THE FATHER.

“I will visit the sins of the fathers upon the children.”

CAPTAIN CARLETON was a man whose favourite word was d——l, and to the unholy bearer of that appellation were consigned various and many things in the way of unadjustable collars, fragile shoelaces, rearing hunters, blundering grooms, and so forth; and, also, the Welsh people. Nor need the inclusion of the latter in this unfortunate category appear incongruous, for the Captain undoubtedly found them

stiff, unmanageable, and provoking, from his point of view. It never occurred to him that wealth, position, and education enable men to choose their own point of vantage; and whether things and people appear on one’s right, or on one’s left, depends upon the point taken. However, the Welsh people, or at any rate such of them as lived in the small sea-coast village of Abergaran, were loth to set out upon a

hopeless exile in obedience to Captain Carleton's execrations; for they were a godly people,—godly in the old fashion way,—who read their Bibles in happy ignorance of "advanced thought," which had not approached nearer to Abergaran than the rectory, four miles off, and even there had met with a doubtful reception; who read the word "eternal," and understood "for ever;" who read the story of the creation without a suspicion of allegory. Why doubt his work of six days? Had he not conquered the grave, and death, and burst the gates of hell in three?

Thus there was nothing "advanced" about them; they rose early, retired early, and fostered early ideas. They believed that the sins of the fathers were visited upon the children, and pointed with awe towards what they believed to be instances. Such was their higher criticism. Not very sound, perhaps; for most of the misfortunes and ailments thus accounted for might have been easily traced to want of contrivance, and to insanitary arrangements. Better after all to err in that direction than lose the fear of God, and the sense of dependence upon him. Better to be ignorant of great modern theories than to forget that charity was the superlative grace. God preserve them and their pure hearts, through which the fresh breezes of the western deep seemed to blow, as well as through the crevices in the dilapidated huts for which they paid house rent to Captain Carleton. In one of these habitations resided old blind David, and Mair, his devoted daughter, who was the picture of beautiful health, thanks to the regular consignments of new milk, rye bread, and sweet butter from the neighbouring farm houses. The chapel folk made up the rent, thus sparing John Jones, relieving officer and collector of tales, the trouble of coming from the next village in the former capacity; and they would probably only be too pleased to dispense with his services in the latter also.

Mair's beauty had not escaped the eye of Captain Carleton, and he had long intended to pay her a visit. So one evening, shortly after dusk, he strolled forth, full of his old acquaintance the

d——l, and made his way towards the blind man's cottage. He came across David on the road, and the latter was evidently in some perplexity, for he kept poking first at one hedge, and then at the opposite hedge. The Captain stood to watch him for a few moments, during which a dastardly proposal suggested itself to his carnal mind; and coming up to blind David, he addressed him in a disguised voice,—

"What are you doing here, old man?"

"Funny thing," answered David, "I've been coming along this 'ere road for years, but somehow or other I've quite lost my reckoning to-night. I'd be very thankful if you would lead me to the crosses."

"Come along then," said the Captain, taking his arm.

"Yours is a strange voice," said David, as they went along. "You see, I know most of the folk about 'ere by their voices. Hope I'm not taking you out of your way."

"Never mind that; we'll cut across this field," replied the Captain, and he conducted him into an open field, until they were a considerable distance from the road.

"I want to call at a house here," said the guide, "if you'll wait a second, and I'll return for you. Be careful not to move, lest you fall into the pits."

But the moments became minutes, and the minutes hours, and the hours an age, and poor David heard no sound of his unknown guide returning.

In the meantime the traitor had proceeded on his way towards the blind man's cabin, congratulating himself upon the success of his cruel strategy; and he arrived there,—to meet with disappointment, however, for Mair had already started, in company with some neighbours, to search for her father. Cursing his luck, Carleton skulked home, like a guilty dog, by a circuitous path, and abandoned his intention to return for the blind man.

It was morning ere the search party came across David, starved and numbed, and unable to account for himself. They got him home, and to bed. Days elapsed before Mair learnt any particulars of his misadventure. It was the day of the Flower Show, where all the people of the

neighbourhood were assembled to see Miss Corbett, of Beltree Hall, distributing the prizes. She was the only child of Sir George Corbett, a rich retired cotton broker, who had purchased the Beltree estate, and was one of those good landlords who returned his tenants twenty five per cent. of their high rents under cover of "the existing depression in the agricultural market."

During the progress of this interesting ceremony, in which Captain Carleton rendered the fair prize distributor conspicuous assistance, the attention of all was suddenly turned towards the back of the crowd, where Mair appeared, with her hair dishevelled and a wild frantic look in her eyes, pushing her way through the terrified people right up to the platform. There she poured forth a terrible denunciation in Welsh upon the head of the unknown author of the malicious outrage which had all but resulted in her aged father's death. Most of the people turned pale; so did Captain Carleton. When some strong men,—and it required strong men,—had succeeded in inducing Mair to return home, Miss Corbett remarked to Captain Carleton,—

"What a dreadful woman! What came over her?"

"It's a great pity," replied he; "it's what they are taught in the chapel meetings."

"What is it all about?" asked Sir George. And the Captain was put through the burning ordeal of narrating the circumstances of his own crime, which, ere nightfall, were the talk of the country side.

Time rolled on, and great events took place in Abergaran. The daughter of Sir George Corbett became the wife of Captain Carleton; and, in due course, an heir was born to the Beltree property. A messenger arrived to inform Sir George of

the advent of a male successor, and the joy of the old man was great, for he had long set his heart upon it.

Later on, the same day, the family physician called, and conveyed the sad intelligence that the boy was devoid of sight, upon hearing which the old man fell back into his seat, and he would probably have broken his neck, like Eli of old, but for the marked difference in the furniture of the two periods.

This was the heaviest sorrow, but not the first, which the marriage of his daughter had brought to the old man.

His son-in-law, for reasons best known to himself, had resorted to brandy, to drown his secret shame, and during his drunken stupor his wealth had taken wings, with the result that frequent calls were made upon Sir George's purse.

The latter did not survive this latest blow for long, and both he and old blind David went to their rest, while Captain Carleton, having sold his remaining property, went to the metropolis, and subsequently to the dogs.

In a dark slum garret live his wife and blind child, who keeps asking questions of heaven and angels all day long, and who repeats his "Our father," morning and evening, with monastic regularity and improving distinctness until he comes to "our trespasses," where he stumbles,—as we all do. His mother, like a beautiful Madonna, stands above him to help him on, and her tears wet his flowing curls.

The villagers talked of these circumstances as the visitation of God. Let the reader agree, or disagree, with them according to his own judgment. If it was the visit of God he came not empty handed, but as "Our father," and left in the heart and soul of that child a light which illumines the dark slum garret into which the rays of the created sun never penetrate.

T. L. OWEN.

Carnarvon.



ENOCH HUGHES.

BY DANIEL OWEN,

Author of The Autobiography of Rhys Lewis, Gwen Tomas, &c.

Translated from the Welsh by the HON. CLAUD VIVIAN.

CHAPTER II.

THE WORKHOUSE.

ON the death of his mother Enoch was placed under the care of Mrs. Amos, one of the nurses we have already referred to, and it was said that Mr. Davies gave this woman a large sum of money to take Enoch "out of his sight and look after him." For some days Enoch's life was in danger, and his bulk was much reduced. It appeared that drinking the milk of different cows through an India rubber tube did not suit the taste or agree with the constitution of his stomach. And though no one was anxious about it, it was thought that the child was about to depart to the same land as his mother.

The only thing that gave Mrs. Amos any trouble about the probability of Enoch's dying was the fact that he had not been baptised. For him to die without being baptised would be a dreadful calamity in Mrs. Amos' sight. And in the greatness of her hurry she went to the Methodist minister, of whose persuasion Enoch's mother was a member. This individual had finished his supper and had just lighted his pipe. He gave Mrs. Amos a cold and harsh reception. He refused absolutely to move out of his house, and crossed himself at the idea of touching such a mass of corruption as Enoch. Then he returned to his pipe, which was nearly as black as Enoch, and Mrs. Amos departed, murmuring,—"If Mr. Davies had not gone away he wouldn't have refused much, I'll warrant." And she gave him her blessing, in her own special way of blessing. But Mrs. Amos knew nothing of the "Confession of Faith" and the rules of discipline.

After this, the woman hastened to the house of the Wesleyan minister with the same appeal. John Wesley Thomas, too, was perfectly acquainted with all the circumstances of the case, and very kindly, and without making any "bones" about the matter, went at once with Mrs. Amos, and baptised the child, calling him by his father's name, in accordance with Mrs. Amos' advice, viz., Enoch Hughes. The woman felt very much

obliged to Mr. Thomas for this favour, and to show her sentiment, offered him a glass of whiskey as a slight recognition of his trouble. Mr. Thomas refused the civility, and gave her a word of advice,—an admonition to follow baby Enoch's example, and leave the bottle alone. Mrs. Amos thanked the minister warmly for his kindness and for his advice, and vowed that "If ever I have to go to chapel, it will be to your chapel that I'll go, Mr. Thomas; as for that other old bear, I don't know how anyone can go near him." Mr. Thomas went away laughing, and Mrs. Amos never "had" to go to chapel or church till she was carried to the latter place by four men.

In spite of considerable disappointment to Mrs. Amos, the baptism, or something else, brought about a remarkable change in the state of Enoch's health. If he had been "baptised by the bishop" the effect could not have been more miraculous. Enoch began immediately to look about him in rather an old fashioned way; and when Mrs. Amos put the India rubber teat in his mouth, he sucked at it as eagerly and in as lively a manner as a lamb; and if he had had a tail, he would have wagged it, but he made up for this deficiency by shaking his feet and raising his shoulders to show his huge enjoyment. In the face of these unmistakable evidences of vitality in Enoch, Mrs. Amos got thoroughly angry, and often did she call him a "bad deceitful chap." But as the "bad deceitful chap" chose to live, there was no help for it.

Time went on, and as Enoch did nothing, i.e., nothing worth speaking about,—except sucking the pap bottle, and as Mrs. Amos, too, was not entirely forgetful of the whiskey bottle, "the big sum of money" which Mr. Davies gave Mrs. Amos "to keep Enoch out of his sight" soon vanished. The fact is that before Enoch was a full twelve month old his foster mother was in considerable poverty. As a consequence she went to the relieving officer, and gave that officer to understand, in good enough Welsh, that she was not going to keep other people's children any longer,—she couldn't afford to do it. And though she was sorry to part with the child,—for, as she said, he was now a fine

enough young cock, still there was nothing else to be done. She had waited and waited to hear from Mr. Davies, and she could not go on waiting any longer. If she went out washing for half a day she had to give Enoch this and that much laudanum to make him sleep, and this all cost coin. And as to the boy's father—well—he had cut the country before Enoch was born, the wretch. After a great deal of talking and a great deal of delay, and of appearing before the board of guardians, and a hundred other things, Mrs. Amos at last succeeded in getting Enoch off her hands, transferring him safely to the care of the workhouse.

The reader's patience, I am afraid, would fail were Enoch's history followed whilst he was in the workhouse, and to do so is not necessary for this story. It is certain that he was there till he became thirteen years old, when he had to turn out to earn his living, and was placed under the care of a grocer in a neighbouring town. It was apparent, when Enoch came out of the workhouse, that he had had a fair education in reading, writing, and "counting," and, if his cheeks were believed in, that he had also had healthy nourishment. His body was slender and thin, and his face large and purple; he was as close a resemblance to an onion, roots upwards, as ever was seen. What device have the workhouse authorities got for growing cheeks? I have been told that the plan used by them is this. When the boys have eaten their bowls of skilly,—which is porridge in a consumption,—they are led into a yard and are placed in a row with their faces to the wall. Then they are told to stand on their heads as long as they can; and whoever gets most marks in the course of the year gets an extra plate of plum pudding on Christmas day,—the only day on which a pudding is made in the workhouse,—that is to say for the paupers. It will be seen at once that the natural effect of this custom is to make the nourishment of the skilly,—which nourishment, so far as its quality is concerned, doctors say is the nearest approach there is to fresh

water,—run down into the cheeks and puff them out, leaving the other parts of the body to take their chance. If some of the boys happen to be clumsy, or get headaches, and consequently be unable to go through this evolution, a smack on the one cheek is given to-day, one on the other cheek the next day, and by a continuance of this treatment the same desirable result is brought about, viz.,—puffed out cheeks,—and these assure every sensible guardian that the boy is getting

plenty of nourishing food.

However, this was the appearance Enoch had when he



"To show her sentiment, offered him a glass of whiskey."—Page 135.

came out of the workhouse. His face was big and round, as round as a spoon, or like a boy's first attempt to draw a man on his slate. His appearance made one think of porridge; he had a face of porridge, a head to hold porridge, the dejected look of porridge; in a word, one realised at once that Enoch was a "workhouse boy." The workhouse had perfectly succeeded in placing its trade mark on Enoch's head and face, but it utterly failed in changing the nature of his mind. Enoch

belonged to too good a stock for the workhouse to be able to do injury to his brain.

Luckily for him, his new master was a sensible and kind man, and he speedily discovered in Enoch the elements of an expert lad. With substantial nourishment, kindness, and teaching, Enoch soon began to lose his puffy cheeks and to nourish his body and legs. When he felt that he was at liberty to let his hair grow long enough to be able to use a comb, he began to tidy himself up, and his eyes wore a more lively and observant expression. So speedy was the change in him that, at the end of six months, when one of the guardians came to enquire whether Enoch was being fairly treated, he scarcely knew him. His puffy cheeks had so waned, and their purple had so clearly left them, that they made the guardian think that Enoch had not had enough to eat, and he testily asked his master,—"Mr. Bithel, where are the boy's cheeks gone to?" "Into his legs, sir, and other parts of his body. Since you last saw Enoch a redistribution of seats has taken place. I will go indoors, sir, whilst you ask Enoch whether he has been fairly treated," said Mr. Bithel.

After questioning and cross questioning him, the guardian was fully satisfied that Enoch had been done no wrong by, but he could scarcely believe that he had not the slightest longing for the workhouse,—the happiest place in the world, in the guardian's opinion.

CHAPTER III.

"NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS."

AS Mr. Bithel had foreseen, Enoch turned out to be an excellent boy; he picked up his business quicker than the usual run of boys. But Mr. Bithel often told him, during the last years Enoch was in his service, that he was afraid he would never make a master, as he was too modest, nervous, and credulous. There was a great deal of truth in this, as will be seen further on. Enoch himself was not unconscious of the failing, and it caused him considerable vexation. He felt a diffidence in contradicting anyone; and from modesty he often seemed to agree with that which in truth was entirely contrary to his own opinion. He always remembered, and sometimes others reminded him of it, too, that he was a "workhouse boy;" and perhaps this had considerable effect on his sensitive nature. He was, by nature, soft tempered; and when he thought of the commencement of his life, the details of which had been

narrated to him more than once, when he was in the workhouse,—lest he should grow proud,—he frequently wetted his pillow with tears. As he increased in knowledge and culture, the more painful it became for him to remember what had been told him, and especially to remember that his story was not unknown to his friends. Both in the "seiat" and at chapel, Enoch often thought that people were thinking about his beginning in life, whilst in reality there was nothing further from their thoughts. He was liked by all, and his services were valued by his master. However, when he gained his freedom,—after serving his six years' apprenticeship with Mr. Bithel,—Enoch determined to go away to another town, where he could keep his story to himself. And so it came about, and it was to Rhys Lewis and Will Bryan's birthplace that Enoch was led by providence.

It happened that an assistant was wanted in the Cross Shop. Enoch applied for the place and got it. The Cross Shop was then kept and owned by a widow, who, ever since her husband's death, had been very unlucky in her assistants. She had found that they had helped themselves rather than her. But in Enoch Hughes she came across an honest, able, and struggling youth. Enoch at once gave a new aspect to the shop, and new life to the business. This happened at the time when Hugh Bryan began to go down hill. Though Rhys Lewis says nothing about this in his autobiography, I am sure that Enoch Hughes' arrival at the Cross Shop had a good deal to do in hastening the failure of "Old Hugh," as his son called him. With the expectation of getting at "the main lode," which had been always promised, Hugh Bryan had for years carried his money to Pwllgywynt mine, or, as it is called, "speculated." After spending so much money, and whilst Captain Trevor continued to say that they had almost come upon the lode, Hugh Bryan was very unwilling to give up his share in the undertaking; so much so, that after carrying all his own money there, he began to carry other people's money there as well. Under the circumstances his shop suffered severely, and the result was, as Will Bryan had prophesied before he left home, that it was all "U. P." with old Hugh. Whilst Hugh Bryan was going down hill Enoch Hughes was pushing up, and had already got the credit of being "a sharp one" at business. Now, the widow was envied for being so lucky in her assistant. Will Bryan had known for some time that Enoch was making a hole in his father's business,—as well as in that of other people's,—and freely admitted it; but he was far from admiring him. Will was too cunning to let anyone

know that he was envious of Enoch Hughes' success, and the only unkind remark I ever heard from his lips, so far as I remember, was this,—

"Genius, you know, ain't necessary to make a successful grocer. They are all second and third rate men. Indeed, every genius of a shopman that ever I saw smashed in the end. And I firmly

not "the point of his argument." Everything, as it were, was working into the hands of Enoch Hughes, and the widow and he were before long like a whip and top. The widow was so afraid that Enoch would get discontented through some-one offering him more wages, that she gave him, without his asking for it, a share in the business, and this made Enoch double his exertions.

By this, Enoch collected not only a little money for himself, but added considerably to the widow's fortune. Months went by, and the widow had laid on one side the marks of her widowhood; and it came to pass that she did

not what widows usually do, viz., marry again,—she died. But before doing this, the widow made a provision in her last will and testament that Enoch was

to have the first offer of the shop and business, and to have a reasonable time to pay the executors for the stock. Enoch jumped at this chance, and every breeze seemed to blow in his favour. Very soon his success in business was the subject of general conversation.

Enoch Hughes was not desirous of filling public offices, and nature had not endowed him with any adaptability for so doing. He was, as we have already said, slightly timid. But there is some instinct in people's nature which makes them believe that, if a man is successful in the world, he ought to

cut a figure in chapel, no matter how little capacity he may possess, or how unwilling he may be. In the same way as the lord lieutenant of the county is inclined,—perhaps un-



"Was placed under the care of a grocer in a neighbouring town."—Page 136.

believe that that confounded Demas, of whom Paul, or John, I don't exactly remember which of the two, speaks in the Testament, was only a sort of successful provision dealer."

Will went away from home, and his father went "up the spout;" and Will would have been the last to say that his father was a genius, and would not have been long in demonstrating that that was

consciously,—to nominate a man as a magistrate because he is a squire's son, without considering for a moment his fitness to sit on the judgment seat,—so some voice in the bosoms of the religious says to them, when a man has got a bit up in the world,—"It's time that man held office." Thus it was with Enoch. Nothing, either in the world or in the church, succeeds like

success. Enoch's business was increasing largely. People, like sheep, love to flock to the same place. On market days Enoch's shop was crammed, whilst several shopkeepers, who were as good men as he, and living close to him, were thankful to get a customer just now and then. Spread a rumour that so and so is doing well, and people will come to help him to do better; whisper that another has hard work to make two ends meet, and he will be deserted by the crowd, and sometimes even by his friends, in order to keep the two ends further apart from each other. *That's the truth to thy face, old human nature!* But Enoch Hughes deserved to succeed,—he was an honest man, which is a good deal to say, and he never advertised lies either in posters, on walls, or in the newspapers. But, as has been said, there lived in his neighbourhood men who were as honest as he was, and in the same trade as he was, who failed to pay their way. The water had not yet begun to flow towards their mills; it nearly all went to turn the big wheel of the Cross Shop, and the other poor wretches did their best to catch the stray splashes from the big wheel when it was turning its fastest. As his business increased, so did his importance in chapel. He was regarded as being very liberal. He had not, as we have hinted, many of the elements of a public man; but suddenly he was made a superintendent of the Sunday school, and few were more successful than he in getting teachers for the classes. There was something so winning in his face that no one liked to refuse him. Enoch Hughes was believed to be rich; and, say what you will, wealth has many advantages; and not the least one is that it is not so easy for the owner of it to meet with a refusal. Peter Jones, the shoemaker, the other superintendent, although a cleverer man, and of riper

judgment, used frequently to fail entirely in getting a teacher for the class, but no one had the nerve to refuse Enoch Hughes. Peter often felt to the quick the difference there was in people's behaviour towards him and towards his brother superintendent. But Peter used to forget the difference there was in their worldly station, and also the consciousness which there was in the minds of everyone, that no one knew how soon it might be that they might want Enoch Hughes' assistance.

It might be thought that there was nothing wanting in Enoch's circumstances to make him a happy man. He had, according to all appearance, succeeded in the world; he was respected by his neighbours; he had been promoted in the chapel, and if he had any enemies and enviers, they were not of his own making. But how little do we know of the secrets of a man's heart? Enoch's opinion of himself was so modest, and his tendency so unambitious, that neither post nor respect added much, if at all, to his happiness. He was a single man,—and in that fact alone there are a host of griefs and trials which are only confessed by old bachelors when they are amongst themselves, and are telling each other their experiences. But Enoch did not lighten his bosom even in this way. He kept his secret entirely to himself. At the bottom of his heart he despised the thought that he belonged at all to the Old Bachelor Club, and he had not the courage,—the manhood,—to cease to be a member of it. Why? Because, thought he, he had placed his heart on too high,—on an unattainable object. She was the only daughter of Captain Trevor, of Tynyrardd; and here, perhaps, we ought to bring the family of Tynyrardd before the notice of the reader.

THE HISTORY OF WALES.

III.—HOW THE WELSH SHIRES WERE MADE.

IT is not easy to show how the various territorial divisions in England and Wales arose. I know old Welsh students of history,* gifted with more enthusiasm than knowledge, who say that every territorial

division,—manor, parish, hundred, shire,—was made before the first Englishman saw our islands. On the other hand, English historians have set themselves to prove that all these divisions have a purely English origin, and that they were extended to Wales in comparatively recent times. Kemble imagined that the lowest division was what he called a "mark,"—a territory containing a number of free and

* In *Cymru*, month by month, faithful translations are given of all the original authorities on early Welsh history. This will enable Welsh students of history to test their legends. But who can tell us why a Welsh "charlatan" is condemned for believing in *Lludd Llaw Arian* and *Beli Mawr*, while English "historians" are allowed to speak of Hengist and Horsa as if they were real beings?

equal Teutons. By this time the dust lies thick in most libraries on Kemble's volumes; and his theory does not survive even in Oxford lectures. When the "mark" had gone, Dr. Stubbs made it fashionable to believe that the lowest divisions were "townships." Now historians are trying to prove that the early "township" is the creation of a wild imagination, and that we must look to the Roman *villa* for the origin of our smallest land divisions. It is very possible that, within a few years, it will have been definitely proved that at least the lowest of our territorial divisions are of Roman or of Celtic origin. But to the origin of the manor, and parish, and hundred, we will return again.

About the origin of the shire system of Wales, however, there can be no doubt. The shire is now the unit of local government, by its council Welshmen rule their own country, but its origin is the surest proof of the conquest of Wales by Norman barons and Angevin kings. The clumsy formation of the Welsh shires, without any regard to geography and very little to history, shows that they are not of native growth.

Wales was conquered in two stages. When William the Norman became king of England in 1066, he placed his ablest and most turbulent followers on the Welsh borders. These regarded the Welsh lands as their spoil, and they began to encroach on the disunited Welsh princes. The Vale of Clwyd and the valley of the Severn, the wild moorland between the head waters of the Severn and those of the Wye and Usk, the pleasant plains of Gwent and Morgannwg, and Dyfed right to the western sea,—all this county became Norman lordships, dotted with the stone castles of the conquerors. The new lords all owed allegiance to the king of England; but they were practically absolute in their own lordships. They made war and peace, they administered their own law, they levied their own armies, and raised their own taxes.

Before the whole of Wales was conquered in this way, a mighty Welsh awakening came. It brought poets and warriors; it gave united Wales a literature and a history. The advance of the Normans was

checked, and western Wales,—protected by a semi-circle of hills formed by the Berwyn and Plunlumon ranges,—was united in time into the dominion of Llywelyn the Great. It was this district that was conquered by Edward the First, in 1282, in his war with the last Llywelyn; and out of it the first Welsh shires were formed. At Rhuddlan, in the Vale of Clwyd, in 1284, Edward divided the conquered country into shires. Anglesey, being an island, naturally became one shire. The districts facing it,—Arllechwedd, Creuddyn, Arfon, Eifion, and Llyn,—on the western and southern slopes of Eryri, became another shire, named after the ancient town of Carnarvon. On the other side of Eryri, Penllyn and Edeyrnion were united with Meirionnydd, Ardudwy, Estimaner, and Talybont into the shire of Merioneth,—still divided by mountains, and dialects, and traditions. A fourth shire was Flint, on the north coast, once the battle-ground of Norman and Welshman. The old kingdom of Ceredigion, with its rival centres of Aberteifi and Llanbadarn, became a fifth shire. And, finally, the districts between the Teifi and the Norman lands were united into a shire called by the name of the important town of Carmarthen.

Of these shires, Anglesey and Cardigan alone have well defined geographical boundaries, and they alone had a unity before the conquest; and it is the inhabitants of these alone, of the six older shires, that have a strong shire feeling at the present day.

In 1284, then, the land of Llywelyn and of his vassals was turned into shire-ground. This meant that it was to be ruled, not by the Welsh princes as before, but by the six sheriffs of the six new counties. Welsh law was not utterly abolished however.

After 1284, then, there were six shires west of the Berwyn and Plunlumon ranges; and, between these and the English shires, there stretched a region of march lordships, from Chester to Pembroke. Unrepresented in Parliament, under private jurisdiction, full of private wars and robberies,—one of the chief aims of the kings of England was the reduction of this long belt of border land into shire-ground. By the action of the great land laws,—which

strengthened the tie between the land and the king whom the law always regarded, since the Norman conquest, as its supreme owner,—the march lands were slowly reverting to the king. By the sixteenth century, the king saw that many of the great lordships were in his possession.

Gradually the district around the strong castle of Pembroke formed itself into a shire; and Glamorgan had become a king's shire before 1536.

By 1536, the time was ripe for uniting England and Wales into one country, and for reducing the whole of the march land into shire ground. The king took for granted that there was an old fictitious unity, and reduced the whole of Wales, march and shire lands, under the direct government of the English king. This was done by abolishing the march lordships,—adding them to old shires, or forming new shires out of them. Many lordships,—some of them purely Welsh,—were added to Shropshire, Herefordshire, and Gloucestershire. Many others were added to Pembroke, and Glamorgan, and Carmarthen; a few to Cardigan; and one,—the lawless lordship of Mawddwy,—to Merioneth.

Then five purely new counties were formed. The Vale of Clwyd, the valley of the Dee between Merioneth and Chester, and the valley of the Ceiriog were formed into the extensive straggling shire of Denbigh, named after the chief town in the Vale of Clwyd. The upper valley of the Severn and the districts on the eastern slopes of the Berwyn became the shire of Montgomery. The elevated moorlands between England and Ceredigion,—the bleak scene of feuds innumerable,—became the shire of Radnor. Further south the districts of the upper Wye and of the upper Usk were formed into Breconshire. The two dozen districts of the land watered by the Usk and the Wye, were formed into the shire of Monmouth.

The six older counties, Glamorgan and Pembroke, and the five newly formed

counties were given a representation in Parliament. But, there were still some differences between the shires of Wales and those of England. The newly formed shires were modelled, not on the English shires, but on the old Welsh ones. Justice was to be administered,—partly according to the laws of England, and partly according to the customs of the several districts,—as it was administered in the older Welsh shires. Instead of having to travel with their accounts to the Exchequer Court in London, the sheriffs were met by the king's auditors at Radnor and Denbigh,—“because Brecknock, Radnor, Montgomery, and Denbigh, be far distant from London; and for the inhabitants of the said shires be not of substance, power, and ability to travel out of their countries.” At the same time, and for the same purpose, tiny Chancery Courts were established in Wales.

Monmouth, however, became an English county, as far as the administration of justice could make it such. Gradually, as I shall show in another chapter, all legal differences between English and Welsh counties came to an end; and when new differences were made in our own times, Monmouthshire has taken its place as a Welsh county.

I have tried to show how the Welsh shires were made. Anglesey, Carnarvon, Merioneth, Flint, Cardigan, and Carmarthen were made into shires by Edward I. in 1284; Glamorgan and Pembroke gradually became shires by the extension of the direct power of the king over the lordships which composed them; Denbigh, Montgomery, Radnor, Brecon, and Monmouth were made into shires by Henry VIII. in 1536.

Changes in boundaries and representation, the extinction of all the Welsh courts, the gradual disappearance of Welsh customs and laws,—these will be described when I have given an account of the old commotes and cantreds and of the new lordships.



A TRIP TO NORTH WALES.

BEING A DESCRIPTION OF THAT COUNTRY AND PEOPLE IN 1700.

II.

I HAD no sooner passed the river Dee, but I began to grow sensible I was not in England; for the country I was got into looked no more like it than if a man had been in America or the most uninhabited parts of Arabia. There was a savage air in the face of everybody I met, that plainly told me these must be descended from Brutus, the nephew of Virgil's hero.

The first town we stopped in was the Welshpool in Montgomeryshire, where we were so commodiously lodged, that it may be presumed Marius, when in the Fens Minturnum, lay in a palace, compared with this ill-favoured resemblance of an inn. We got early to bed, in regard of next day's journey, which consisted of twelve Welsh,—that is to say thirty-six English,—miles; for every one of them was a complete Dutch league.

I had not gone above a third part of the way, e'er my horse lost a shoe, an ordinary misfortune in that rocky country. I desired the judge to stay till he was shod, but he told me he could not, for he was obliged, by such an hour, to meet his brother at the city of Dinas Mawddwy,—a place I shall no more forget than a Parliament soldier Edge Hill or Marston Moor,—which, as he said, lay straight on, and was but six miles distant. I ordered my man to book it down, to prevent mistakes; and expected to find a place at least twice as big as Shrewsbury. Well, I got my beast shod, with much ado, by as very a beast as himself a smith that could speak no more English than a dromedary, and worked at least three fathoms underground, like the ancient Troglodites Herodotus and Strabo mention.

The first object I met, I had like to have mistook for a piece of German clock-work; his head, hands, and feet, all kept time; whilst he put himself to no less pains than Hercules in cleansing the Augean stables, to make a living automaton, called a

ceffyl, or horse, move. The creature appeared thoroughly to have imbibed the doctrine of passive obedience, and no more valued his rider's stripes and kicks than the French king does the duke of Modena; but still preserved in his pace a majestic Spanish gravity. It looked as if he had lineally descended from Praise God Barebones, and was so gross an idolater that almost every moment it bowed down to stocks and stones.

"Friend," says I, "which is the way to the city of Dinas Mawddwy?" He surveyed me with as great attention as if he designed to draw my picture, for a full quarter of an hour; and then comforted me with a "diggon comrague, dim sarsnick," i.e.,—as I was afterwards told,—"I can speak Welsh but no English." At last, riding on,—after not a few perplexing fears,—I was got into the middle of the city, enquiring the way to it; till a woman, that had shoes and stockings on,—whom, for that reason, I took to be a person of quality,—told me I was in the High Street. Casting my wonder-struck eyes about here and there, by some half pikes, that over-topped a small cottage, I began to perceive my judge was got into his grandeur, and so it proved.

I found him in the uppermost room of the house,—that had notwithstanding, a clay floor,—which was hung with as noble and elegant tapestry as ever spider's room produced. The porridge-pot,—bold as it was,—faced his majesty's prime commissioners of Oyer and Terminer, without the least appearance of shame; but the broom, as if good-housewifery were quite out of countenance, was modestly retired in a corner, behind the door. It had two beds at the upper-end, a goat and two pigs at the lower-end, and a fire-place in the middle. His lordship bade me welcome, and told me I came in pudding time, for they were just going to dinner, and stayed only for Mr. Mayor. "Aye," thought I, "it must needs be a blessed Mayor that be-

longs to this Corporation;" and in the midst of my contemplations, his worship was pleased to appear.

There was a fellow that carried a baton or truncheon,—daubed with yellow at each end, in imitation of gilding,—much of the same fashion with those the marshals of the city militia carried before their captains, instead of a mace before him. He was of a presence sufficiently august and venerable, for he had just such a face as our sign-post daubers give king Harry VIII. of glorious memory; and it might be divided, as Dr. Heylin has done the kingdom of Poland, into wood-land and champion. The nethermost part was lamentably over-grown with hair. His hat might be worth about two groats, for the kitchen-stuff that was on it; but setting aside that, the whole inventory of his wearing apparel had been over rated at sixpence. His clothes hung about him like handileers or sausages; and to speak the truth, he was the raggedest dog of a magistrate that ever my eyes beheld.

However, the judges gave him the righthand of fellowship, and set him at the upper-end of the table, where, after a little of the Welsh ale had invaded his pericranium, his tongue ran as nimbly as wild-fire, and that so very long that the philosophers who were at a loss for a perpetual motion might have found it there. I remember,—amongst other things,—pointing to a house over the way, that the sun shone through in about five and forty places, and where one would have thought a dog, or a cat, could not have subsisted a fortnight without catching cold. "God knows," says my old gentleman, "her family has flourished there these eleven hundred years."

From thence we departed, after dinner, for the town of Dolgellau, in Merionethshire, where we kept our first assizes, or, to speak in their language, great sessions.

In our passage, upon the brow of a mountain, we were met by the high-sheriff, at the head of the gentry. They were such as would hardly have passed muster for petty constables here; but there it was every one, colonel such such-a-one, and justice such-a-one. They were mounted upon little ceffyls, about a cubit and a

half high, to which a Scotch galway, or Irish garron, looked like Bucephalus himself; but what they wanted in stature was abundantly supplied with the length of mane and tail, and a deep channel between every brace of ribs.

This town of Dolgellau had several things very remarkable belonging to it, of which the most memorable were these. First, it was walled with walls six miles high, meaning a ridge of rocks that environed it. And they were such, I'll assure you, as would have bid defiance to Hannibal and all his vinegar.

Then we came into it under water, and out of it over water. A boarded channel conveyed a small river over our heads; and we went out of it over a bridge, *more Anglicano*. Then the steeple grew. There was but one bell, a mere tintinnabulum, and that hung in a tree, which, to do the country right, was the only tree I saw growing there. For, setting aside that, I did not see living timber enough to make a whipping post of. Lastly, there were more ale-houses than houses in it; for every house was subdivided into divers little tenements, each of which sold drink apart.

Surrounded by a vast tribe of the bare-footed regiment, we got, at length, to our lodgings, where I desired my landlady to shew me a good room. "That shall you have," says she, "God knows; and such a one as Christ or St. David never lodged in." And in that she spoke nothing but truth; for it was a ground chamber, whose walls looked as if they had caught the leprosy. They were plastered with mortar of twenty different sorts of colours; and at the bed's head was a cranny, through which the wind diluted with force enough to blow off a man's night-cap. No less than a whole cart load of monumental timber was carved into my bedstead, and it was to be ascended by a ladder of six or eight steps, so that it was highly necessary for a man to make his will before he went into it, lest, if he had tumbled out in the night, he had awaked in another world the next morning, as infallibly he must have done. The ticking was so obdurate that it seemed to be quilted with flint stones instead of feathers, and perfectly

drew indentures in my flesh. Upon the tester a whole race of Welsh spiders, descended, as I presume, from the great Cadwaladr, hung in clusters, ready to drop into my mouth if I slept with it open. I had a pair of sheets laid on as coarse as any nutmeg grater,—I wish, to my comfort, I could have said they had been half as clean; for they looked of as dimsy a complexion as if they had scrubbed half the ceffyls, or horses, in the country with them. When I expressed my dissatisfaction, and told my landlady I did at least depend upon the civility of a pair of clean sheets, as being used to wear pretty good linen, she replied,—“God knows, I need not be so nice; they had not been lain in but six or eight weeks; she took them fresh off her husband’s bed.” And then, you know, I had no reason to complain.

Well—in I got, but could no more sleep than if I had been in Regulus’s barrel, or Little-case; for I had a regiment or two immediately at free quarter upon me, which proved such admirable phlebotomists that I hardly knew myself next morning when I came to consult a looking-glass.

My man they crammed into a hole in the roof of the house, the hieroglyphic of an oven, much about the size of an English hen roost; where, notwithstanding, as he told me himself, he made a shift to enjoy a more comfortable repose than his master could meet with.

But this was not all; misfortunes rarely come single. In the middle of the night (wanting the usual fortifications of lock and bolt to my chamber door) in comes a great sow, who, I suppose, had been tenant in possession there before, and came to claim a re-entry. With this grunting chamber-fellow I was obliged to pass over the night, but never in my whole life before prayed either so heartily, or so often,—*Phosphore redde Diem*.

Next morning, occasionally consulting a bit of looking glass that was pasted up against the wall (in which a pigmy could not see his phiz, but by synechdoche) I found I was grown an absolute stranger to my own countenance, so miserably had my cannibals excoriated and disfigured it.

When I got up I called for a basin of water, to see if the liquid element would contribute anything towards ameliorating my looks. The wench (to shew the frankness of her temper) brings no less than a pailful, but so very dirty that, excepting her own face, I saw nothing likelier to turn a man’s stomach in a morning fasting. All that I shall say of my towel is that it was very correspondent to my sheets.

Going into the kitchen, which was as near my chamber as might be, I found my landlady preparing for a very nice piece of cookery, and that was to make a fricasse of chickens, by the help of a whistle that summoned also her maids and hogs. The young family were soon got to the rendezvous, and when she saw a full appearance, a good billet, artificially managed, made the mittimus of about half a dozen of them in a moment’s space; both their feathers and skin were stripped, and the poor creatures handled with more barbarity than a London hangman ever used a traitor’s body.

As I cast my eyes around, I espied an object that, methought, in regard of his rueful looks and wretched habit, was entitled to compassion, if not charity; and he seemed, with a very moving though dumb rhetoric, to invite me to a conference. But, bless me! How easily are we mortals mistaken? This very individual numerical animal, who was the absolute hieroglyphic of a scarecrow, instead of asking me an alms, as I verily expected, came to proffer me a fee, or rather bribe; for it seems some malicious neighbours of his had a month’s mind to make him high sheriff of the county, he being a substantial gentleman, worth sixty pounds per annum, and he was desirous to use my supposed interest with the judges to get him excused.

Thus was I introduced into the circuit; what further memorable passages did occur in and out of court I design, if this meets with a friendly reception, to make the subject of a second part, and so for the present shall give a little repose to my pen and finger ends.

EDUCATIONAL WORKS

PUBLISHED BY

Hughes & Son, Wrexham.

IN CLOTH. PRICE 4s. 6d.

Rowlands' Welsh Grammar: by the late
Rev. Thomas Rowland.

A Grammar of the Welsh Language, written in
English: based on the most approved systems, with
copious examples from some of the best Authors.

Uniform with the above, PRICE 4s. 6d.

Welsh Exercises: adapted to the above Gram-
mar, by the same Author, with copious Explan-
atory Notes.

IN CLOTH, Fcap. 8vo., 2s. 6d.

Cyfystyron y Gymraeg (Welsh Synonyms):
by Griffith Jones (*Glan Menai*). Of this little
volume

CANON SILVAN EVANS says:—

"He has not only compiled a copious list of words that are, in
a general sense considered synonymous, but he has shewn, in
most cases, the different shades of meaning conveyed by those
words."

IN CLOTH, Fcap. 8vo., 2s.

Gramadeg Cymraeg: by the Rev. David Row-
lands, B.A. (*Dewi Môn*), Brecon.

IN CLOTH. Fcap. 8vo., 1s. (Illustrated.)

Daearyddiaeth Anianyddol (A. Geikie, F.R.S.)
Translated to Welsh by H. J. Williams (*Plenydd*).

IN STRONG PAPER. Fcap. 8vo., 6d.

Elfenau Gramadeg: by Rev. J. Ll Hughes.
New and Enlarged Edition, recently revised.

IN CLOTH. PRICE 2s. 6d.

English-Welsh—Welsh-English Dictionary:
By W. Richards, LL. D.

Or Singly } ENGLISH-WELSH, 1/6.
In Cloth } WELSH-ENGLISH, 1/6.

IN PAPER, 1s. CLOTH, 1s. 6d.

**ENGLISH-WELSH
LETTER WRITER.**
For LADIES & GENTLEMEN.

6d. * HOW * 6d.

TO

LEARN WELSH.

Invaluable to Tourists travelling in Wales.

HANDSOME PRESENT.

Revised Edition, Folio, about 200 pages, Cloth Elegant, 12s. 6d.
Free by post securely packed for 13s.

THE GEMS

OF

Welsh Melody:

BY

JOHN OWEN (Owain Alaw).

Containing—

Several NEW SONGS and PIECES.

Words in English and Welsh.

With Symphonies and Accompaniments for Piano and
Harp, for One Hundred Pieces.

NOW READY—

'The PEOPLE'S EDITION'

IN NEAT CLOTH,

PRICE 7s. 6d.

The Popular Welsh Novel—

ENOC HUWS:

By

DANIEL OWEN,

TRANSLATED by the

HON. CLAUD VIVIAN,

The opening Chapter of which
appears in this number, is a Sequel
to

"RHYS LEWIS,"

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

Rhys Lewis—(Illustrated Edition)—
in English or Welsh—may be had
bound in

Neat Cloth, Price 3/6.

•• In ordering, please state whether English or Welsh
Edition is required.

Hughes and Son, 56, Hope Street, Wrexham.

TIME TESTED TEA.

Pure Indian Souchong

(PRIZE MEDAL LIVERPOOL EXHIBITION)

At 1/7 per lb.

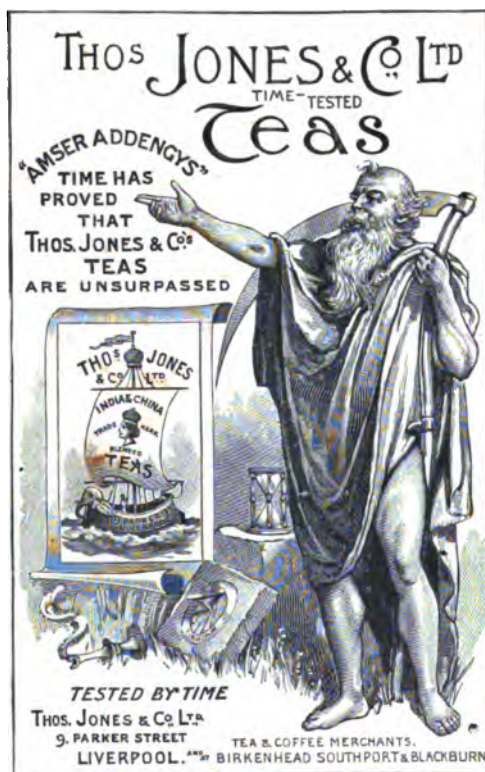


Superior
Blended

TEA

At 2/- per lb.

Specially
recommended



Choice
"Afternoon"

TEA

At 2/6 per lb.

rich delicate
flavour



Samples and Price List on application.

THOS. JONES & CO., LTD.
Tea and Coffee Importers,
9, PARKER STREET,
LIVERPOOL.

A NATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR THE ENGLISH SPEAKING PARTS OF WALES



SIR HUGH OWEN



THOMAS CHARLES



WALES

EDITED BY

Owen M. Edwards, M.A.,

Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford.

Contents:

FRONTISPIECE.—*The Old Minister (Islwyn),*
Translated by R. Morris Lewis, Swansea; illustrated by M. Thomas, Watford.

OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS.—*A Penal Colony in Van Diemen's Land; Tintern Abbey; The Bethesda Quarries, with the Menai in the distance; A group of University College of Wales Professors; Rev. T. C. Edwards, D.D.; The Terrace, Aberystwyth; The University College of Wales; Aberystwyth Castle; Group of Graduates; Susan Trevor, &c.*

ON SOME EARLY OBSERVATIONS WITH THE TELESCOPE IN WALES. By Arthur Mee, F.R.A.S.	145
GABRIEL YORETH. III. Penal Servitude. By the Rev. E. Cynffig Davies, M.A., Menai Bridge	148
THE MENDICANT ORDERS IN WALES. I. Monasticism. GERALD'S JOURNEY. III. Ewys & Llanthoni in 1188.	155
THE SONG OF THE FISHERMAN'S WIFE. By the Rev. E. O. Jones, M.A., Vicar of Llanidloes	158
QUARRYING AT BETHESDA. By the Rev. J. Owen Jones, B.A., Bala	161
LLANDAFF. By Arthur Mee, F.R.A.S., Cardiff	162
MY FIRST DAYS AT THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF WALES	163
NORTH WALES DEFENDED. By a fiery Welshman.	169
THE SECOND MEETING OF THE GUILD OF GRADUATES. ENOCH HUGHES. Chapters IV. and V. From the Welsh of Daniel Owen by the Hon. Claud Vivian, Chester	173
SCENES FROM WELSH HISTORY. Chapters I. & II.	176
THE KINGDOM BY THE SEA. By Harold Boulton.	181
THE STORY OF HOWELL HARRIS' LIFE. Three Letters	182
A LIFE'S FAILURE. By T. Artemus Jones	184
IEUAN BRIDYDD HIR. Tablet to his memory. By David Samuel, M.A., Aberystwyth	186
A PARTICULAR JOB. By T. L. Owen, Carnarvon	190
MISCELLANEOUS.—Editor's Notes	189

Sixpence.

PIANOS! PIANOS!! PIANOS!!

From 10/- Monthly.

— ON NEW HIRE SYSTEM. —

LARGEST STOCK IN THE KINGDOM.

Thompson & Shackell,

(LIMITED,)

QUEEN'S MUSIC WAREHOUSE, CARDIFF,

Also at Swansea, Newport, Bristol, Merthyr, Gloucester, Cheltenham, Pontypridd, Llanelly, &c., &c.

☛ Sole Agents for South Wales for the Estey Organs and the Neumeyer and Ibach Pianos.

Agents for Pianos by Collard & Collard, Broadwood, Brinsmead, Kirkman, & all Leading Makers.

Organs by Estey, Mason & Hamlin, and all best American Firms.

[Illustrated Catalogues FREE.]

PIANOS AND ORGANS

On the Easy Payment System; delivered Free on Payment of First Instalment.

THE BEST & CHEAPEST HOUSE IN WALES.

Full Value allowed for
OLD INSTRUMENTS TAKEN
IN EXCHANGE.



AMERICAN ORGAN, with
Pipe or Mirror Top, 6s. per Month.

10/6 per month, Walnut Cottage Pianoforte, Iron Frame, Check Action, Full Trichord, Brass Pinplate, Truss Supports, Panel Front with Gilt Inlaid or Marquetry, &c. Delivered on Payment of TEN SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE.

CRANE & SONS,

R. THORNTON JONES, MANAGER.

4, REGENT STREET, WREXHAM.

Tunings and Repairs in any part of Wales by experienced men. Estimates Free. Illustrated catalogue free on application.

THE OLD MINISTER

(ISLWYN).

Said Paul, whoever will not work
Then eat he neither shall ;
He said not so of him, howe'er,
Who can not work at all.



A GOSPEL Minister I knew
Whose labouring days were o'er ;
From place to place he could pursue
His journeyings no more.

I knew a soldier who returned
Freed from the battle's strife ;
And from his bounteous country earned
A leisured eve of life.

How fared the nobler warrior,
Of rank more dignified ?
A soldier of the cross he lived,
A parish pauper died.

Come, Cambria, see Christ's Minister
Sick-stricken and forlorn ;
For thee the day's consuming heat
And burden he has borne.

And now with sullen winter's snow
His honoured head is white ;
The chilling shades are falling fast,
And nearer draws the night.

Forget thou not this wayworn one,
Now shut within his gate ;
Think that for thee his strength was spent,
Nor leave him desolate.

He gave to thee his sunny spring,
To thee his summer fair ;
Take thou in turn his winter too,
His comfort be thy care.

See that his roof shuts out the storm,
His modest wants make thine ;
Keep still his humble hearth aglow,
His bottle fill with wine.

Swansea.

R. MORRIS LEWIS.

WALES.

VOL. I.]

AUGUST, 1894.

[No. 4.]

ON SOME EARLY OBSERVATIONS WITH THE TELESCOPE IN WALES.

WALES and Welshmen occupy a place so insignificant in the annals of astronomy that it will be a surprise to most readers to learn that some of the earliest observations ever made with the assistance of the telescope were effected in Wales, and by observers one of whom was a Welshman, and the other a landed proprietor in Caermarthenshire. The narrative, in a disjointed form, appears in Rigaud's *Miscellaneous Works* of Dr. Bradley, sometime astronomer royal, and as that portly volume was published more than sixty years ago, and is but little known to-day, I feel no apology is needed for drawing attention to the subject.

The first English astronomer to invoke the aid of the telescope was the gifted Thomas Harriot, who takes rank as a discoverer second only to Galileo himself. Harriot's untimely death occurred in 1621, and his scientific remains are described by Rigaud in the supplement to his life of Bradley. Though the great name of Galileo is justly associated with the earliest telescopic observations, Harriot, appears to have examined the heavens about the same time,* and certainly long before the discoveries of the immortal Florentine had made their way to England. Harriot observed in London, and though correspondence was no easy matter at that period,—the post took a month to travel between the metropolis and Wales,—he maintained constant communication with a scientific friend and colleague, Sir William Lower, who forms the first connecting link between the telescope and the "land of our fathers."

Sir William Lower came of old and

honorable Cornish stock, and through his wife Penelope, heiress of the once powerful Perrots, he inherited a large estate in West Caermarthenshire, near Laugharne, and resided some years at Trarenti, or Treventy, where were obtained the astronomical observations which form the subject of this article. Sir William was a scholar and a man of very considerable parts, and it seems a thousand pities that his correspondence with Harriot is not published in a complete and accessible form, for besides the letters and observations quoted by Rigaud in the scarce work already mentioned, other papers are spoken of as preserved, I believe at the British Museum, and which, after nigh three hundred years, are still awaiting transference to print. With the hope that, for the sake of Wales, if not of science, this neglect will not much longer continue, we pass to a rapid glance at Sir William's observations and those of the young Welshman who was his enthusiastic assistant.

In 1607, a year or more prior to the appearance of the telescope in England, we find Sir William carefully observing the comet known as Halley's which just then made one of its periodical visits to our skies. The first observation, September 17th, is dated from "illford combe" (Ilfracombe); the next, the following night, from "kidwellie" where, perhaps, Sir William landed on his way to Treventy, and where he tells us the comet was "wondred att the night before" by the simple country folk, who, no doubt, drew from the celestial visitor the most direful prognostications. Some days later from Mount Martin, perhaps an eminence near his Caermarthenshire abode, he measured the position of the comet with his "crosse staffe," and on September 30th,

* The telescope was first constructed in Holland, whence Harriot probably procured his instruments. Galileo's seems to have been an independent discovery.

despatched a full and circumstantial account to "his especiall good friend Mr. Thomas Harriotte, att Sion, neere London." The description of the comet is so quaint that I will venture on a quotation. The comet, he tells us,

"appeared under the greate beare in a line that mighte bee imagined issyng from the upper of the foure starres of the bodie, passinge betweene the two lower and opposite crossing the more westerlie of the two that were then under the beare and parallell to the horison and so forth till it cutt the said blasing starre in a point of that line, wher a perpendicle did fall from the utmost starre of his tayle. his traine did reach to the saied more westerlie starre. but in lesse than an hower seemed to be something declined from the saied starre westward. the starre was of the magnitude of those of the greate beare and his traine was nubulous."

We next find Lower in possession of a telescope, and readers who are familiar with the instrument, in either of its forms, can have little conception of the wonder created by the primitive "optic glass," insignificant though it was in power, and imperfect in definition. These early telescopes were known as "cylinders" and "trunks," and the best of them was not nearly so satisfactory an instrument as can now be made for the modest sum of two-and-sixpence; nevertheless they revealed to mankind a new universe, shattered time-worn theories, and laid the foundation of the magnificent edifice of modern observational astronomy.

Harriot obtained a "cylinder"—probably from Holland—in 1609, and early the following year the first telescope found its way to Wales. Writing to Harriot on the 6th February, 1610, Sir William Lower says,

"I have received the perspective cylinder that you promised me and am sorrie, that my man gave you not more warning, that I might have had also the 2 or 3 more that you mentioned to chuse for me According as you wished I have observed the moone in all his changes. In the new I discover manifestlie the earthshine, a little before the dichotomie that spot which represents unto me the man in the moone (but without a head) is first to be seene. A little after neare the brimme of the gibbous parts towards the upper corner appaere luminous parts like starres, much brighter than the rest and the whole brimme along, lookes like unto the description of coasts, in the dutch bookes of voyages. In the full she appeares like a tarte that my cooke made me the last weeke. Here a vaine of bright stuff, and there of darke, and

so confusedlie al over. I must confesse I can see none of this without my cylinder. Yet an ingenious younge man that accompanies me here often, and loves you and these studies much, sees manie of these things even without the helpe of the instrument, but with it sees them most planelie; I mean the younge Mr. Protheroe."

Here then we make the acquaintance of the first Welshman to gaze through a telescope, and it is not difficult to imagine how all his impressionable Celtic nature must have been stirred within him, and how the keen eyes of the "ingenious younge man" saw what the dimmer vision of his friend and mentor was unable to perceive. What would we not give to have stood on Mount Martin, beneath the silent star-lit heavens, side by side with Sir William and his pupil, to have watched them as they peered through their "cylinder," to have shared their delight and listened to their quaint observations?

It is much to be regretted that we know so little of the young Mr. Protheroe. Genealogists tell us that he lived at Nantyrhebog (Hawksbrook), between Treventy and Caermarthen, that he came of ancient and honorable lineage, and that he married the daughter of another noble house, a Vaughan, of Golden Grove. Of this union were born eight children, one of whom our astronomer named Penelope, after the wife of his friend and fellow student, Sir William Lower. The young Protheroe was honoured in his descendants as well as his ancestors; but of his life nothing further seems to be known, though facts bearing on the subject may perhaps yet be unearthed, and a fuller account written of the first Welshman to peer at things above unseen to the unaided eye.

The rest of the long letter just alluded to is devoted to comments on the theories of Kepler, then only recently published; to a request that Harriot would forward certain instruments that "wilbe most vsefull for vs to thes studies;" and to a recital of Sir William's private troubles, for he had been deprived of his only son, "when in apparence, as he was most pleasant & goodlie, he was most healthie." "But," he adds resignedly, "amongst other things, I have learnt of you to setle & submit my desires to the will of god."

We are less concerned in this place with Sir William as a theorist than as an observer; but of certain of his theories Rigaud tells us they "might almost be ranked with some of Newton's queries," and elsewhere he calls him, with no more than justice, "this remarkable man," whose name, though new in the history of English astronomy, deserves to be recorded.

The reader will note that Lower's curious but accurate description of the moon, in which he was assisted by "the younge Mr. Protheroe," was penned before the account of Galileo's discoveries had arrived, and probably takes rank with Harriot's own observations as the very earliest of which we have any record in these islands. Our next quotation will be from a letter dated "Tra' venti, the longest day of 1610," in which he says,—

"Me thinks my diligent Galileus hath done more in his threefold discoverie than Magellane in opening the streights to the South Sea or the dutchmen that weare eaten by beares in Nova Zembla. I am sure with more ease and saftie to him selfe & more pleasure to mee. I am so affected with his newes as I wish sommer were past that I mighte observe the phenomenes also . . . there are three starres in orion below the three in his girdle, so neere together as they appeared unto me alwayes like a longe starre . . . thes Starres with my Cylinder this last winter I often observed, and it was longe er I beleved that I saw them, they appearinge through the Cylinder so farre and distinctlie asunder that without I can not yet dissever."

Sir William goes on to speak of observing new stars in the Pleiades, and then reverting to his favourite theme, Kepler, he hazards this remarkable prediction,—*"What if aboute Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, &c., ther move other planets also which appear not,"* this last, be it noted from the letter, before he had received the account of Galileo's discoveries on the subject! *"Send more of all sortes of these cylinders,"* is the eager request of our astronomer, whose remote situation rather served to kindle than to quench his enthusiasm.

Here then we see that, at a time when the telescope as an instrument of astronomical research had found its way into the hands of but a few individuals, Sir William Lower and the young Protheroe, — "we Traventane philosophers," as

Sir William pleasantly puts it, — had scrutinised the moon, and described its appearance with remarkable accuracy, had counted more stars in the Pleiades than mortal eye had ever seen, and had wondered at the stars in the sword of Orion, though, like Galileo, they missed the great nebula, doubtless through the imperfection of their instruments. For the same reason they seem to have been disappointed in their observation of Jupiter's moons; but with the wretched little glasses of the time the wonder is that they discerned so much. With an instrument of Harriot's, in London, — "a greate glasse," — Sir William had indeed descried the moons; but at Treventy, —

"Concerning the Joviall starres I writte nothinge of them last, because I had nothinge to write, for indeede although both I and the young Philosopher att Hauksbrook have often and in verie cleare nights . . . when wee I say have often diligentlie observed Jupiter we could never see anie thinge."

But our Welsh observers did not confine their attention to the evening heavens. They directed their "cylinders" to the sun, — a dangerous process at a time when darkening apparatus had not been thought of, and when several observers lost their sight by gazing at the orb of day. We are not told that the "Traventane philosophers" were blinded, but they detected the sunspots, and they share with Harriot the honour of spontaneous discovery. I should be sorry to bring these modest Welsh observers into competition with Scheiner and Fabricius, and, above all, with the immortal Galileo; nevertheless, is it not highly to their credit that, far away in "Gwyllt Walia," with such dim light upon their path, and such primitive appliances, they were able to achieve so much? The names of the continental observers shine in every record of astronomical research, nor is our English Harriot forgotten; but rare is the mention of Sir William Lower and of the young Mr. Protheroe. Yet, perhaps, after all, this is in keeping with their labours. Far removed from the least suspicion of philosophic culture, they loved science for its own sake, nor dreamt for one moment of fame.

How long the observations at Treventy were continued does not appear, nor is it even known for certain when Sir William and the young Mr. Protheroe died*; let us hope they lived long to commune together with the heavens, and to discern more and still more of those starry glories that they loved so well.

Is there not in the example of Sir William Lower and his friend a lesson for Welshmen? Three hundred years ago astronomy was difficult of pursuit; to-day it is easy. At that time telescopes were scarce and feeble; to-day they are plentiful and powerful. Then the lamp of science shed a flickering flame; to-day it shines with serene and glorious splendour. Yet how many Lowers and Protheroes can we reckon in Wales? This short paper will

* Lower is believed to have died in Caermarthenshire; Protheroe was living in 1624, his will bearing date August 22nd.

not have been written in vain if it leads but one of our number to seriously consider the heavens and to advance the cause of observational astronomy.

ARTHUR MEE, F.R.A.S.

"Western Mail," Cardiff.

NOTE.—John Protheroe, Prytheroe, or Prytherch, could trace his ancestry back through Sir Elidor Ddu to Urien Rheged. His father was James Prytherch, Esq., high sheriff for Caermarthen, 1599, and his mother Bridget, who's father, Robert Byrrit, Esq., was mayor of Caermarthen 1593. John Protheroe married Eleanor, daughter of Walter Vaughan, Esq., of Golden Grove, now the seat of Earl Cawdor, to whose grandfather it was willed by the last of the Vaughans seated there. Of the union just mentioned were born eight children, including a son Richard, who married Jane, daughter of John Wogan, Esq., of Wiston; from him were descended, amongst others, the celebrated Madame Bevan, a pioneer of Welsh education, Eleanor, ancestress of Sir Arthur Cowell Stepney, Bart., and Sir James Hamlyn Williams Drummond, Bart., the present owner of Nantyrhebbog. For a full pedigree of Protheroe and of Sir William Lower, and for a copy of the former's will, I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. Alwyn Evans, the most accurate authority on the history and genealogy of Caermarthenshire. I have also to acknowledge the assistance of Mr. W. T. Lynn, F.R.A.S., and refer the reader for additional facts about Lower to Rigaud's work already mentioned, the "Bibliotheca Cornubiensis," Dunkin's "Monumental Brasses of Cornwall," and the "Caermarthenshire Miscellany."

GABRIEL YORETH.

A STORY ILLUSTRATIVE OF WELSH THOUGHT FIFTY YEARS AGO.

BY THE REV. E. CYNFFIG DAVIES, M.A., MENAI BRIDGE.

CHAPTER III.

PENAL SERVITUDE.

TWO or three friends,—the Rev. J. Rhys, John Yandale, and Jared Edwards, forming a deputation from Abervale,—were allowed to visit the convict the day preceding his departure, on his twenty first birthday, and the farewell was made memorable by the striking accounts of it written by the pastor of Ebenezer, which was read and treasured when many who had witnessed the scenes beheld had gone to their long rest. The first question put to them by Gabriel was,—

"How are my grandparents? They do not believe I am guilty, do they?"

"Your grandfather holds up wonderfully, but I am sorry to say that your grandmother has felt the stroke very keenly. No, I know of none who ascribe the fatal blow to your hand, though it may have been inflicted with your staff,"

replied his pastor, but he withheld from him the intelligence that his grandmother had gone over to a country where there are no clouds and darkness and mysterious visitations.

"Give them my love and gratitude for all they have been and have done for me. Bid them think of me as Joseph sold to Egypt, and that it will all be for the best in the end."

"I am pleased," broke in John Yandale, "to find that the cloud is not all darkness for you, that it has a broad silver margin, and light in its centre."

"Nay, let me add another item to your beautiful picture," said Gabriel, "and let me fling a radiant rainbow athwart the cloud you so kindly depict, for I dreamt last night that I saw my dear grandmother directing my vision to the rainbow of the covenant around the throne of God."

Jared Edwards, a young and worthy companion of Gabriel for many years, being the junior in the deputation, spoke but little. Moreover, there was another

reason which accounted for his unusual silence; the quivering of the lip and the moistened eye revealed the surcharged emotions of his breast, and explained why he could not trust himself to speech. He feared lest he should discourage his friend when he thought him almost crushed beneath the heavy cross cast so suddenly upon him. Yet he ventured one expression of comfort,—

"Do not fear the future, Gabriel; for you will not be forsaken by God, or forgotten by your friends; your power of winning the good-will of all around you will be of more service to you than you imagine."

"'Cast down but not forsaken,' I have been thinking of Moses in Midian, who was remembered by a benign Providence though he had slain the Egyptian, much less shall I be cast aside when I am innocent of the crime of which I was pronounced guilty."

"We have brought a small Bible with us for you to take with you," said Yandale, "if the authorities here will allow us to hand it you."

"Do not trouble them for their permission, for I have with me the Welsh Bible I purchased eight years ago, when I became a member of the church at Ebenezer. Nevertheless I thank you all exceedingly."

It was little the deputation thought in taking note of the Bible which they had heard designated "the ten miles Bible," that some of them would handle and scrutinize it closely after the lapse of many years.

"We are much impressed," said his pastor, "with your cheerful frame of mind, and shall be very happy to report the fact when we return."

"You may remember that I have been sometimes playfully chided for my inclination to look at the sunny phase of every trying question."

Then Yandale asked tenderly and admiringly,—*"What is the sunny side you find here?"*

"Since the assizes I have been allowed to read some books describing Van Diemen's Land, and what a blessing it is now that I am able to understand English nearly as well as my native tongue. How

different it would be with many of my friends at Abervale, if one of them were here in my stead. I shall greatly enjoy visiting other countries, for nature reveals her beautiful scenes even to those who are in bonds."

"You make light of your loss of liberty," said Yandale.

"The loss is only an outward one; my mind is free, and my love for the beautiful in nature cannot lose its edge as long as 'the little bird in the bosom sings sweetly,' as good Matthew Henry once said in referring to a clear conscience."

"What a lesson in contentment and forbearance you teach us!" said Edwards.

"It is as well to be communicative now, for I may have to wait for many a day before I meet friends to whom I shall be able to express my thoughts so freely."

"Do you remember the last text from which you preached at Ebenezer?" asked Yandale.

"Happily I do; and what a solace it was for me before and during my trial,—*'As thy days so shall thy strength be.'* It was a heaven-sent text; here it is written on the inside cover of my Bible, to be for me the motto of my trust in God."

On the voyage the natural nobleness of spirit and deportment, which characterized all he did, soon became apparent to those who had an eye for observation, and possessed a capacity for unbiased discrimination of character. In spite of his being in the garb of a convict, his child-like disposition and transparent ingenuousness won for him the good will, if not the esteem, of nearly all on board. There is hardly a company of convicts at any time without there being someone among them who succeeds in creating in the minds of his companions and others an irresistible conviction of his absolute innocence of the crime for which he is punished. And this conclusion was being formed concerning Gabriel's position, slowly, yet surely. Notwithstanding the keen perception and experience of judges, and also the conscientious care of juries, justice sometimes looks, in truth, like mere lottery. But human frailty is never more repugnant and objectionable than when it sullies justice, especially primitive justice.

There being only three convicts on board the ship bound for Port Philip, Melbourne, in which he sailed, they were allowed more liberty on the open sea than would have been the case with a larger number. The two accompanying Gabriel were unmistakable criminals, having seen twice his number of years, one convicted of burglary and the other of sheep stealing; and being so, they served as a striking foil to indicate Gabriel's worth and his separateness from the criminal classes. The contrast became most evident when the three, in charge of warders, paraded on deck.

Among the passengers were a missionary and his wife, going out for the first time to South Africa, who formed a kindly attachment towards the young convict. They had heard of his trial before they em-

passed than of conferring a favour upon the young convict, frequently allowed him to enter into conversation with the missionary, with a government official, Sir J. Smiles, going to Melbourne, and with a few others.



A PENAL COLONY IN VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

barked, and were therefore prepared, though they had no expectation of meeting him, to show him all the consideration in their power, as well as to form their own opinion of his character. And the warders, more from a desire of obliging the

One morning, when Gabriel was absorbed in taking what possibly might be his last look of Europe, from the part of the deck especially assigned to the convicts, the missionary,—the Rev. J. Venn,—came up to him and asked him,—

“Is your name Yoreth?”

“Yes, sir, my name is Gabriel Yoreth, but I fear it is against the rules for me to hold converse with you or with any of the passengers, however much I may like it.”

“It is all right; I have found means of removing any obstacle that may offer itself

to my conversing with you; and your warder, I have reason to think, will be pleased to disregard that which may be deemed to subsist,—in virtue of the fact that one preacher converses with another.”

“It is most generous of you to put yourself on the same plane as myself.”

“Of course you have no opportunity of knowing anything of your fellow passengers. My name is John Venn. My wife and myself are going out to South Africa as missionaries, under the auspices of the London Missionary Society. We are much interested in you from what we have heard of your trial and some of the incidents connected therewith. And I may tell you that a considerable portion of the British nation are of opinion that the chain of evidence adduced against you had conspicuous flaws in some of its links.”

“I was not aware that so much interest was taken in my case. It affords me unfeigned pleasure to meet a missionary for the first time in my life, though I have read a deal about missions, and I shall look back with cherished memory to the time when I used to collect at Abervale towards the London Missionary Society. As to my trial, I am becoming more convinced, the more I think of the matter, that it was a case of mistaken identity with those two witnesses who said they saw me strike the deceased.”

“If I remember well, they were not quite decided in giving their evidence.”

“No, they were not; and they could not be quite certain, for it was getting dark at the time; and the strongest reason of all for their uncertainty arises from the fact that the poor man’s death was not caused by me, either directly or indirectly.”

“I feel I cannot but believe you; yet the force of the circumstantial evidence advanced by the prosecution was not easy to rebut. As an article in the *Witness* reviewing the trial asserts, much more use ought to have been made of the fact that you went to the meeting with the motive of preventing any exhibition of violence, and that the whole tenor of your speech was in that direction.”

By discussing the evidence and the incidents connected with the trial, Mr. Venn gained the end he had in view of

letting Gabriel know that the verdict of public opinion was far from going the same way and to the same length as that of the jury.

Towards evening Sir J. Smiles and Mr. Venn were on deck together, taking their walk, and discussing any subject that presented itself to their notice. Being acquaintances previous to the present voyage, Sir John felt more disposed to cultivate the company of Mr. Venn than that of most of his fellow passengers, and many of the barriers of society are swept away when men are brought together by various issues within the narrow limits of a ship upon the ocean.

“I spoke to the young Welsh convict this morning, Sir John, and I found him an interesting study,” said Mr. Venn.

“You are aware, I presume,” answered Sir John playfully, “that conversation with prisoners and convicts is stringently forbidden.”

“What is disallowed to the public in general may not be denied to clergymen and ministers of the Gospel, provided they do not overstep the duties of their official capacity.”

“I shall not debate at present the argument of your defence in favour of holding converse with a person whose liberty is forfeited by the laws of his country; but what is the result of your study?”

“My observation is not completed yet,” replied Mr. Venn, but he detailed the conversation he had with Gabriel in the morning, dilating upon the earnestness of the convict, the open expression of his countenance, and the truthful ring running through all he said. It was clear that the sympathy of Sir John was largely enlisted in favour of Gabriel.

On the following morning Mr. and Mrs. Venn were surprised to observe the modest ease with which Gabriel bowed to them as they approached to where he stood. “What is it, Gabriel, that has interested you most since you came down the Thames?”

“It is the sea,” he replied, “its many moods, the size and shape of its myriad waves, and the perfect way in which it mirrors the sky and the clouds. It is

wonderful! The Bristol Channel was the only sea I saw before."

"What sentiment is it that it excites in your mind?"

"I believe it is the idea of the infinite; it also presents to me an emblem of eternity,—though boundless in variety, yet it is one."

"You are aware, I presume, that some acquire a love for the sea, and do not feel happy in living far inland, whilst others dread it. In which of the two classes would you reckon yourself?"

"I can hardly say; for my first look at the sea generally causes terror, especially when it is lashed by the storm into wild fury; but as soon as it becomes a subject of meditation, its Maker comes into greater distinctness, and the sense of terror seems to vanish, bringing in its stead a feeling much akin to repose and trustfulness."

"Do you find pleasure in watching the movements and processes of your own thoughts?" enquired Mrs. Venn.

"You undoubtedly gather it is so, from what I have already spoken."

"Has your reading been extensive, Yoreth?"

"No, I have read but few books, and have read them over and over again."

At this point Mr. Venn suggested that Yoreth had been a thorough reader of only a few good books. "It is as I surmised, you have read a limited number of the best, and have pondered over them well."

"I do not see just now what can be the connection," said Mrs. Venn, "between watching the workings of one's mind and the thorough reading of a few books."

"Mr. Venn leads me to think," said Gabriel, "that I have been using my mind as a book to be studied, on account of the smallness of my library at home. Then I shall soon have it very well thumbed, if I may apply the expression to such an invisible volume, for I have now only one book besides, that is, this Bible." And he drew a small Bible out of his breast pocket.

"You study another volume also, as we have had proofs already," suggested Mr. Venn, referring to the book of nature.

"Yes, I do, though I had not thought of the matter in that light before, and I

thank you for directing my attention to this question, because I perceive now that I have open before me four or five fine volumes to study whenever I wish."

"What are these volumes, I should much like to hear?" said Mr. Venn.

"My Welsh Bible I place at the head of the list, the book of conscience, the volume of nature, the pages of Providence which are to me just now very dark indeed, and the machinery of the mind with its intricate processes."

"Have you made out quite clearly," asked Mrs. Venn "the relation between the thorough study of a few books and the acquisition of knowledge?"

Though the connection between the two had been suggested by Mr. Venn, yet Gabriel felt that he was expected to try to trace that relation, and said,—"Mental power is invigorated by the thoughtful study of a few books, rather than by a smattering acquaintance with a multitude of them. No man can read too much, yet he may read too many books; just as a moderate quantity of food well digested is much more beneficial to health, than to eat a large amount of food and luxuries of all kinds which cannot be digested."

"Moreover, a man who reads to good purpose," added Mr. Venn, "must think, and the act of thinking strengthens thought, and he who thinks much, is more likely than anyone else to watch the processes of thought."

"It was in teaching in the Sunday School that I was led to observe minds at work, and in order to study the mental exertions and processes of thoughts of others, we must compare our own mode of thinking with what we see of theirs."

It became patent to the missionary and his wife that Gabriel's intellect, if not stored with learning, was not wanting in culture of an order that struck them as being unusual; and he on the other hand, felt that their presence on board the ship was a God-sent blessing for him.

During a violent storm which continued unabated for twelve hours, one of Gabriel's fellow-convicts received a mortal injury through the pitching of the ship, whereby he was hurled upon the head, and he died in a few hours. Many are greatly affected

by the sudden death of a companion, even under ordinary circumstances, but death at sea becomes exceptionally depressing.

His other fellow-convict was completely unnerved by the sad event, and it became a matter of surprise among the passengers that Yoreth was possibly the least excited of all on board at the time of the burial. Were it not for the seriousness of his demeanour, he would in the sight of some have incurred the risk of appearing callous.

Soon after the burial Sir John accosted him, and added,—“It was a solemn sight we witnessed just now, but it appealed to the feelings of some of us more strongly than to others.”

“It would be useless for me to pretend not to be affected by it,” replied Gabriel, “because from my position I was much in the deceased’s company; but I have seen death in far more terrible guises than this.”

“I concluded that you must have been in the presence of death before now, and in its presence in a more sombre form.”

“Your conjecture is correct, Sir John. It has been my painful duty to step in once or twice into scenes of heart-rending destruction to human life.”

Just as Sir John was turning away, Mr. Venn came up, and said,—“Your favourite subject, I mean the sea, has terrified us all recently.”

“I have been carried away,” replied Yoreth, “more by its grandeur than by its terror. The issues of life and death naturally came before us all when the storm was at its height, but I am afraid the vicissitudes of the last three months have rendered me, morally, much the same as when those who live in constant physical dangers become reckless of life.”

“I do not exactly understand your position. Am I to infer that death has no terror for you in all its issues, or only in some?”

“My meaning is this, that the mere act of dying gives me no sense of dread, much as is the case with soldiers, sometimes in the thick of battle, when they make no account at all of the act of separating body and soul; nevertheless I deeply dread the great afterwards which must follow.”

“That is to say, you have no fear as to the visible aspect of the question, but as to

what relates to the unseen. Does not this betoken want of faith?”

It gave Mr. Venn much pleasure to elicit the home-made ideas of Gabriel, and this accounts for some of the questions he pressed upon him; and, moreover, he desired to lead Yoreth into the path of thought and meditation, since opportunities of reading good books and conversing with many good men would be removed from him during the period of his servitude.

“I have not succeeded in analysing this feeling of terror, in fact I have scarcely tried to obtain its analysis. But I may safely assert that it does not arise from neglect of prayer; nor does it spring from my failing to realize, now and then, the nearness, the gentle power, and the illimitable Fatherhood of God.”

In their voyage from the Thames to the Cape, a strong attachment had been formed between the two young men,—one with his life seemingly blighted, and the other on the point of entering upon a sphere which he had idealized and meditated upon from childhood; and though the missionary was the senior of Yoreth only by a few years, yet his position and more finished training raised him to a distinct vantage ground.

Closer surveillance was exercised over the convicts as the ship neared the Cape, where the missionary and his wife landed for the purpose of entering the interior of the country; and though their parting with Yoreth was but brief, yet it was such in sympathy and moral stimulus as to afford him courage and strength for years to come.

There embarked at the Cape a few passengers for Australia, of the number of whom was a gentleman, by name Mr. Selby Wilson, who paid a visit of inspection to Cape Colony, and then embarked with the same mission in view with regard to South Australia.

As soon as Sir John Smiles saw Mr. Wilson on deck he remembered meeting him in London previous to his departure to the Cape. Before long their conversation converged upon the names and the quality of the passengers on board, and Mr. Wilson received London papers by the ship detailing the account of Gabriel’s trial.

There were some features of the affair,—such as the labour question, and the relation of labour to religion,—that evoked his attentive consideration; nevertheless but very little sympathy was evinced by him towards the convict from Abervale, and when some of the phases of the labour riots were discussed with Sir John, he used a mode of argument which could by no stretch of fancy be deemed valid.

"I take it," said Mr. Wilson, "the judge and the jury, as compared with us here, were in circumstances of special advantage for coming to an unbiased conclusion as to the merit of different items in the evidence pointing to the guilt of this young man."

"There are two points at least," replied Sir John, "in the remark you have just made, with which I feel I cannot express my unqualified agreement. It is certainly not the case that those who stand in close proximity to an event are mostly the best fitted to pass judgment or opinion upon its issues; and, moreover, an argument such as you found on the advantage possessed by the judge above all others in deciding the case, is merely an old fallacy under disguise, which is tantamount to claiming boundless reverence and infallibility to the verdict of one acting under the authority of the bench."

If Sir John had been informed that Mr. Wilson was related to the judge who presided over Gabriel's trial, he could not have couched his rejoinder with more telling precision. Mental bias in many an instance must form for us one of the inscrutable factors which co-operate in the formation of our ideas, decisions, and characters. Its hidden springs so mysteriously warp our judgment that it becomes a sacred duty we owe ourselves and others, in forming opinions upon vital subjects, to guard against the secret impulse of unperceived motives which may lead us on at their own wild caprice. Mr. Wilson's friendliness and relationship to the judge who pronounced an exemplary sentence upon Gabriel, had the effect of rousing in him an amount of antagonism against the youthful convict, which seemed to others to be quite unaccountable.

From this state of things there arose

prolonged discussions on deck and at table, as if the prosecution and the defence had taken up the case afresh; so manfully did Sir John defend, and so eagerly also did Mr. Wilson essay to stigmatize the rabble of the colliery district where the riots occurred, and the presumptuous daring of the youth who had the foolhardiness to place himself at the head of such an unruly assemblage. The unfriendly attitude of Mr. Wilson towards Yoreth produced much more effect in enlisting the sympathy of Sir John, than did the kindly offices and sympathetic arguments of Mr. Venn on his behalf.

"It appears to me, Sir John," said Mr. Wilson on one occasion, "that you have much kindness for the Welsh convict on board."

"Your conclusion on this point is correct, Mr. Wilson, and I cannot help the conviction I have, that he has been greatly wronged in being compelled to put on the convict's garb."

"I admire the British resolve you evince in the defence you set up in favour of this poor fellow." At that moment Gabriel was in sight but not within hearing.

"As soon as I complete my present business in the colonies," continued Sir John, "I shall make a point of investigating the affair to the utmost of my resources, for I am quite persuaded that an egregious error has been committed somewhere. Though I have no desire, before I institute inquiries, to traverse the finding of the jury and the verdict of the judge, yet I venture to assert, without fear of contradiction, that the summing up of Mr. Justice J——, as we have it reported, assumes the appearance of a partisan speech rather than that of a calm judicial statement."

"You cannot but consider it to be most probable that a youth, under the exciting circumstances in which this convict was placed, would naturally be carried to commit a reckless act of the kind ascribed to him."

"If you argue from probability, that species of argument may serve equally well the other way, and thus it may be maintained that his power of self-control was so conspicuous that it is most probable he would sustain calm equilibrium in spite

of the turmoil which he had calculated upon as possible to subvene. In dangerous callings, such as that of a miner, a sense of manhood, together with the power of prompt action, is more early developed than in other cases; and in accordance with this fact, the lad had been accustomed to fulfil duties which required the exercise of much discrimination and tact before he had seen his nineteenth birthday."

"If your estimation of his qualities be correct," said Mr. Wilson, "he is decidedly remarkable; yet I cannot perceive anything about him to justify so highly coloured a calculation."

"Since you appear to canvass my appreciation of his character, I should like to point out a feature which strikes me as forming its chief excellence."

"What is that, Sir John?"

"I refer to his undoubted religious disposition. I have no great liking for these paragons of piety we sometimes meet, but when I come across an instance of intelligent, genial, unobtrusive piety, devoid of cant and Phariseism, I am irresistibly drawn to admire the genuine article, no matter who is the man that carries it,—or rather who is carried by it,—even if he be a convict."

THE MENDICANT ORDERS IN WALES.

I.—MONASTICISM.

THE religious orders are the outcome of the most corrupt and degraded periods of the history of the world. Their high ideals, the severity of their discipline, their contempt for all earthly pleasures and honours,—these could exist only as a protest against a world full of iniquity and vice.

In mediæval history there are three times at which law and morality utterly broke down. The first is the time of the dissolution of the Roman Empire, the second is the time of the fall of the Holy Roman Empire, and the third is the time of the dissolution of old bonds caused by the Crusades. The three times of dissolution were caused by the coming of three barbarian hordes,—first came the Teutons and Slavs from the north-east, then came the Danes from the wintry north, and then came the Saracens across the burning sands of Arabia. Before these destroyers, all the bonds of the old morality and of the old religion were loosened, and the world became very evil. Unrighteousness, tyranny, and irreligion stalked through the earth, unopposed and uncondemned. Man became a wolf to man, lust and cruelty and oppression went hand in hand. The impregnable stone castle and the coat of mail proof against the sharpest arrow-head, the self-reliance and

courage which came from the belief that might was right, the helplessness and indolent despair of the oppressed,—all these seemed to show that oppression had made the world its eternal home, and that mercy and love had taken wing for ever.

It was as a protest against these times that monasticism arose and was so often revived. The monk saw that an inordinate passion for wealth and power was one of the roots of evil, so he took upon him vows of life-long poverty. He saw that love had degenerated into a coarse sexual lust, and he vowed that he would live a life of celibacy. He saw that man despised man, and that his horse and hound were more precious in the sight of many a noble than the souls of his vassals; so he determined to forget his family relationship, and to look upon the meanest as his brother in Christ. He saw that the world was very evil, without hope of salvation; so he turned his back upon it, and retired into the wilderness,—into some sea-girt headland, into some remote valley, to some inaccessible mountain,—where he might hold communion with God far away from the feverish life of the sinful world.

Monasticism is characteristic of the mediæval world; in the modern world it is but the shadow of what it has been. One reason for this, perhaps, is that the in-

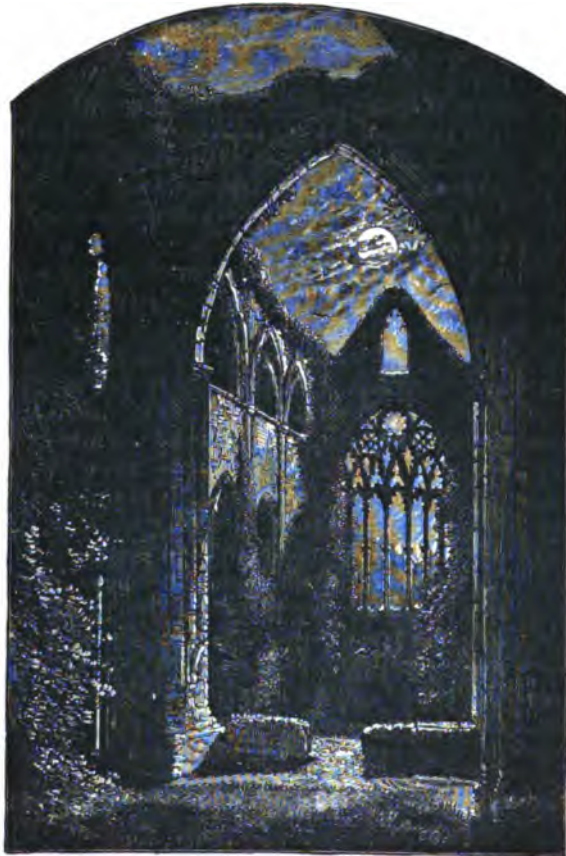
iquity of the world is not so great now but that it may be conquered, men's hopes prevent them from giving the struggle up. Another reason undoubtedly is that the principle of monasticism has been discovered to be false. It is not by retiring from the world on account of the magnitude of its evil that a man becomes a saint, but by throwing himself into it and trying to make it better. It is not by condemning

exile, and became stronger than ever. No more heinous sins could be committed than those conjured up by the wild imagination of a passionate monk,—an imagination which no abstemiousness or penance could deaden. In trying to eradicate his passions, he inflamed them. They took visible shape,—he called them the devil,—and tyrannized over him. We see now that it is hopeless and useless to deaden passions by penance; we believe that a man becomes holy by sanctifying all the passions of his nature, and turning them into a power for good. The modern prayer is,—

“O in every gift and passion
Sanctify me, Lord of light,
Changeless purity of heaven
Be my feeble spirit's might,
That I err not
There or hither from thy path.”

But, whether its severe ideals were mistaken or not, the monastic movement is one of the strangest and one of the most important in the history of the world. It stood forth against the oppression of kings that feared neither God nor man, and the people saw the mightiest monarch of his day standing for three days barefoot in the snow, in a penitent's garb, praying for the blessing of an old man whose hand shook from weakness brought about by penance. Monasticism brought with it schools and the advancement of science. It presided over mighty religious awakenings which, before they spent their force, raised mankind and left, as a heritage to all ages, hymns that the French Reformers have not always equalled, and that the Welsh Reformers have not always surpassed.

The struggle between the Romans and the barbarians, a struggle that ended in the fall of the Roman Empire, filled the world with savage injustice and immorality. From those dim times the history of Glastonbury Abbey comes down. Its marshy retreats became the refuge of learning and religion, and it held up the light of civilisation through long centuries of darkness. Traditions gathered thickly around it,—in it Arthur reposed, waiting



TINTERN ABBEY.

marriage and by living a life of celibacy that a man makes the world purer; it is by showing what a mighty power for purity and charity marriage is. It is not by retiring into the wilderness to brood over his own temptations that a man becomes holy, it is by forgetting himself and by throwing himself into a life of hard work for his fellow men. Temptations followed the monk into the seclusion of his

for the time of his awakening to save his country, while his enemies were surging on; in it slept Joseph of Arimathea, who had brought Christianity by divine guidance into this hallowed spot; in it lay St. Patrick and St. David, Paulinus and Aidan, Gildas and Bede,—the Irish and Welsh saint, the Roman and Irish missionary, the Welsh and English historian, in peace side by side. The piety of after ages enriched it with relics, and the list shows the growth of its superstition as well as of its power,—part of Rachel's tomb, part of Moses' book, some manna, six stones of the pavement of the temple, two pieces of the manger, some of the gold offered by the wise men, one of the vessels in which Christ turned the water into wine, one of the stones which the devil proposed to Christ to turn into bread, one of the five loaves with which our Lord fed five thousand persons, a bit of the hem of his garment.

Charles the Great revived the Roman Empire in connection with the Christian church. On Christmas eve, 800, the Pope placed on his head the golden crown of the world. But before long the Holy Roman Empire was in turn assailed by the barbarians of the north. Great ideals vanished with Otto "the wonder of the world," and darkness began to cover the nations again. The year 1000 was coming, and men believed that the end of the world was close at hand, and that Christ was coming to judge the quick and the dead. The world was full of ruins, which harboured giants of iniquity and all uncleanness. In this iron time the great Cluny revival took place, and life was again thrown into the enervated and corrupt Christianity of the Holy Roman Empire. One of its direct results was that wonderful religious fervour which sent thousands

and thousands to fight against the Saracen on the sands of Egypt or among the barren rocks of Palestine. The bones of many of them were left bleaching on those parched plains; some came home, "having finished their salvation and got rid of their consciences."

The Crusades had two great effects. They made Christianity militant. The Christian no longer turned his other cheek; he went about clad in mail, and carrying a sword that was ever ready to leap from its scabbard. So we find the beginning of the military orders,—the Knights Templars, the Knights Hospitallers, the Teutonic Knights, the Order of Calatrava, of Alcantara, and of Saniago. Every one of these has a history almost too strange to believe.

The other result of the Crusades was irreligion and immorality. Contact with strange lands opened men's eyes. Commerce flourished, and brought luxury in its train. Strange religions were discovered and studied, and the spirit of atheism spread its wings over the world. Men broke out of their old isolation, and began to despise their old creeds. With the spices and the gold of the east came all its vices and its plagues.

It was as a protest against this enervating immorality, against this shallow atheism, against this blindness to all spiritual truth, that the Mendicant Orders rose. Suddenly men appeared who despised wealth, who hated sin, who believed. The Cistercians loved the mountains, the Augustines loved the plains, the Dominicans loved the forest, the Franciscans loved the towns,—but they all loved mankind.

It is the history of these orders in Wales,—described when at the height of their power by Giraldus Cambrensis, and while in their decline by Dafydd ab Gwilym,—that I am going to relate.

400-500. FALL OF ROMAN EMPIRE. 410, Alaric takes Rome. 515, *Benedictine Order*.

800-1000. STRUGGLE BETWEEN HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE AND BARBARIANS. 800. Charles the Frank crowned Emperor by Leo III. Danes and Normans from north, Saracens from south,—avalanche and lava stream,—pour over Europe. Flight of Mahomet from Mecca to Medina, 622; Omar conquers Jerusalem, 637; Saracens defeated at Tours, 732. Europe defended by Charles and Leo the Isaurian. 1002. Death of Otto III. Seljuk Turks appearing. *Cluny Reform*.

1095-1250. CRUSADES AGAINST TURKS. 1187. Saladin retakes Jerusalem. 1189. Death of Frederick Barbarossa.

THE MILITARY ORDERS,—1099, Knights Hospitallers; 1118, Knights Templars; 1190, Teutonic Knights; Spanish Orders of Alcantara, 1156; Calatrava, 1164; Saniago, 1175.

THE MENDICANT ORDERS,—Franciscans, 1209; Dominicans, 1206; Augustines, 1150; Carmelites, 1160.

THE ITINERARY THROUGH WALES.

BOOK I.—CHAPTER III.

EWYAS AND LLANTHONI IN 1188.

IN the deep vale of Ewyas, which is about an arrow-shot broad, encircled on all sides by lofty mountains, stands the church of Saint John the Baptist, covered with lead and an arched roof of stone; and, considering the nature of the place, not unhandsomely constructed, on the very spot where the humble chapel of David, the archbishop, had formerly stood decorated only with moss and ivy,—a situation truly calculated for religion, and more adapted to canonical discipline than all the monasteries of the British isle. It was founded by two hermits, in honour of the retired life, far removed from the bustle of mankind, in a solitary vale watered by the river Honddu. From Honddu it was called Llanhonddu, for Llan signifies an ecclesiastical place. This derivation may appear far-fetched, for the name of the place in Welsh is Nanthonddu. Nant signifies a running stream, from whence this place is still called by the inhabitants Llanddewi Nanthonddu, or the church of Saint David upon the river Honddu. The English therefore corruptly call it Llanthoni, whereas it should either be called Nanthonddu, that is, the brook of the Honddu, or Llanhonddu, the church upon the Honddu. Owing to its mountainous situation the rains are frequent, the winds boisterous, and the clouds in winter almost continual. The air, though heavy, is healthy; and diseases are so rare that the brotherhood, when worn out by long toil and affliction during their residence with the daughter, retiring to this asylum, and to their mother's lap, soon regain their long-wished-for health.* For, as my *Topographical History of Ireland* testifies, in proportion as we proceed to the eastward, the face of the sky is more pure and subtile, and the air more piercing and inclement; but as we draw nearer to the westward, the air becomes more cloudy,

but at the same time is more temperate and healthy. Here the monks, sitting in their cloisters, enjoying the fresh air, when they happen to look up towards the horizon, behold the tops of the mountains, as it were, touching the heavens, and herds of wild deer feeding on their summits; the body of the sun does not become visible above the heights of the mountains, even in a clear atmosphere, till about the first hour, or a little before. A place truly fitted for contemplation, a happy and delightful spot, fully competent, from its first establishment, to supply all its own wants, had not the extravagance of English luxury, the pride of a sumptuous table, the increasing growth of intemperance and ingratitude, added to the negligence of its patrons and prelates, reduced it from freedom to servility; and if the step-daughter, no less enviously than odiously, had not supplanted her mother.

It seems worthy of remark that all the priors who were hostile to this establishment, died by divine visitation. William, who first despoiled the place of its herds and storehouses, being deposed by the fraternity, forfeited his right of sepulture amongst the priors. Clement seemed to like this place of study and prayer, yet, after the example of Heli the priest, as he neither reprov'd nor restrained his brethren from plunder and other offences, he died by a paralytic stroke. And Roger, who was more an enemy to this place than either of his predecessors, and openly carried away everything which they had left behind, wholly robbing the church of its books, ornaments, and privileges, was also struck with a paralytic affection long before his death, resigned his honours, and lingered out the remainder of his days in sickness.

In the reign of King Henry the First, when the mother church was as celebrated for her affluence as for her sanctity,—two qualities which are seldom found thus united,—the daughter not yet being in existence,—and I sincerely wish she never had been produced,—the fame of so much

* The mother church at Nant Honddu, and the young branch of it established at Gloucester.

religion attracted hither Roger, bishop of Salisbury, who was at that time prime minister; for it is virtue to love virtue, even in another man, and a great proof of innate goodness to show a detestation of those vices which hitherto have not been avoided. When he had reflected with admiration on the nature of the place, the solitary life of the fraternity, living in canonical obedience, and serving God without a murmur or complaint, he returned to the king, and related to him what he thought most worthy of remark; and after spending the greater part of the day in the praises of this place, he finished his panegyric with these words, — “Why should I say more? the whole treasure of the king and his kingdom would not be sufficient to build such a cloister.” Having held the minds of the king and the court for a long time in suspense by this assertion, he at length explained the enigma by saying that he alluded to the cloister of mountains, by which this church is on every side surrounded. But William, a knight, who first discovered this place, and his companion Ervistus, a priest, having heard, perhaps, as it is written in the Fathers, according to the opinion of Jerome, “that the church of Christ decreased in virtues as it increased in riches,” were accustomed often devoutly to solicit the Lord that this place might never attain great possessions. They were exceedingly concerned when this religious foundation began to be enriched by its first lord and patron, Hugh de Lacy, and by the lands and ecclesiastical benefices conferred upon it by the bounty of others of the faithful,—from their predilection to poverty they rejected many offers of manors and churches; and being situated in a wild spot, they would not suffer the thick and wooded parts of the valley to be cultivated and levelled, lest they should be tempted to recede from their hermitical mode of life.

But whilst the establishment of the mother church increased daily in riches and endowments, availing herself of the hostile state of the country, a rival daughter sprang up at Gloucester, under the protection of Milo, earl of Hereford; as if by divine providence, and through

the merits of the saints and prayers of those holy men,—of whom two lie buried before the high altar,—it were destined that the daughter church should be founded in superfluities, whilst the mother continued in that laudable state of mediocrity which she had always affected and coveted. Let the active therefore reside there, the contemplative here; there the pursuit of terrestrial riches, here the love of celestial delights; there let them enjoy the concourse of men, here the presence of angels; there let the powerful of this world be entertained, here let the poor of Christ be relieved; there, I say, let human actions and declamations be heard, but here let reading and prayers be heard only in whispers; there let opulence, the parent and nurse of vice, increase with cares, here let the virtuous and golden mean be all-sufficient.

In both places the canonical discipline instituted by Augustine, which is now distinguished above all other orders, is observed; for the Benedictines, when their wealth was increased by the fervour of charity, and multiplied by the bounty of the faithful, under the pretext of a bad dispensation, corrupted by gluttony and indulgence an order which in its original state of poverty was held in high estimation. The Cistercian order, derived from the former, at first deserved praise and commendation from its adhering voluntarily to the original vows of poverty and sanctity; until ambition, the blind mother of mischief, unable to fix bounds to prosperity, was introduced; for as Seneca says,—“Too great happiness makes men greedy, nor are their desires ever so temperate as to terminate in what is acquired:” a step is made from great things to greater, and men having attained what they did not expect, form the most unbounded hopes.

The mountains are full of herds and horses, the woods well stored with swine and goats, the pastures with sheep, the plains with cattle, the arable fields with ploughs; and although these things in very deed are in great abundance, yet each of them, from the insatiable nature of the mind, seems too narrow and scanty. Therefore lands are seized, landmarks

removed, boundaries invaded, and the markets in consequence abound with merchandise, the courts of justice with law suits, and the senate with complaints. Concerning such things we read in Isaiah,—"Woe unto them that join house to house, that lay field to field, till there be no place, that they be placed alone in the midst of the earth."

If, therefore, the prophet inveighs so much against those who proceed to the boundaries, what would he say to those who go far beyond them? From these and other causes, the true colour of religion was so converted into the dye of falsehood, that manners internally black assumed a fair exterior,—

"Reverse of white is now what once was white enough."

So that the scripture seems to be fulfilled concerning these men,—*"Beware of false prophets, who come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravenous wolves."* But I am inclined to think this avidity does not proceed from any bad intention. For the monks of this order, although themselves most abstemious, incessantly exercise, more than any others, the acts of charity and beneficence towards the poor and strangers; and because they do not live as others upon fixed incomes, but depend only on their labour and forethought for subsistence, they are anxious to obtain lands, farms, and pastures which may enable them to perform these acts of hospitality. However, to repress and remove from this sacred order the detestable stigma of ambition, I wish they would sometimes call to mind what is written in *Ecclesiasticus*,—"Whoso bringeth an offering of the goods of the poor, doth as one that killeth the son before his father's eyes;" and also the sentiment of Gregory,—*"A good use does not justify things badly acquired;"* and also that of Ambrose,—*"He who wrongfully receives, that he may well dispense, is rather burthened than assisted."* Such men seem to say with the Apostle,—*"Let us do evil that good may come."* For it is written,—*"Mercy ought to be of such a nature as may be received, not rejected, which may purge away sins, not make a*

man guilty before the Lord, arising from your own just labours, not those of other men." Hear what Solomon says,—*"Honour the Lord from your just labours."* What shall they say who have seized upon other men's possessions, and exercised charity? "O Lord! in thy name we have done charitable deeds, we have fed the poor, clothed the naked, and hospitably received the stranger;" to whom the Lord will answer,—*"Ye speak of what ye have given away, but speak not of the rapine ye have committed; ye relate concerning those ye have fed, and remember not those ye have killed."*

I have judged it proper to insert in this place an instance of an answer which Richard, king of the English, made to Fulke, a good and holy man, by whom God in these our days has wrought many signs in the kingdom of France. This man had, among other things, said to the king,—*"You have three daughters, namely, Pride, Luxury, and Avarice; and as long as they shall remain with you, you can never expect to be in favour with God."* To which the king, after a short pause, replied,—*"I have already given away those daughters in marriage, Pride to the Templars, Luxury to the Black Monks, and Avarice to the White."*

It is a remarkable circumstance, or rather a miracle, concerning Llanthoni, that, although it is on every side surrounded by lofty mountains, not stony or rocky, but of a soft nature, and covered with grass, Parian stones are frequently found there, and are called free-stones, from the facility with which they admit of being cut and polished; and with these the church is beautifully built. It is also wonderful that when, after a diligent search, all the stones have been removed from the mountains, and no more can be found, upon another search, a few days afterwards, they reappear in greater quantities to those who seek them.

With respect to the two Orders, the Cluniac and the Cistercian, this may be relied upon; although the latter are possessed of fine buildings, with ample revenues and estates, they will soon be reduced to poverty and destruction. To the former, on the contrary, you would

allot a barren desert and a solitary wood ; yet in a few years you will find them in possession of sumptuous churches and houses, and encircled with an extensive property. The difference of manners, as it appears to me, causes this contrast. For as without meaning offence to either party, I shall speak the truth, the one feels the benefits of sobriety, parsimony, and prudence, whilst the other suffers from the bad effects of gluttony and intemperance ; the one, like bees, collect their stores into a heap, and unanimously agree in the disposal of one well-regulated purse ; the others pillage and divert to improper uses the largesses which have been collected by divine assistance, and by the bounties of the faithful, and whilst each individual consults solely his own interest, the welfare of the community suffers ; since, as Sallust observes, — “ Small things increase by concord, and the greatest are wasted by discord.” Besides, sooner than lessen the number of one of the thirteen or fourteen dishes which they claim by right of custom, or even in a time of scarcity or famine recede in the smallest degree from their accustomed good fare, they would suffer the richest lands and the best buildings of the monastery to become a prey to usury, and the numerous poor to perish before their gates.

The first of these Orders, at a time when there was a deficiency in grain, with a

laudable charity not only gave away their flocks and herds, but resigned to the poor one of the two dishes with which they were always contented. But in these our days, in order to remove this stain, it is ordained by the Cistercians,—“That in future neither farms nor pastures shall be purchased ; and that they shall be satisfied with those alone which have been freely and unconditionally bestowed upon them.” This Order, therefore, being satisfied more than any other with humble mediocrity, and, if not wholly, yet in a great degree checking their ambition ; and though placed in a worldly situation, yet avoiding, as much as possible, its contagion ; neither notorious for gluttony or drunkenness, for luxury or lust ; is fearful and ashamed of incurring public scandal, as will be more fully explained in the book we mean, by the grace of God, to write concerning the ecclesiastical Orders.

In these temperate regions I have obtained, according to the usual expression, a place of dignity, but no great omen of future pomp or riches ; and possessing a small residence near the castle of Brycheiniog, well adapted to literary pursuits, and to the contemplation of eternity, I envy not the riches of Croesus ; happy and contented with that mediocrity which I prize far beyond all the perishable and transitory things of this world. But let us return to our subject.

THE SONG OF THE FISHERMAN'S WIFE.

Cân Gwraig y Pysgotwr (Alun).

HUSH, restless wave and rockward gently
 No longer sullen break, [creeping,
 All nature now is still and peaceful sleeping
 And why art *thou* awake ?
 The busy din of earth will soon be o'er,
 Rest thee, O rest, upon thy sandy shore.

Peace, restless sea ; even now my heart's best
 Thou bearest on thy breast, [treasure
 On thee he spends a life which knows no leisure
 A scanty wage to wrest ;
 Be kind, O sea, whose limits boundless are
 And rest, O rest, upon thy sandy bar.

Ah cease to murmur ; stay thy waves from warring
 And bid thy steeds be still.
 Why should'st thou rage when not a breath is
 The tree-tops on the hill ? [stirring

To sheltered haven bring my husband's bark
 Ere yet the shadows fall and night grows dark.

Full well may women weep, we wives and
 Whose men are on the deep, [daughters
 But who can tell our anguish when thy waters
 'Neath angry tempests leap ?
 Be gentle to him, sea, and rage no more,
 But rest, O rest, upon thy sandy shore.

Thou heedest not, O sea, without compassion,
 But ravest for thy prey ;
 I turn to One who can control thy passion
 And wildest billows lay ;
 And He will take my loved one 'neath His care,
 And *make* thee rest upon thy sandy bar.

E. O. J.

QUARRYING AT BETHESDA.

IT would be very interesting work to trace the history of the Penrhyn Slate Quarries during the last 150 years, and to consider the improvements introduced, from time to time, in the methods of working, and in the relations between master and man. Nor would it be unprofitable, from many points of view, to inquire into the causes and the results of the great strike of 1864, and of the still more important strike of 1874, with its vast consequences to the industrial, social, political, and religious life of the quarryman. All this, however, I must pass by, and confine my remarks to the quarryman himself and his work.

Before we can form an approximately correct idea of what the quarryman's work is, we must watch him working in what, in technical terms, are called *y twll* and *y lan*,—terms which we shall presently explain.

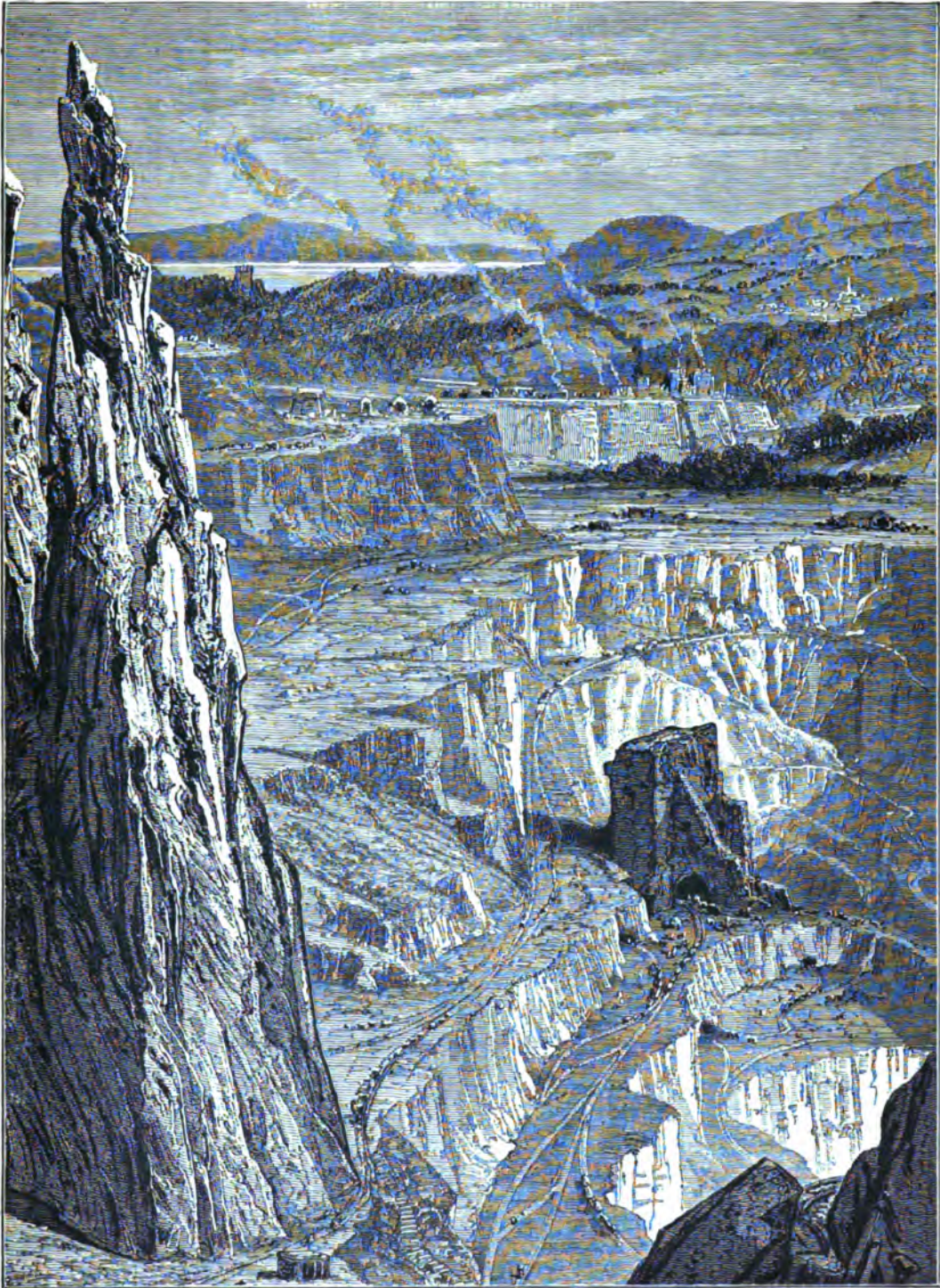
The quarry itself is a vast excavation made into the very heart of the mountain, in which at present about 3,000 men are working. The excavation is made in three directions,—(1) towards the south, this side being called the left side; (2) towards the west, this side being called the right, and meeting the other at right angles; (3) down towards the heart of the earth. We therefore see before us in all directions nothing but bare rocks, presenting, nevertheless, "to the view a variety of picturesque and magnificent scenery, richly deserving the inspection of the artist." The number of different kinds of rock and their collocations destroy monotony. There is the hard (or lower) blue, the hard red with its bright colour, the soft (or old) blue, the striped red, the soft grey bastard and the hard grey bastard, resounding like an anvil under the workman's tools, the silky vein of ruddy hue, and the green rock,—which is the highest formation of the slate rocks,—a kind of gritty formation called red granite, and the hard granite separating the soft from the bastard rocks; and particularly noticeable is the "*gwenithfaen du*," running from the

top of the mountain almost to the lowest parts of the quarry, about two or three yards wide, being a dyke of burnt ashes, and being, like the other dykes, of green stone that shines brilliantly with abundance of quartz of the greatest transparency and most curious forms, the result of volcanic eruptions, filling up cracks caused by contraction in the different formations.

From the top of the quarry to the bottom there would be a perpendicular drop of about 935 feet. It is not, however, as one drop that we find it. One Mr. Greenfield, appointed manager of the quarry about the year 1799, seeing the blocks loosened from the rock breaking into pieces, and thus causing much loss, began to work the rock into galleries averaging 55 feet deep and 37 feet broad. The quarry has thus the appearance of a flight of stairs on a very large scale. Of these galleries there are at present about 34, each called by a particular name, such as *Ponc Twrch*, *Gwaelod Uchaf*, *Workhouse*, *Jolly Fawr*, &c. The number of workmen placed on each of these galleries corresponds to its length, the nature of the rock, and other matters; and by a man working *yn y twll* is meant a man working on an apportioned part of the rock in one of these galleries.

The term quarryman is a general name for more than one class of workmen; and nothing can better help us to form a fair idea of the full life of each day in a quarry than explaining the part of the work done by each class.

First, then, we name the *bad-rock-men*. Of these, three partners, as a rule, form what is called a *crew*. They work in bad rock, that is, rock from which no slates can be worked. They take what is called a *bargain*, i.e., a particular part of the rock, averaging ten yards in width, with the entire depth of the gallery as height; and it is their duty to pull this down, to carry it away in waggons, and cast it as refuse over the dip. On the first day of each month, a steward goes to each of these galleries "to set" or make contracts



THE BETHESDA QUARRIES, WITH THE MENAI IN THE DISTANCE.

with the crews; and after some disputing and bickering, the one party asking for more than he is likely to get, and the other offering less than he is ready to give, they at last come to an agreement somewhat like the following,—the three partners are to work their bargain for 11d. per ton, i.e., they are to receive 11d. for every ton of rock they clear away. Every waggon load, usually weighing about two tons, is weighed on a machine, and entered in a book opposite the crew's number by the machiner. Sometimes, according to the nature of the rock, the terms of agreement vary, as, for example, 10d. per ton and 3s. per square yard. This triumvirate must provide their own tools, powder, &c.

There are also the *rubbishmen*, whose duty it is to clear away all the rubbish from the gallery before the bargains of the quarrymen proper, at the rate of so much per ton. Their minimum wages is about 3s. 4d. per day, and many of them, especially during short winter days or owing to wet weather, must work exceedingly hard so as to be able to reach this minimum.

A crew of quarrymen, in the restricted sense of the term, is generally made up of three men and a journeyman. The latter is usually a boy or a young man working for so much fixed wages per month, the three partners alone to be responsible for it. Of these four, two work in *y tull* (the gallery), and two in *y lan* (a workshed), and before we can understand the whole process through which a piece of rock passes until it becomes a slate ready to be placed on a roof, we must carefully follow the work of each of these pairs of quarrymen.

And it is with the two working in the gallery that we must begin. They have a bargain, 55 feet deep and 27 feet wide, on which to work. At the beginning of the month they contract to work on terms of what is called *poundage*, which we shall presently explain. Now behold the two men climbing, by means of a rope, to a height say of 36 feet. There they stand on a step of about 19 square feet, and begin to consider how they may best pull down from the rock the block on which they stand. They agree that the first

thing they must do is to bore a hole as nearly as they can along the cleavage of the rock, in which they put powder; and after the blasting, the outer part of the block has been partly separated from the mountain by a very narrow cleft. But it is only partly, for one side of it still pushes into the rock, and it must be separated on this side also. This is often done by what is called *pillaring*, but oftener powder must do duty here again. A hole is therefore bored from the outer surface of the block, until it reaches the afore-mentioned cleft. But how is this done? The men fasten a square wooden board, each of the sides of which measures about four feet, by its corners by means of a rope, taking great care that the lengths of the rope from each corner be equal; they bring together the ends of these parts, and fasten them to another rope which has been secured at the top of the gallery. It is on this board that the men now work, the one sitting cosily in a corner turning the auger, and taking care to hold it as nearly as possible on the pillarage of the rock, the other striking with a hammer. The explosion of the powder rammed into this hole generally throws down our block of rock. But suppose it fails to do so. The two men now let down two ropes, go down along them to the block, wind the ropes round their waists, and by means of crowbars force the block down from beneath their feet, while they themselves hang by the ropes in mid-air like a spider by his web.

Now suppose our block to be a representative one as to quality and shape. Let it be 4 feet 4 inches long, 4 feet 8 inches wide, and 3 feet thick. Before touching the block, the skilful quarryman asks himself,—What can be best got out of this block? How am I to make it yield me the greatest sum of money? We will take for granted that the following is the course he decides upon. First, then, he splits it right in the middle. Then, with a suitable tool called *gouge*, he cuts, right in the middle, across one end of the upper half of the block, a narrow, shallow ditch running at right angles to the previous cleft, or as nearly parallel as possible to the pillarage of the rock. Running a somewhat sharp-pointed chisel

along this ditch, and striking it with a hammer, each step as it moves, at last separates this upper half of the block into two parts. The same process is repeated with each of these halves. The other half of the original block is trimmed in exactly the same manner. Each of these eight pillars is again split into two of equal thickness, then each of these again is similarly treated, until ultimately each of the eight pillars of 4 feet 4 inches long, by 14 inches wide, has been split into twelve separate pieces, each being three quarters of an inch thick. The work of these two men with our original block is now finished. They therefore place these pillars on a waggon, and send them on to the shed in which the other partner and the journeyman work; that is, the two that work *yn y lan*.

We now consider the work of these men. They begin by turning one of these pillars with one side up, then in the middle and across that side they cut a Λ -shaped slit; they then turn this side down, and, with a huge wooden mallet of about 20lbs. weight, strike on the other side, now turned up, exactly opposite the slit. The pillar then cuts transversely. Each of these pieces is now $\frac{1}{8}$ part of the original block, and when this process has been applied to each of the other pillars we shall ultimately have 384 blocks, each measuring 26 inches long, 14 inches wide, three quarters of an inch thick. Now the partner, by means of a small wooden mallet and a thin Λ -shaped chisel, the broad end being the sharpened end, splits each of these blocks again into eight separate sheets. These he places in a heap on his right-hand side, and his work is done. Then comes the journeyman's part. He sits on what is called a *travel*, i.e., a wooden bench of about 5 feet in length, in which, at about equal distances from each end, is fixed a thin iron bar, about $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet long and one foot high, the blade being about three inches wide. The journeyman takes up one of the above thin sheets in his left hand, puts one end of it to rest on the *travel*, and the other on his left knee, and then proceeds to "dress" it; that is, with an iron knife with steel-sharpened edge, about 18 inches long and $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches wide,

having a slight bend in the handle to protect the workman's thumb, he cuts one end and a side at right angles to each other. Then, with a suitable measuring rod, he measures off a length of 24 inches and a width of 12 inches, and then cuts, guided by these marks, parallel to the previous cut sides. We have now a square slate ready for the market.

I may here remark that, instead of this *travel*, hand-knife, and measuring rod, machines worked by traddle and spring have been invented, which are now fast ousting the above time-honoured mode of working; and it is possible that, in a near future, quarrymen will have but a vague idea of how their forefathers used to work.

Now, out of our original block of $60\frac{3}{4}$ cubic feet, we have succeeded in getting 3,072 slates, each 24 inches long by 12 inches wide. For each hundred of slates of this size the quarrymen is, at present, paid 2s. 10d. It is, however, necessary to understand how he counts his hundred, which is neither 100 nor 112. He counts his slates by threes, each three being collectively called a *mwrrw*; and of these threes there are 42, and two unit slates in addition, in every hundred. A hundred then for the workmen means 128. Consequently out of the original block the quarryman gets $3,072 \div 128 = 24$ hundreds; or, in terms of money, he has earned $24 \times 2\frac{5}{8} = 68$ s. This, however, does not represent the total wages of the crew for working this block. What is actually paid by the employer varies according to the terms of the contract under which the crew is working. Let us suppose that our crew works at a poundage of £2; that is, that for every 20 shillings' worth of slates he produces the workman is to receive £3. On these terms the actual earnings of our crew would amount to £10 4s.

It may not be uninteresting to those who know nothing about quarrying to be told also that the quarryman has a name for each size of slates. Very large blocks of a certain quality, and exceeding a certain length and breadth, are sent down to the quarry mills, where they are sawn, polished, and trimmed into grave stones, cistern stones, &c. I quote the following

passage from Hugh Derfel Hughes' "Antiquities of Llanllechid and Llan-degai" (page 124),—

"About the beginning of this century, a slate merchant, of the name of Mr. Docer, going through the quarry with Lord Penrhyn, advised him that all the slates should be made of such and such a size, and this is the origin of the name *Docers*. By this time the skill of the quarryman and of the slater found some new plan continually. One wanted to do this, and another that, and his Lordship failed to please everybody. His Lady, however, seeing him in this plight, and in continual trouble, advised him to call the slates after the names of the degrees of the aristocracy. He took up the suggestion, and called the 24 × 12 slate a *Duchess*, the 20 × 10 a *Countess*, and the 16 × 8 a *Lady*."

By our time, however, we have a great variety of these rock aristocrats; for we have Queens; big, small, and narrow Duchesses; big, small, and narrow Countesses and Ladies, &c.

Before dismissing the question of the quarryman and his work, one other species of workmen deserves honourable mention. He is the *rybelwr*, and may be most appropriately described as a sort of respectable beggar. And every quarryman, in the restricted sense of the term, must pass through this stage of existence; it is the first stage of apprenticeship. When a boy has had his name entered on the quarry register, he fixes upon a certain gallery in which to work, his decision being usually guided by the fact that in that gallery either his father, brother, uncle, or some person likely to help and teach him, works. Let us follow him, a boy of thirteen, as he struts along the gallery, his brand new hammer in one hand, his brand new chisel in the other. He looks about him, and sees a quarryman failing to lift up a stone; he runs up to him, and very obsequiously offers to help him. For his good services he may receive a small block of stone, the benefactor very patronisingly showing him how to trim it. After finishing his work on this block, he strolls on leisurely and hopefully, and perhaps comes across a crew having more blocks about than they can want, and here he manages to pluck up enough courage to ask point blank whether they cannot spare him a block or two. In this way he at

last begs enough to convey to his workshop, where he is again taught by some kind friend how to split and dress them. Some are doomed for their lives to follow this mode of living on alms, sometimes making very good wages, sometimes faring very badly; the greater number, however, succeed in working themselves out of this humble position, and in becoming partners in crews. The *gradus honorum* are *rybelwr*, *journeyman*, *bargain-man*.

It is difficult to find any working man who has more leisure time than the quarryman of Carnarvonshire. At Bethesda, the hours are from 6-30 a.m. till 5-30 p.m., and on Saturdays from 6-30 a.m. to 11-30 a.m.; but in winter, the days are much shorter. He spends his leisure hours on the whole to good profit. One can probably find no hour spent in a greater variety of ways than the quarryman's dinner hour from 11-30 to 12-30. You may, here and there, find a number lounging lazily, smoking, thinking about nothing, or engaged in a conversation which could not in any way redound to their credit either intellectually or morally. But these are exceptions. Oftener you may find half-a-dozen, more or less, eagerly engaged in singing, preparing for some musical contest at an Eisteddfod, or from mere fondness for music. But let us enter one of the cabins in which the men eat. Dinner being over, a man says he has the *Genedl*, and passes it on to Mr. So and So, who is *par excellence* the reader in that cabin. Another day *Yr Herald*, *Y Faner*, or *Y Celt* may be the paper; and in some huts, the reader happens to be conversant enough with English to read off an English article into fairly good Welsh. In the course of his reading, he is often interrupted, for someone has a question to ask, and this question gives rise to a spirited discussion. Sometimes several men have a book each; at other times a fit of drowsiness overcomes them all, and we have a truly musical snoring chorus sung to the accompaniment of a few rats in search for crumbs of bread. I remember well how greedily the inhabitants of some of these cabins used to look forward for *Y Drysorfa*, month after month, when *Rhys Lewis* was appearing in it, and for *Y Cymro*, where

Enoc Huws was found. Another day, some one quotes a verse from the Bible, and asks the others to explain it to him. Oftener, however, than these strictly biblical questions is introduced some industrial, social, educational, political, or theological matter. A brisk discussion often follows, evincing sometimes the most happy ignorance of the real difficulties of the case, but far oftener manifesting a thorough appreciation of the subject in all its bearings. A deal of bickering there, doubtless, is sometimes, if not of animosity too, especially when discussing political matters, but this frequent reading, discussing, and questioning naturally sharpen the mind, and make the quarryman on the whole an intelligent, keen-witted man. Here truly, as "iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend."

But how does the quarryman spend his time when he is out of the quarry? He does not take much interest in the mountains whose tops reach the clouds, he does not care to acquaint himself with their wonders, to gaze at their beauty, picturesqueness, or sublimity, or to examine their contents from a botanical, geological, or any other point of view;—that is one thing he does *not* do. There are hundreds who have lived a long life at the foot of Carnedd Llywelyn, but who have never climbed to its summit, and who have never seen the sun rise in all its splendour and majesty from it. It appears as if working at the very heart of one mountain breeds in them a kind of indifference, if not contempt, for all the other mountains. This may partly account for the fact that, though living amidst the most varied scenery, with its soft gentle beauty or its awe-inspiring sublimity, the qualities most wanting in the quarryman's character are those which should be inspired by constant communion with such a nature. All this, however, may be due, not to any want of respect for nature as such, but to lack of training and education.

The quarrymen believe in education, and the feeling of hundreds of them was well expressed by one of them who told me once,—“If I was not sent to school myself, and know not the value of education, I

know well the disadvantages of being ignorant, and will therefore give my children, and help the children of others to get, as much education as possible.” The present educational system at Bethesda is not what it should be, and will not, in my opinion, stand comparison with that of Festiniog. I shall not inquire into the reasons; suffice it to say that there is no School Board; National and British Schools, together with their necessary drawbacks, have hitherto been the basis of the educational system. It is, however, worthy of notice that in 1884, the quarrymen undertook to contribute £1000 towards the University College of North Wales at Bangor, and that before the present year has run its course, an Intermediate School will have been established at Bethesda.

During their leisure hours, the quarrymen find plenty to do. Some have actually realised the Chamberlain idea,—three acres and a cow; and the great majority of the workmen have gardens attached to their houses. And I may venture to assert that it is not often one meets with gardens so neatly and carefully done,—with their rows of gooseberry trees, the currant trees along the garden walls, an apple tree here and there, the short rows of beans and peas, and the beds of lettuces, radishes, onions, and cress; and the cabbage, cauliflowers, and turnips in their seasons. The fondness of the people for small flower-gardens in front of their houses, where such a thing is possible, is another noteworthy feature. Some devote much time to the cultivation of flowers, and spend much labour on their neat arrangement; but it must be confessed that, owing to lack of training and to ignorance as to the proper arrangements of colours, the result is often a medley rather than a truly artistic blending of colours, yielding to the mind that agreeable feeling which is always produced by true beauty. The evenings are spent by too great a number of young people in walking about listlessly, knowing neither the whither nor the why of their goings; but, generally speaking, the evenings are spent in choral practices, playing instruments, reading newspapers, periodicals chiefly of the theological type, commentaries and the

Bible, in church meetings and prayer meetings.

On the whole, then, the quarryman is a man of a kind of rough independence of mind, somewhat daring in language, and fiery in temper. He is by no means bilingual, if by that term is meant ability to converse freely in English and Welsh, or to appreciate proceedings at a court of law. Notwithstanding, it is seldom that the English visitor fails to get answers to his questions, provided he condescends to lay aside all John Bullyism. I happened once to be travelling in the company of an Englishman who made the all-wise remark that Festiniog was the most uncivilised place he had yet visited; for, he said, not one out of twelve could tell him "where he could be provided with the most suitable accommodation and the best victuals." All English people, we suppose, do not venture upon making knowledge of such English to be the standard of civilization. The quarryman has, by our time, lost, to a great extent, the old feeling of servility

which once characterised him, and feels, even in the presence of a thorough-bred English tourist, that he has a right to breathe and live, to laugh and be merry. His outward appearance, however, and his address and plain talk, should not be made the criterion by which to judge his real character—his inner man. He is honest and economical, kind, sympathetic, and generous, and he always respects those to whom respect is due. Their wonderful behaviour at their mass meetings during the strike of 1874 proves that the true spirit of Christianity works within them; while their beautiful chapels and churches, their neat clothing, their general cleanliness, their daily conversation,—in spite of lamentable exceptions,—and the number of excellent pastors working amongst them, prove that, in their opinion, religion has a claim to everything that is best and noblest.

J. OWEN JONES.

Bala.

LLANDAFF.

A LONG the verdant leafy way,
Beyond the tumult of the town,
We reach at length a temple grey,
Whose peaceful spires look down
Upon the world that round them lies,
Upon God's acre sleeping there,
Upon the waters as they flow
Among the meadows fair.
Peace broods about the ancient fane—
The holy calm of centuries
That takes no count of years nor marks
Time as it onward flies.
Go, scan the spreading, bustling town,
The port whence countless vessels go
O'er all the seas, the Queen's highway
Of commerce to and fro.
Then turn from that tumultuous scene,
The blare and business of the mart,
And muse beneath these hallowed walls
From the vain world apart.
For what avail the roystering crowd,
And all the ferment of the town?

Cardiff.

Here nigh a score of centuries
From these grey spires look down.
For when our isle was young, when scarce
The Druid away was past and o'er,
Came saints from far beyond the seas,
Bearing to Britain's shore
The message of the Holy One.
'Twas here they paused, 'twas here they reared
The temple of their simple faith
To Him they loved and feared
Long ages since. Then reverent walk
Among these stones, beneath these shades;
The very dust is hallowéd—
No sordid air pervades
These precincts. O for more such faith,
More restful quiet, that we may
Draw nearer to the mystic world
To be revealed some day—
The world the saints of Llandaff knew
And kept untarnished in their sight,
That shall endure when things of earth
Have vanished into night.

ARTHUR MEE.



M. W. MACCALLUM, M.A. (Prof. of Literature at the University of Sydney, N.S. Wales.)
 Rev. E. P. JONES, M.A., B.D.
 R. W. GENESE, M.A. (Prof. of Mathematics, U.C.W.)
 The late Dr. HUMPHDOR.
 HENRY JONES, M.A. (Prof. of Philosophy, Glasgow.)
 Dr. ERNE (Prof. of Oriental Languages, U.C.W.)
 W. N. PARKES, B.Sc. (Prof. of Biology, South Wales University College.)
 J. M. ANGUS, M.A. (Prof. of Latin, U.C.W.)

A GROUP OF UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF WALES PROFESSORS.

(From a Photograph by E. R. Gyde, Aberystwyth.)

MY FIRST DAYS AT THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF WALES.

I DID not fairly represent the average Aberystwyth man,—my prejudices were stronger and my ignorance more dense. I believed that all the beauty and all the glory of God's creation were to be seen in North Wales, and there only. I believed that a Tory was a manifestation of the evil one, and that a Radical was a personified virtue walking among men. If I had any belief stronger than the foregoing, it was this,—that Calvinistic Methodism was the salt of the earth, and that Calvinistic Methodists were the only people who were known to be on the right path to heaven. I am now going to relate how I fell among men of strange opinions, and how I got on with them.

We had to pass an examination on entering, and I was informed that multitudes had been rejected. One of the examiners,—I was told afterwards he was Professor MacCallum,—came to me, and told me what I was likely to do in future. His words were partly a command and partly a prophecy; they came to pass to the very letter. Professor MacCallum is far away from Aberystwyth now, but a

generation of men in Wales have reason to bless the day when he came to our first University College.

Once with the examination off my mind, I was free to ramble through the town. It was a lovely September day; and, forgetting for the moment that I was out of North Wales, I thought I had never seen anything so glorious as the Terrace. After that I have had experience, during a busy life, of many University towns, in our islands and in France and Germany and Italy; and it is my opinion now that, for the salubrity of its climate, for the variety of the walks around it, and for its distance from what is generally known as town life, Aberystwyth excels them all as the seat of a University College. I confessed my admiration, in an unguarded moment, to a student from Rhandir Mwyn, with whom I had had a rather exciting conversation about the respective merits of North and South Wales. "Not only has Providence blessed South Wales with finer towns, it has given it a more perfect language, and more beautiful women." In spite of the examination, I had already

found time to fall in love; and I felt savagely helpless while he attacked North Wales. He was a Methodist preacher, though he was a South Walian, and so he had redeeming qualities.

Worse, however, was to come. I must say how I unwarily chummed, not only with a Unitarian, but with a number of them. I had the corner room on the third corridor,—at that time students were allowed to reside in college. In that room I thought my lines had fallen in a very pleasant place, it was spacious and commanded a view of the castle and of the main approach to the college. When my South Wales friend paid his first visit, I expatiated on the comfort and pleasant position of my quarter, when he interrupted me,—“You have just come from North Wales and you are a fool. You think you are in a very pleasant place, but you might as well be perched above the crater of a volcano. Don't you know that there is an Unitarian of the worst kind down below you, and that there is another at the end of this very corridor. Your mother won't know you when you go back.” With this comforting assurance he left me. I thought he was in earnest at the time, and I was very miserable. Before long, while musing on the desperate condition of the unorthodox, I heard most heavenly strains coming from the room below me. The Unitarian was playing “The Dawn of Day” on the violin. This

tune is my favourite; and the Unitarian saw, before long, a pale inquisitive face looking at him through the half open door. As he played on I unconsciously entered his room and walked up to him. He was an exceedingly pleasant fellow, and he played me a number of Welsh airs in succession. He said that he came from the garden of Wales, which I stoutly maintained was in the Vale of Clwyd; but he

smilingly said,—
“No, everybody agrees it is in Pembrokeshire, and you will agree if you come with me to see it.”

I had no very great doubt about the final destination of all Unitarians, but had not hitherto concerned myself much with the nature of the place. My father never told us anything about it; but he often described where we Methodists were going to,—that land of harps and palm branches, where it is always dawn of day.

But now I felt curious to know about the other place. I went to the library to try to get a book on

the subject. I saw *The Epic of Hades*, by Lewis Morris, which had only just been published. I had heard much about Lewis Morris; and, as he was so famous a poet, I thought he must be either a writer of hymns or of *penillion* to be sung with the harp. I took the book to my own room, and soon became intensely interested. I could say, as a quarryman told me lately after reading a Welsh translation of Shakespeare's *Macbeth*,—“I never thought



REV. T. C. EDWARDS, D.D.
First Principal of the University College of Wales.
(From a Photograph by J. Symmonds, Llandudno).

there was anything so good written in the English language."

I did not find in the *Epic of Hades* exactly what I wanted. I once found a Welsh student in Scotland who had never read Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, and who wished to borrow my copy. I tore off the covers of the American humorist's *New Pilgrim's Progress*, and lent him that. My friend's remark was,—“It is very interesting, I don't wonder people like it, but the old Puritans are not the people I took them to be.”

As I was poring over the *Epic*, and forgetting what I conceived to be my friend's future, there was a knock at the door.

The Principal of the college came in and said,—Mr. Jones, I have brought Mr Lewis Morris to see your rooms.”

I wished very much to ask Lewis Morris, as he must have studied the geography of that region thoroughly, to tell me something about the night into which the Unitarian was plunging,

though he could play “The Dawn of Day” so well. But, fearing that the great author would blush uncomfortably if I made his own work a subject of conversation, I showed him the German prints with which I had decorated my walls,—each being fastened to the wall by four pins.

At last I determined to have a talk with the Unitarian about his prospects, and I had one. To my surprise, I found that he read the Bible and that he knew it well. Besides, as he was unable to grant what I had always regarded as indisputable, I found that I was no match for him at that time. Between his arguments and his violin, he convinced me that he was a Christian of a kind.

I spent much of my first days at Aberystwyth on that beautiful terrace. The terrace, between tea-time and dinner-time was then,—as I hope it is still,—the favourite walk of one in holy orders. The tall figure of the clergyman attracted my attention, and I was not averse to entering into conversation with him, though I believed that the Sunday work of clergymen was uttering curses on those who were agitating for the disendowment of the church, and that their weekly work was the discovery of new and more telling curses. But he never referred to this subject. On many other questions could he give definite information,—from the



THE TERRACE, ABERYSTWYTH.

(From a Photograph by E. R. Gyde, Aberystwyth).

champion boxer of the day to the champion tyrant of the world. He had stored his mind with accounts of what is picturesque in the history of the world, he made me feel that the study of history was the best, and I have often looked back with delight to those long summer evening walks on the terrace.

I was very curious to know where all the professors went on Sundays, and I made many inquiries. I tried to find out how many of them were total abstainers, and I went to some to try to convert them to my own views about intoxicating drinks, which was this,—that the devil had invented them all, at an early date in the history of the world, in order that fallen

man might be his certain prey. The more courteous and forbearing these gentlemen were, the more did I redouble my exertions to make them as virtuous as they were learned.

I spent three years in all at Aberystwyth. I came in contact with men from all parts of Wales, and I began to understand that truths have more aspects than one. I came to Aberystwyth believing that I had seen the exact dimensions of all true ideas respecting religion, morality, and politics; and I left college without losing any of the truths I had been taught by the stone-breaker who was my Sunday school teacher. But I had seen how other men looked at the same truths, and I had almost become tolerant. The lovely walks around Aberystwyth, the strolls by moonlight among the castle ruins, the awaken-

ing caused by many of the lectures,—notably those of Dr. Ethé,—the happy hours spent in the library, the midnight hours, which went so soon while ghost stories were related, the healthy excitement of exercise,—all these are associated in my mind with men whose creeds are not mine, but whose characters have won my lifelong respect.

A short time ago, I saw a letter in the *Times* from an Anglican bishop, in which he took for granted that Unitarians are not

Christians. I asked the clergyman I knew best, a first class Oxford man, whether that was his view, and he surprised me by saying it was. I then asked a doctor of laws, an excellent poet, and a man of very wide sympathies, and he said it was the ordinary view taken by Churchmen in



THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF WALES.

(From a Photograph by E. R. Gyde, Aberystwyth.)



ABERYSTWYTH CASTLE.

(From a Photograph by E. R. Gyde, Aberystwyth.)

England. I believe that, among the students of the three University Colleges of Wales, a more tolerant spirit prevails.

I write these foolish remarks to show in what way a Welsh lad, — isolated geographically, politically, and from a religious point of view, — is affected by the life of a University College in Wales. Many of us regard the excellent results obtained by the colleges in various examinations as exceedingly important; but few will be found to deny that the true work of a university college is to bring men from all parts of Wales into the closest contact, so as to temper enthusiasm by common sense, and to gain that spirit of toleration which is as essential to the

ordinary man of business as it is to the rare seeker for truth.

I can hardly reproach myself for neglecting my reading at Aberystwyth. I had felt my ignorance, and was ashamed of it; I had felt the delight that is found in knowing things. My Unitarian friend and I read sixteen hours a day, and through every third night in addition; and well do I remember the hoarse music of the corn-crick, — and music it was, — coming to us with the fragrance of newly mown hay over the town while all were asleep. But, the older I get, the more do I feel that real education came from contact with the professors and with our fellow-students; and, as time flies, the less do I regret the time spent at the Debating Society and in my fellow students' rooms.

NORTH WALES DEFENDED:

OR, AN ANSWER to an immodest and scurrilous libel, lately published, and entitled *A TRIP TO NORTH WALES*. Being, as the author pretended, a description of that country and people. Printed in the year 1701.

[The men of the eighteenth century, the century of Hogarth, read and enjoyed much that is, happily, unreadable in our days. I left out of the "Trip to North Wales" much that its first readers, undoubtedly, delighted in. I should not, however, have omitted the lawyer's description of the Merioneth militia marching through the town of Dolgellau. Among other things, it is said that "their drums were pails and small tubs, headed with pedigrees, which made a terrible noise; their officers, for distinction, instead of scarves and corselets, wore great bunches of leeks in their hats."

The lawyer's satire was answered by a fiery Welshman, absolutely devoid of humour, who made up in zeal for what he wanted in wisdom and knowledge. He sometimes holds up his hands in horror at what the idle lawyer had done, — vilifying the clergy and saying that Cader Idris was a rocky hill; he sometimes tells the lawyer's personal history in terms too coarse for me to copy; and sometimes he finds consolation in thinking how the men of Mawddwy would treat the reviler if he came among them again.]

ABOUT the month of March, 1701, there peeped out a paper, besmeared with ink, full of scurrilous expressions and reflexions on the country and people of North Wales, much to the disgrace of the author, printer, and publisher, for it showed them to be as venomous as the work itself.

The author was E.B., an idle lawyer, —

as he calls himself. And for want of being employed to plead in the way of his practice, he sets himself up a scowl, and falls a railing at a country and people that were never ill spoken of by any modest or impartial author. His work shows him to be a Tumble Street breed and of a Billingsgate education.

Next, after his quibbling title, he inscribes a perfidious dedication to W. T. And he cannot pass that over without reflecting upon men of holy orders, and their vestures, saying that they are prouder of a paragon cassock than a soldier is of his laced coat and feather. And at the bottom thereof he subscribes himself E. B. We know not what those letters signify, unless they signify Eternal Booby, which I think agrees well with his parts. I must be contented to call him so, since I can frame no name else so becoming him out of those two letters.

Then Mr. Eternal Booby proceeds to feign a story to his reader, and in the beginning thereof he atheistically reflects upon wise Solomon, and borrows Scripture phrases to make out his jeers, and reprobately tramples the ashes of the wisest of God's anointed. And he confesseth that

what he wrote was to please his own fancy, without the least regard to any person, or to his own conscience. And then he falls rudely upon his main fabric, or the body of his book.

And to let you know that he was a person of some quality, he tells you that he happened,—but rather intruded,—one day in Trinity term to dine at a Welsh judge's house, with whom he was acquainted; but he cannot tell you that he dined with the judge, but with some Welsh attorneys. And in a little time he gratified the judge and his family well for that entertainment by telling you that all that was set upon the table was made invisible in less time than a man might say the Lord's prayer. It is likely that his presence there was the greatest instrument in that expedition.

And before he came within sight of the country, he runs on upon credit, and tells you that Wales looks like the fag end of the world and the very rubbish of Noah's flood, and he is not ashamed to tell you that the world was made by chance. This Eternal Booby thinks it not enough to reflect upon the creation,—as if he could amend God's work,—but adds to these atheistical expressions that the world was made by chance, in denial of God's decree.

He most impudently tells you, if a man hath a chimney to his house in Wales, he stands in great danger of being pricked down for high sheriff. But I am sure, and it is well known, that there is never a county in Wales that wants good gentlemen of sufficient estates to bear such an office; and their houses in Wales are not inferior to the houses in England, and not short of being as well furnished with everything, except pettifoggers. He tells us that our priests are made of the vilest of the people. What a sacrilegious rascal is this, thus to abuse God's anointed! He cannot forbear abusing of the universities, saying that fire and cups in faces are the arms of Cambridge, &c. And then, audaciously, he rails against the garments of holy orders, calling them spiritual muckenders. The whipping post waits for him, the gallows claims him, and the devil spouses him, and will not miss of him when he hath finished his drudgery.

Many counties in England cannot but thankfully acknowledge that they are yearly relieved and supplied with great quantities of butter from Wales. It may be safely said that in the cities and towns of Bristol, Gloucester, Worcester, Hereford, Chester, Shrewsbury, Bridgnorth, and many other places, is sold many thousand pounds' worth of Welsh butter in the year, and it is much desired by the English, and prized by them above the butter of their own country's making. And it is well known to be the best butter in these three kingdoms, and perhaps as good as any butter in the world.

Their liquor, said he, is treacherous in its effects. We may perceive by that that the scatter-brain lawyer took too much of it. Next, after that, he tells you that the first town he stepped into was Welsh Pool, in Montgomeryshire. What now, coxcomb? After you passed the river Dee,—in going from England to Wales,—the Welsh Pool was the first town you slept in? A surveyor for the town of Gotham! The river Dee was never within twenty miles of that road. Who knows what this carping booby means by these notorious lies. In the same paragraph he tells you he got early to bed at Pool, in respect of his next day's journey to Dolgellau, which consisted of twelve Welsh miles, said he; but it was never before reckoned less than twenty-four miles. We find that this fellow cannot scribe the smallest sentence without a great lie to flourish it.

But the best of all is his feigning a story to let you know that he rode on horseback, and to make you believe that he kept a man, and that he was admitted to speak with the judge. All Europe will own the Welsh gentry to be as well accomplished as any gentlemen in the world; and whereas he said their horses were but a cubit and half high, it is notoriously false, for the Welsh gentry have generally the best horses in the kingdom. Dolgellau is not walled nor environed round with rocks, for on the west and east sides of that town there is a pleasant and fruitful valley, enriched with a pleasant river, running through the middle thereof. The north side from that town is a fertile and arable land, although something rising in

pleasant banks. And on the south side of the town there is a pleasant mountain common, to the great benefit of the adjacent inhabitants: for it furnisheth them with plenty of good fuel, and they cannot overstock it with cattle to feed on the pastures thereof. This mountain is hilly, but not very rocky; and the highest hill thereof, called Cader Idris, is but twelve hundred and odd yards in perpendicular attitude, or about three quarters of a mile.

I have been at Dolgellau, but was never more civilly or more kindly treated in any place than I was in that town. I found the inhabitants of the town to be very courteous and kind to all people, especially to strangers. And as for the lodgings of the place, I never found better in all my travels in England than I had in that town. And I am sure that lords and earls would be glad of so good a lodging on their travels in some parts of England,—the liar's own country,—and I never saw better bread, butter, meat, or drink made of malt, than I ate and drank in that town; and I cannot forbear telling you further, that the women thereof, for the generality, are as neat and cleanly housewives as most are in England.

At Dolgellau his behaviour was so very scandalously sottish that he was not seen a piece of a day sober, but so overwhelmed with strong liquors,—any sort he could come at,—that his senses were generally benighted before noon-day. And one time, coming into the sheriff's dining room to seek for wine, under a mistake, he drank a great glass of water wherein others had washed their hands after dinner. And he was several times taken up dead drunk in the streets by gentlemen that passed by, who civilly brought him to his chamber; and it is no wonder, as his book mentioned, that the sow should grunt him out. He basely abused his good landlady about the bedding and clean furniture she had provided, which was pure, fresh, and clean, whereas a hogstye was a fitter lodging for such a guest as he was.

And whereas he mentioned in his scurrilous lying pamphlet that there was never a tree but the gallows in sight of this town of Dolgellau, it is well known

there are thousands of trees within less than a mile of the town; and the boughs of the meanest of them are strong enough to hang such a lying sot as he was, who is far fitter for a gallows than a bar, if lying and drinking were crimes that deserved such a punishment. This is but a few gleanings of this abusive man's behaviour in the town of Dolgellau.

In his going from Dolgellau to Caernarvon, finding his portmanteau too empty for a person of the long robe, he dismounted, and filled up the vacancy with cockles and mussel shells, which so sullied his black gown, and daubed the small number of linen apparel he had, that his landlady at Caernarvon was forced instantly to show her skill to preserve them from perpetual damage.

And to his misfortune in Caernarvon,—finding his money short, and his practice less,—he went to a gentleman's house of six hundred a year, about half a mile from the town, designedly to fill his craving gulf. The gentleman,—as is customary in that country to be civil and kind to strangers,—made him welcome. But the tripper, being too greedy, overloaded his carcase, and so much that the gentleman's attendants were forced to carry him into town again, where he so obstinately refused the civility of his supporters to carry him to his lodging, but, like a beast, laid himself down upon Caernarvon cross, where he continued most part of the night, till constables, and bailiffs, and others thence removed him.

Upon his going from Caernarvon to the town of Beaumaris by water, he drank brandy by whole quart bottles, to the admiration of all his fellow travellers, which made him look as if he was wrestling with death. And in that agony his fellow passengers, being over disturbed with their soul companion, resolved to carry him ashore in a chair, which consternation moved the judge, that was going before them, to look back and to ask what was the matter. Some of the judge's attendants replied that one of the lawyers was far in drink. Then his lordship said, "O fie, O fie."

[But here I must stop, the boisterous coarseness of the fiery Welshman has gone too far.]



Miss A. FOXALL, M.A.
(Cardiff.)

E. ANWYL, M.A.
(Aberystwyth.)

CHARLES OWEN, B.A.
(Cardiff.)

Rev. W. J. DAVIES, B.A.
(Bangor.)

D. E. JONES, B.Sc.
(Aberystwyth.)

E. EDWARDS, M.A.
(Bangor.)

THE SECOND MEETING OF THE GUILD OF GRADUATES.

THE Guild of Graduates is still employed in drawing up rules for the conduct of its meetings; and, so far, it has shown no sign of its desire to do work that will justify its existence.

The second meeting was held at the Raven Hotel, Shrewsbury, on Saturday, June 9th. There was but a meagre attendance; everyone knew that the only work to be done was the discussion of regulations drawn up by a committee. This committee was appointed by the Guild at its full first meeting; and as the regulations it had drawn up were either the usual regulations for the conduct of public meetings, or embodiments of resolutions already passed by the Guild, most of us felt that the business of the second meeting of the Guild would be formal only.

It may be well, here, perhaps, to state the kinds of uses for which the Guild, in the opinion of many, ought to adapt itself.

Its meetings should give old students and present students of the University an opportunity of coming into contact with each other. They should give old students an opportunity of spending their vacations in such a way that they can renew old college friendships. They should give students and teachers an opportunity for knowing each other, so that the old students of the University may feel themselves in touch with the younger generations of professors. These meetings, while to some extent partaking of the nature of a holiday, will be really a continuation of University education to all that take part in them.

Again, the Guild of Graduates, in its

corporate character, should do much for the advancement of true education in Wales. Its members should be the guides of a University extension movement in the districts around their respective homes. For this purpose the Guild and the University Senate could co-operate, and an itinerant lecturer sent by the court would have the invaluable aid of the graduates in getting an audience.

The students of the University Colleges are, and will be more so in the future, the leaders of movements in their homes. As clergymen or ministers, as doctors or teachers, as farmers or shop-keepers, they carry with them from the University Colleges a desire for knowledge which they communicate into those around them. At the meetings of the Guild they might be taught to organize meetings in their districts, members of the Guild might volunteer to go and lecture, or recommendations might be made to the Court to employ a number of itinerant teachers, especially of such branches of industry as may in time be established in Wales.

For example, a meeting of those members of the Guild who are interested in the economic condition of Wales, might be spent in discussing the possibility of introducing new industries. Within the memory of men now living there was no wood-carving in Switzerland; but now, owing to the enthusiasm of three or four peasants, thousands find profitable employment during the long winter nights in carving marketable commodities out of wood. If one who knows Switzerland well were to come and address meetings of

the Guild, the members who are interested might carry his message to the youths of their native districts, and wood-carving might be revived in various parts of Wales. When sufficient progress had been made, the Court might be asked to provide a travelling teacher, who would direct and foster the peasant carvers,—giving them hints about tools, &c.

In this matter there could be no collision between the Guild and the University Colleges. If the colleges had extension lecturers, they would find in the members of the Guild those who had prepared the way for them. Of course I take for granted that none of those engaged in teaching at the colleges are to be engaged in extension lecturing. The same men will not do for the two duties. A good college teacher may be an execrable extension lecturer, and I know successful extension lecturers who are certainly failures as college teachers. And besides, even if he were capable of it, a college tutor has no time to devote to extension lecturing without neglecting his college work. This work, as important as any part of the work of the University, should be left to the Guild, and to teachers specially employed.

Research should be done by the Guild. We look forward to interesting papers on historical, and literary, and scientific subjects. There are manuscript collections of poetry,—much of it of the greatest value,—scattered all over Wales; these might be copied by various members who are within reach of them, and offered to the Guild with an introduction. In this direction there is no end to the invaluable work the Guild might do.

But it must be confessed that the Guild is moving slowly, and as if in doubts about its own mind. At its second meeting, out

of twenty draft regulations drawn up by its committee for the conduct of its business, it only "provisionally approved" or provisionally rejected two.

This little meeting decided that, in the method of electing representatives on the University Court, the decisive vote of the full first meeting and the recommendation of the committee were to be set at naught. It decided that the members were to be elected, not at the meetings of the Guild, but by post. It was decided also that a poll of all the members of the Guild be taken on this question, and post-cards were immediately sent, with a request that each member should place his cross opposite the method he believed in. It is unfortunate that members should be pestered by these post-cards when their views have been clearly expressed already, simply because the minority are not content.

Before these lines are read by anybody, the army of post-cards will have reached the Secretary. I earnestly hope that the Guild will stand to its first unmistakable decision. The intention was to make the Welsh Guild a more real body than the Convocation of any of the English Universities. If the election of representatives be by post, the Guild will at once,—as far as this is concerned,—become more unreal than any body connected with any English University, for, in them, such a function is performed only by those who are present.

Some are opposed to the Guild's having any policy of its own, if not to its doing any work at all. There is a danger that the Guild, from which we expected so much, should become a phantom and a sham. It was to be more real than the convocation of students of any University; there is a possibility that it will end in being the most disorganized and the most useless among them all.



ENOCH HUGHES.

BY DANIEL OWEN,

Author of The Autobiography of Rhys Lewis, Gwen Tomos, &c.

Translated from the Welsh by the HON. CLAUD VIVIAN.

CHAPTER IV.

CAPTAIN TREVOR.

CAPTAIN RICHARD TREVOR had moved in our midst for some years, but was not a native of the village any more than Enoch was. When he first came to us, he was almost alone in being a person who had let his beard grow, and who did not shave at all,—which fact, until the style became fashionable, created a strong prejudice against him in the bosoms of some good and godly people. Even that wise man, Abel Hughes, looked almost frowningly on him. It was extremely likely, said those who remembered his arrival, that he had not, at that time, “much about him,” and that he was a man who “juggled for his living.” He kept moving about the mines, and very soon, though no one knew how, he had a hand in this and that concern. It was generally believed that Richard Trevor was a man who lived on his wits, and certainly he was not short of these. He possessed a special capability of introducing himself to everyone, and very soon he was seen talking to several persons with whom many of the old inhabitants had never spoken a word of Welsh. Richard Trevor spoke Welsh and English easily and glibly, and wove words unceasingly when necessary. I remember hearing Will Bryan take his oath that Richard Trevor had, at some time or other, swallowed Johnson, Webster, and Charles’ dictionary, like a man swallowing three pills. Whatever about the veracity of Will’s oath with respect to Johnson and Webster, it is not an incredible thing that Trevor had swallowed Charles’ dictionary whole, for he was extremely well up in all religious doctrines, and the Scriptures were at his fingers’ ends. In those days there was considerable discussion on religious subjects,—“Predestination” and “Perseverance in Grace,” and such like matters,—and Richard Trevor was reckoned one of the “deepest” in argument and sharpest in the art of hair-splitting. At that time he was not a member of the chapel, nor was he very particular, either, about his conduct, for it was said by some that he sometimes took a “drop too much.” Richard Trevor did not

stand very high in the opinion of Rhys Lewis’ mother, for I recollect hearing her say,—

“I look upon him, you see, as being very like Evans, the road surveyor. Evans is very particular to keep the main road all right and tidy, but it is very seldom that he travels it himself. And Trevor is just like that; you would think that he is very careful that there is no stone or hole on the way to eternal life, but I’m afraid he himself never walks along it. I heard Bob there say that the Bible is at his finger ends, but I’d sooner hear there was a bit of it in his heart.”

Richard Trevor was not long before he came to the church meeting, and it was easy to understand, from the manner in which he questioned him on that occasion, that Abel Hughes also had an opinion like that of Mary Lewis about him. I was only a boy then, but I remember the evening well, and from that time till now I have never seen anyone, on being received into the church meeting, questioned so severely. I am sure that if people were to be questioned in a similar manner in these days, and if they knew of it beforehand, no one would ever become a member of the meeting. Whilst Abel was dealing with Richard Trevor, I never saw Rhys Lewis’ mother, either before or after, show so much pleasure. She kept her head on one side, and the corners of her eyes fixed upon Abel, as though trying to say to him,—“That’s it, Abel, press him hard.” But whatever direction Abel took, there was no lack in answering on the part of Richard Trevor; he replied to every question glibly and fluently. I recollect that Bob Lewis and I walked back from chapel with his mother and Abel that evening, and Mary Lewis said,—

“Abel, you never pleased me more than you did to-night.”

“Indeed. In what way, Mary?” said Abel.

“Well, in pressing that man so hard,” said Mary. “I am afraid, Abel, that that fellow has not yet had his back broken, and that he will have hard work yet to qualify for Heaven, though his tongue is so glib.”

“We don’t all have the same object in coming to the church meeting, Mary,” said Abel.

“Well, didn’t I know very well, Abel, from

what you said, that you were aiming at something like that, and you never speak at random. There was not a spark of the new birth in him, was there now?" said Mary.

It is extraordinary what insight into characters the old people had, and how keen they were to separate the thief and the despoiler from those who were coming through the gate into the sheep-fold. Was the concert pitch of the old people's religion higher than ours? and could they, consequently, pick out the squeakers in the choir more easily? However, Richard Trevor had not been a member more than a full month before the rumour went forth that he and Miss Pritchard,—who was a religious and innocent young lady, and reported to have a good deal of money,—were going to be married. The report was soon verified,—that is to say, so far as the marriage was concerned; but as to the money, it was never verified, for Miss Pritchard was just as poor as anyone else, only that she used to dress well. Richard Trevor was not above thinking about money, but if he married her for money he made a false step. Indeed I heard him say, years after the marriage, when he had risen to a high position in the world, that he was not indebted to anything for his honourable position except his own talents and exertions, and that all he had got as a fortune with his wife was,—a pretty face, a heart full of admiration for himself, and a box full of clothes. And I have no reason to doubt his veracity, for I have heard more than one of his old workmen say that both he and his wife looked poor enough for a time after their wedding. But success and popularity were in store for Richard Trevor. It was not possible, according to the nature of things, for so bright a light to remain long under a bushel. As a tiger springs at its prey, so Richard Trevor one day jumped at fortune's throat,—he grasped it, and held on to it for many years. The fame of Pwllgywynt mine has gone through the length and breadth of Wales. But perhaps it is not everyone who knows that Richard Trevor started it; that he was the discoverer of the "big lode of lead." From the first day that the discovery was made, Richard Trevor's rise was evident to everyone. He was no longer merely Richard Trevor, but Captain Trevor, if you please. People began to look on Captain Trevor as a sort of Joseph, who had been sent by Providence to keep a lot of people alive. A sudden change took place in the opinion of people about him. Those who used to look upon him with a frown soon began to see that this was narrow-mindedness on their part, and they lost no time in re-arranging their opinions of him. What were before called sins in Richard were only weaknesses in Captain Trevor. Everyone had

some faults, and even Captain Trevor could not be expected to be perfect. The weaknesses of Captain Trevor were only natural weaknesses, weaknesses that now could be easily accounted for and be excused in a man of *his position*. Captain Trevor was a great deal better man than they used to think he was, and most certainly he was a blessing to the district. In a word Captain Trevor was a very good example of the inclination of human



"Susan Trevor was looked upon as being the prettiest and most fashionable girl that belonged to our chapel."—Page 180.

nature to form an incorrect opinion of a man when he is poor, and of how hopeless it is for him to expect to be justly valued before he attains some amount of worldly success. If anyone had prophesied of Captain Trevor,—as Mr. Bithel had done of Enoch Hughes,—that he would never make a master, he would have been bound to have been put down as a false prophet. On Captain Trevor's shoulders office and authority lay grace-

fully and appropriately enough. It was evident that he had been born to be a master. Not because he showed any domineering or harsh overbearingness. No, he was too kind and sociable for that. He had a better way, and a manner of saying by his behaviour to everyone under his authority,—“Look how mild I am, and yet how surly I might be if I chose. Take care not to abuse my mildness. I don’t ask you to touch your hat to me, but all the same, you know it will be just as safe for you to do so.”

He never once officiated publicly in the chapel service; but there was something in his appearance,—on a Sunday morning especially,—which drew forth from every member of the congregation a “Good morning, Captain Trevor” (under their breath).

CHAPTER V.

“SUS.”

AS has been already remarked, Mrs. Trevor was a single-minded woman; and as was entirely natural and proper, it was she of all people who admired her husband most. She never crossed him, and he, as a consequence, was extremely suave to her. Mrs. Trevor believed that the happiness of half the human race depended on her husband, and he never deceived her; nor did he worry her in any sort of way with the details of his circumstances and his many cares. Indeed Mrs. Trevor had a dread of his showing her the mystery and importance of his social position, for fear that it would make her admire him too much, and cause her to forget her God. Mrs. Trevor knew that her husband was without an equal, and that the support of a whole district of human beings depended on his word; and she also believed that the Captain possessed glory even beyond this, about which she knew nothing, and as to which it would not be good for her soul to know anything, for the reason that has been above stated. She had not, for example, the least doubt about the extent of his wealth,—all she knew was that she could draw from it interminably,—

And though the drain on it was great,
His fortune seemed not to abate.

It was enough for Mrs. Trevor to know that the Captain’s name was good in every shop. The thing that caused no little anxiety to Mrs. Trevor in the course of years was her fear that some of the Captain’s cares, and his labour in studying geology so hard, would injure his intellect, by and

bye; for the Captain, after all, was but a man. The only way, or at least the easiest way, thought Mrs. Trevor, in which she could be a wife worthy of Captain Trevor, and keep up her husband’s dignity, was by dressing as well as she possibly could. Indeed she had been accustomed to do this at a time when her means were not equal to her wants, but now there was no fasting for the cravings of her eyes. Yet in spite of all this, Mrs. Trevor was religious, and, let us hope, godly as well. No one was more regular in attending the means of grace. She was one of those that form the aristocracy of dissent, who make us admire them for having had the strength to stick to religion and abstain from going over to the church, or forgetting their Welsh and going over to the English cause.

Captain and Mrs. Trevor had a daughter,—their only child Susan Trevor was the idol of her father, and the light of her mother’s eyes. She was brought up in the full luxury of her father’s success, and had every advantage of all the education that could be obtained in the neighbourhood in those days. I do not propose, at this point, to say what use she had made of these advantages. But I remember well that, when I was a boy, Susan Trevor was looked upon as the prettiest, the most fashionable, the most learned, and the most unapproachable girl that belonged to our chapel. Miss Trevor was the model for all our young girls. She,—after Abel Hughes’ death,—was the first to be smuggled in as a full member of the chapel without being asked any questions. And it is a fact that Miss Trevor’s dress used to draw more tears from the eyes of the young women of the chapel than were ever drawn by all the sermons that were preached in their hearing during that period. Few of the richer folk belonged to our congregation,—they were mostly, to say the least, struggling people. Miss Trevor, consequently, was inclined to consider that none of the “chapel people” were suitable companions for her, and none of our girls were so ambitious as to aspire to such a position. But they had the privilege of looking at her on a Sunday, and they greatly valued the privilege. Very naturally, those who had the advantage of speaking to Miss Trevor, used to look back on those times as the most sunny moments of their life. Miss Trevor did not attend the Sunday school, but she made up for this by giving a free tea to the poor children, and on such occasions she would herself pour out the tea into the cups, and it was even said that she had on more than one occasion put her fair hand under the chin of some small curly headed boy in a very caressing way. Some people, who were slightly envious, said that Miss Trevor was an empty-headed foolish girl,

—quite aware of her good looks, and quite ignorant of her failings. But this could hardly have been true, and it is scarcely necessary to give any better reason for my saying so than by stating the fact that Will Bryan was a great admirer of hers. Will was not one to admire a silly flirt; and he was never tired of talking of “Susie,” as he called her. Will would let us boys say what we liked about Captain Trevor, and sometimes he himself did not hesitate to speak harshly about him, because he had persuaded his father to speculate till he had become poor. But not one of us dared breathe an unfavourable word about “Susie” without laying himself open to the charge of being a coward, or else displaying what perfection he had reached in the noble art of self defence. And there is another matter that ought to be mentioned here, viz., that Miss Trevor herself did not despise Will. Will told me once as a secret,—“I understand human nature sufficiently well to be able to assure you

that I am no small beer in Susie’s eyes.” Though,—as Rhys Lewis in his autobiography quotes Will’s words,—“there was nothing definite between him and Susie;” yet it was well known to us chapel boys that Will had a great regard for her. We knew also that the Captain with his hawk-eye had discovered that Will was not unacceptable to his daughter, and that he had shown his utter disapproval of it. When I once spoke to Will about this, he said with his usual freedom of speech,—“It’s this way, you know. The Captain, now that my father has taken all his brass to Pwllgwynt, knows very well what o’clock it is in our house; he knows as well as can be that there is not much hope of £500 a year to be got there. He thinks, you know, that he can make a better match, and in a way, I can’t blame him. But if it came to a pitched battle between me and the Captain about Susie, I have a very good notion how things would turn out.”

SCENES FROM WELSH HISTORY.

I. INTRODUCTION.



HERE are many strange and picturesque scenes in the history of Wales. Among much that is dreary and devoid of human interest to us, we come across an occasional weird and startling scene

in the untrodden paths of Welsh history,—throwing a lurid light on what otherwise lacks all variety of colouring.

It will not be unacceptable to my readers, I know, to get an account of some of the more stirring scenes in our history, and that in the words of the historians who describe them,—translated or modernized, of course, where necessary.

The first scene is taken from what is generally called Gregory’s chronicle, written during the Wars of the Roses, and published by the Camden Society. It is an account of the death of old Owen Tudor, grandfather of Henry VII. This end of the troubled and romantic life of Owen Tudor

took place after the battle of Mortimer’s Cross, where he was taken prisoner, in 1461.

II. THE END OF OWEN TUDOR.

And in that day’s battle was Owen Tudor taken and brought into Hereford. And he was beheaded at the market place, and his head was set upon the highest step of the market cross. And a mad woman combed his hair, and washed away the blood from his face; and she got candles, and set them around the head burning, more than a hundred.

This Owen Tudor was father to the Earl of Pembroke, and had wedded Queen Catharine, king Henry the Sixth’s mother.

He thought and trusted all the way that he should not be beheaded, till he saw the axe and the block. And when he was in his doublet, he trusted on pardon and grace till the collar of his red velvet doublet was ripped off. Then he said,—“That head shall lie on the block that was wont to lie on Queen Catharine’s lap.” And he put his heart and his mind wholly unto God, and full meekly took his death.

THE KINGDOM BY THE SEA.

It was an ancient belief that King Arthur, being wounded in a great battle, went to be healed of his wounds in the island of Avallon, and would one day return to renew his glorious achievements and re-establish the supremacy of the Cymry. In later Christian times, the idea that he had departed with his knights in search of the holy grail was grafted on to the legend by monkish tradition. It is interesting to note that the accidents of history have furnished each portion of the Celtic race in this island with a hero, whose return is looked for in some semi-sentimental sense. The Welsh have their King Arthur; the West of England population, who share Arthur with the Welsh, have also their "King Monmouth," who was long expected to return; and the Highlanders their Prince Charlie. This poem treats the subject from the half-mystic, almost religious, standpoint attaching to such traditions, which have often become interwoven, in imagination, with the second coming on earth of Christ.

THERE lived a great king years ago
In a kingdom by the sea,
Went sailing forth to fight the foe
Into a far country.

But men whose heart no reverence knew,
Within his realm wrought ill;
Oppressing sore the faithful few
Whose hearts were loyal still.

E'en at this hour there linger some
In patience and in pain,
Who surely look that he will come
To claim his own again.

At last shall they whose love is strong
Confess their king once more,
While armed men with joyful song
Start up along the shore.

Now, watching by the wave, they wait
The glimmer of his sail;
For though their freedom tarry late,
Their faith shall yet prevail.

His sword shall smite to nothingness
The wanton enemy,
And peace perpetual ever bless
His kingdom by the sea.

HAROLD BOULTON
(*Prydydd Cenhedloedd Prydain.*)

THE STORY OF HOWELL HARRIS' LIFE.

THREE LETTERS.

I. HOWEL HARRIS TO WHITFIELD.

ERWOOD, *April 13th*, 1744.

MY DEAR, DEAR BROTHER,

The glory of our God begins to be displayed! Take courage then, O highly favoured herald! Trials must meet us, and all our graces must be tried, but we shall conquer all; God reigns!

I am now beginning my journey for three weeks to visit part of four counties. The fast day I kept at Trevecka,—and so much people I never saw there to hear me,—and a solemn day it was indeed; and I am persuaded the Lord will be yet entreated for this nation and that he has chosen vessels among men in power. We had uncommon liberty to intercede for the king and the church. I believe the Methodist preachers shall be hid in the hollow of God's hands. I had some liberty for our nurseries of learning. Many sweet opportunities have I had since I saw you. Monday, I was enabled to discourse four

times. Several are newly awakened among us,—some clergymen more are under some more concern,—there seems to be a fresh out-pouring of the Spirit in several places hereabout. Some of the lay teachers are very much blessed. People are stirred up more and more to hear. Go on, dear elder brother, our eyes shall see wondrous things. If a cloud shall come for a moment to try our faith, it shall soon be dispelled by the rising Sun of Glory.

Last night I parted with Nancy and settled all things as far as they could now. The old gentleman consents, but cannot go through the trial he shall undergo if he sees me and gives his consent in form. My soul is very happy, and kept above all, and sees all in their own colour,—*vanity*.—This is our privilege and happiness indeed. I feel what it is to have a wife and as if I had her not. Lord, this is thy doings.

I am, with kind love to sister Whitfield, yours for ever in the nearest bonds,

H. HARRIS.

II. LEWIS REES TO HOWEL HARRIS.

LLANBRYN MAIR, *May 16th, 1740.*

DEAR BROTHER,

Though you are out of sight you are not out of mind. I intended many times to write unto you before this, but something would still intervene. Therefore I do embrace this opportunity to send you these few lines, hoping you are in health both of body and mind, as I am at present in body.

The great benefactor pleaded your case in the consciences of your adversaries, as I take it, to be the cause their dropping it. They continued to threaten till the Quarter Sessions and then dropped it, for which favour we ought to bless God as the author of it.

I am afraid there is more indifference about religion with us than has been, especially with some, but I hope and believe we have some candles burning and shining; but some others, that were willing to suffer martyrdom with you have, or appear to be so, grown very careless and ready to make the worst construction of what they hear, and our enemies boast bravely of their backsliding. W. Ralf and his wife have never been in the society since you have been there, but here are two or three young men in Llanbryn Mair that seem to be very industrious hitherto. William Hughes, I hope, is on the growing hand daily, but I am afraid that our young parson will give but a poor encouragement to the societies, and those that are most zealous. The young curate that sent the letter to you preached a sad sermon here Lord's day following, and you were the principal subject of his discourse; and one Mr. Lewis Jones, of Llanymowddy, came here lately and preached the most persecuting sermon that was ever heard here before.

Our old friend Thomas Owen is gone to Heaven, he longed very much for the time of his departure before it came, and would hardly suffer me to speak a word for his life in prayer while he has been sick. There are some that are very diligent in Llandinam, but I had not the convenience of going to them, for we cannot have our new meeting house recorded, and the Baptists are not willing for me to come to theirs. There is a society of young women

in Aberhaves parish, they meet twice a week. So far about Montgomeryshire.

Now I shall give you some account of Merionethshire which would make your heart to leap within you. I have no words to express what appears there to me. 'Tis just now I came home from thence. I went there yesterday and preached three times and kept a society after night. O dear brother, praise God, it was a day to my soul better than a thousand. There were several hundreds of people, so far as I can guess, and they seem to be hardly willing to part. I never saw so much tears, or heard so much groaning as there. I hope I can say that the power of God was with us in some measure, though I have cause to complain of great unbelief in my wicked heart, besides many other corruptions. The subject I had was John vi. 37. They came together every night to Jenkin Morgan, and I hope there are a great many truly born of God. They want the means of grace very much. They are very much for having Jenkin to stay with them another quarter, and they are willing to maintain him themselves, and that whether he will keep the school or not, only to have him the nights with them. I beg of you to stir some of our ministers to concern for them and to send some useful man here. I would willingly resign up this place to any one that came here, and I would go to them, for I do enjoy more of God with them there than anywhere else now, or than ever I did, as far as I can judge. O! dear brother, pray, pray earnestly, for me that I may lay more in, up, and out for Christ.

I was told that Mr. Wesley was to come to Wales. If so be it, pity the North and endeavour to prevail with him to come here.

Give my hearty love to your mother and all enquiring friends. Favour me with a letter that I may know how does religion in the way you go. Now I commit you to God and the word of his grace, who may and will build you more to tread Satan and his followers under Christ's feet, that he might be formed in many souls as I hope. I am your unworthiest and most vile brother and servant,

LEWIS REES.

P.S.—Excuse haste and irregularities.

III. FROM DANIEL ROWLAND'S SON TO
HOWEL HARRIS' DAUGHTER.

LLANGEITHO, *November 17th, 1768.*

DEAR MISS,

Having written two letters to you some time ago from St. Nicholas, where I then resided, and not receiving an answer, makes me conclude that they were either intercepted, or that you did not approve of your correspondent, which seemed very plain from your behaviour to me the 24th of August, at the opening of Lady Huntingdon's chapel, when your very countenance even despised me, denying exchange of words, a very poor return for the most honourable love that ever possessed the heart of man.

And having lately heard that you were engaged to the Master of the College, I

shall beg one small favour of you, which I hope you won't deny me, which is,—two or three lines from under your own hand, and if you are in the least pre-engaged I shall never trouble you any more; and if not, I hope you'll think of me as one that has a very great regard for you. I must desire you not to expose this scribble, but so far oblige me as, after you have perused it, to burn it, so as not to occasion any mischief, being confident the bearer will not inform any body, she being a very harmless woman from Merthyr.

And believe me, dear Miss, your most affectionate, humble servant,

N. ROWLAND.

P.S.—If the bearer can't stay for an answer, pray direct to me at Llangeitho, near Lampeter, Cardiganshire.

A LIFE'S FAILURE.

CHAPTER I.

TEDDY LLOYD'S failure in life was the subject of many theories amongst the few thousands who made up the population of Caledfryn. The only son of a tradesman who became Mayor before retiring, his boyhood was watched with keen interest by the townspeople. Especially was it interesting to the society worshipping at Capel Mawr, of which Mr. Llewellyn Lloyd, J.P., was the chief pillar. At the local Grammar School, however, Teddy was fated to disappoint the numerous circle who flattered his father's vanity. The boy was steady enough till he came under the influence of several English boarders, who spoilt his Welsh rusticity with notions of life formed during their holidays in Manchester.

The change that was overtaking Teddy's character was first noticed when he dropped his attendance at the weekly gathering of the local lodge of Good Templars. Then he evinced indifference to the weekly consolation of the chapel. This was followed by a constant perusal of cheap fiction,—small red-backed novellettes, rejoicing in titles suggestive of

backwood escapades and nautical adventure. As a consequence, Teddy's progress in languages and mathematics came to a sudden stop.

Alderman Lloyd prided himself above all things on his decision of character. Prompt remedies for anything that went wrong had always proved effective in business. A surreptitious examination of Teddy's library stock, in which Captain Marryat's works happened to be in a majority that evening, furnished him with the situation at a glance. Forthwith Teddy was packed off to sea. For once, however, his unfailing remedy proved only an aggravation. He had pictured the return of a broken-spirited youth, under circumstances which likened Teddy to the prodigal son,—a simile at once flattering to his spiritual pride and parental judgment.

He was startled, nay, he was pained, therefore, when Teddy called out,—“Hallo, old un,” as the train steamed into the station. Closer acquaintance did not remove the disgusting impression which these words raised. Whatever were Teddy's literary tastes in the old days, he had always shown a certain amount of

respect to his three sisters, but his seafaring life seemed to have deadened his respect for the tender sex, judging from the tone he assumed towards them. On the whole, Alderman Lloyd was forced to the conclusion that his experiment was a failure.

Teddy went from bad to worse. For a few Sundays he yielded to the earnest solicitations of the family, and attended chapel. But the constant excuses he invented for avoiding this duty led to an open rupture with his father, who had not the heart to turn him out of doors.

He sought a solution to the family difficulty, however, by securing a berth for his wayward son in a ship-merchant's office. A month's sojourn in Liverpool ended in a summary dismissal of the lad.

This was the prelude to several years' idling. The first time Teddy returned home drunk Alderman Lloyd threatened physical violence. But, as the worthy J.P. was of inconsequent stature, and his son's proportions had followed the example of the late lamented Mrs. Lloyd, impulse had to give way to discretion.

In this way did Edward Ernest Lloyd drift beyond the pale of the respectabilities.

CHAPTER II.

TEDDY'S last spree had covered three weeks, during which time he was the perpetual target for the family scorn. But as his mind was in an invariably muddled condition, he was impervious to contempt.

Yet now, as he was returning home from the Boar's Head, a moral re-action was rising, and Teddy began to heed an awakening conscience.

"D——n his heart," said Teddy in Welsh, thinking of his father. "He called me a disgrace to the family this morning. What is he, I should like to know? A canting old hypocrite, like the rest of the Round-heads."

The path leading from the main road to his father's house crossed the river Clwyd at its deepest reach, and then followed it along its bank for some distance. The path was dangerous at night time,

especially to a man the worse for drink. But the evening was bright, and the moonbeams shed a silvery lustre over the ripples of the water. Above, the sky was beautifully clear and starlit; below, all was silent, save for the faint and gentle murmur of the river.

Hitherto, Teddy's enjoyment of life was at its highest when he was playing nap, drinking stout, and singing melodious ribaldries. And the reproach contained in his father's terse description of his past life had gone home. He sought palliation in abusing his father's piety; but the truth had at last pierced his indolent, careless nature. Throughout the day the words had kept running in his mind; and now, in the presence of the quiet forces of nature, and the holy majesty of the blue arch which encircled the surrounding hills, the judgment of conscience condemned him as a worthless idler. All the salient events in his career passed before him in rapid review,—his childish grief at his mother's death,—his school chums,—his sea voyage,—his home coming,—his father.

In his meditation he had paused, and found himself gazing thoughtfully into the glassy surface of the stream, the words "the family's disgrace" ringing in his ears.

Well, it was fate that had led him into this condition. He had never been a bad fellow; at any rate, he was never guilty of those mean, petty vices in which his father's set delighted.

What was it he saw in the water? He was standing right within a few inches of the edge-bank, and he caught sight of a pale face, troubled eyes, unkempt hair. It gave no cry, but the pained expression it bore so plainly besought help. Teddy raised both arms in a gesture of surprise, and at the same time it stretched its arms, apparently for help.

Then flashed into his memory,—*"The family disgrace."*

He would show his father whether he was utterly bad,—he could prove he was a man by rescuing another. Then, without a moment's hesitation, he brought his hands together and sprang into the water.

There was a noisy splash, followed by desperate beatings and gaspings. Then

there was a widening ripple, and the water resumed its glassy level and shiny surface.

CHAPTER III.

WITH his professional occupation of corn grinding, Richard Jones, the occupier of Clwyd Mill, combined the forbidden art of setting night lines. In early spring and late autumn he could be seen at every dawn picking his way very guardedly through the copse that fringed the Clwyd close to Teddy's house.

On this particular morning the miller's spirits were high. The previous evening he had received a letter from his stalwart son, who was in the army, intimating an early home-coming. Also, the trout had caught most generously. At every line which he unwound from the large stone it was tied to he had felt a wriggling tightness, and the canvas bag, in which his girl usually carried her school books, was full of trout, and quite a weight at his side.

The miller had pulled in the last line when his eyes caught sight of a ghastly

object. Entangled in the roots of the large chestnut which overhung the river was a human body.

He stole silently back to the mill with his guilty burden; then made his way back, and sent for the farm bailiff, who lived about a hundred yards away.

When they dragged the body out, they failed to recognise the glassy-eyed, frothy-mouthed, and swollen discoloured features.

Then at last the discovery was made. The news flew on the wings of rumour that Teddy Lloyd had drowned himself. Some, who thought of the boy only at his best, pitied his sad end. Others, who once declared they were "interested in his career," derived some consolation from the melancholy fact that his father's sore trial was ended.

But, although Teddy's life was a failure, it achieved two excellent results. It destroyed the belief of Mr. Llewellyn Lloyd, J.P., in the virtue of his decision of character. It also cured the God-fearing miller of the illicit sport of night fishing.

ARTEMUS JONES.

IEUAN BRYDYDD HIR.

A TABLET TO HIS MEMORY.

WE, in Wales, have not been distinguished for readiness in raising public monuments to our mighty dead. No doubt, there exist a few such monuments which remind us that there have been Welshmen who, notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, have left their footprints on the sands of time. Those effigies which have been raised by a grateful nation, at Carnarvon and Carmarthen, at Tregaron and Llandinam, are notable examples which might be imitated with advantage. During a short sojourn in America, I was much impressed with this characteristic of its cities. America, as it seems to me, is "great" on commemorating the achievements of its benefactors. There is no city too small to erect its public monuments; and I visited many schools in which tablets had been set up

to remind the scholars of services rendered to the State by some distinguished former pupil. In one school, at least, in Wales a similar practice holds, though on a much smaller scale; and this has been of signal benefit as a stimulus and incentive to learning and high achievements. But as a nation, we have yet to learn to show forth our appreciation of a life spent in noble action, and to exhibit publicly in brass or stone our homage to departed greatness. The poet whose name appears at the head of this article had lain a century in his grave ere the chisel, guided by a cunning hand, had graven his name on any mural tablet. This neglect was felt to be a reproach to our country; but the reproach has since been rolled away. And, although four years and a half have elapsed since this act of justice was done

to the memory of a great but unfortunate name, there are still many Welsh *litterateurs* who are unaware of the fact. I venture to relate what has been done and how it was brought about.

It was on Wednesday, January 9th, 1880, that a very splendid monumental tablet was set up in the chancel of Lledrod church, to the memory of the Rev. Evan Evans, Ieuan Brydydd Hir,—poet, scholar and antiquarian. The tablet is of white marble, on a black back-ground. The material is of the most excellent quality, the marble being of the very best Italian (Carrara) kind, such as it would be the delight of Praxiteles or Phidias to work upon. The bard whose scholarship and work is commemorated on the sculptured stone was a native of Lledrod, a small village, of no mean fame, amongst the hills of Cardiganshire. It has been for a very long time in the minds of several Welsh scholars and antiquarians to erect some kind of monument to the memory of the illustrious poet. The history of the movement which brought the idea to an accomplished fact, is very much as follows.

In the year 1874, Mr. T. O. Morgan, barrister-at-law, Aberystwyth, and Mr. John Jones (*Ivon*), two men of a thoroughly antiquarian as well as practical turn of mind, after due consideration, determined to open a subscription list for the purpose of erecting a memorial of some description, to be placed in the parish of Lledrod, where the remains of Ieuan Brydydd lie, and the following notice appeared in the public papers of that day,—“In connection with the movement to erect a monument in his native parish to the patriotic author of the ‘*Dissertatio de Bardis*,’ a committee of subscribers has been provisionally appointed for the purpose of collecting funds to carry out their object. A secretary and treasurer have been named, and it is proposed that the committee should be open to all subscribers to the amount of ten shillings each, so that all such shall have a voice in determining all further and ulterior proceedings. Treasurer, Mr. David Jones, National Provincial Bank, Aberystwyth, to whom subscriptions can be paid.” The secretary was Ivon, the treasurer’s brother. Through the exertions of Mr. T.

O. Morgan, many well wishers responded to the call, and subscriptions amounting to £19 5s., were placed in the hands of the treasurer. Soon after this, Mr. Morgan removed from Aberystwyth to his new residence in Goginan, and there he died in 1878. In 1886, the late Mr. William Jones, of Ysbytty Ystwyth, and Ivon became co-trustees, and by October, 1889, the principal and interest had amounted to £21 0s. 2d. Meanwhile the movement was not dead, nor were the projectors asleep, for they kept themselves in communication with the Rev. Evan Alban, vicar of Lledrod, now deceased, who being consulted some years previously on the subject, wisely advised a little postponement until the church should be rebuilt, a matter which was then in contemplation. As the year 1889 was just a century after the death of the poet, it was thought, and very properly, that the time had come when the design of the original projectors should be put into execution. An estimate was obtained from a firm of local enamellers for a handsome tablet, which, by the permission of the late vicar of Lledrod, was, on the date referred to above, erected in the chancel of the parish church.

The tablet, surmounted by a Gothic top, bears the following inscription,—

Er Cof am y
PARCH. EVAN EVANS,
Cynhawdref,
(*Ieuan Brydydd Hir*)
GANWYD MAI 20, 1731. BU FARW AWST, 1789.

Hic jacet vates sacer ille, doctus
Literas Græccas neque non Latinas;
Doctus et fastos Gwaliae, Lledrodus
Grandis alumnus.

The inscription, with the stanza written after the model of the Horatian Sapphic, is from the pen of an excellent Latin scholar, the Rev. John Jones, M.A., headmaster of Ystrad Meurig School. The following will serve as a translation,—“Here lies that devoted seer, the great foster-child of Lledrod, learned in the literature of Greece and Rome; learned also in the annals of Wales.”

Ieuan Brydydd was born at Cynhawdref, in the parish of Lledrod, in 1731. He was

educated at Ystrad Meurig School under the poet and scholarly headmaster, Edward Richard, who was the first to detect and to bring forth the latent powers of Ieuan. After leaving school, he was entered at Merton College, Oxford, in 1751. He was ordained, and was successively curate of Towyn, Llanberis, Llanllechid, and Rye in Kent. He was noticed by Lewis Morris,—"Morus o Fôn,"—who had formed a high opinion of his abilities from some juvenile poems. Ieuan applied himself with great diligence to the study of Welsh literature, and employed his leisure time in translating ancient Cymric MSS., and for that purpose, he gained admission to the libraries of Wynnstay and Hengwrt, and others. In 1764, he published a quarto volume of ancient Welsh poems, to which he subjoined a learned dissertation. This work at once placed him in a high rank as a critic and antiquary. The poet Gray, as is well known, has written several poems on Welsh subjects. Gray was not at all acquainted with our language or literature except through Ieuan's "Specimens of Welsh poetry," in which he had translated a poem by Gwalchmai, and Aneurin's *Gododin*. These furnished Gray with material for his "Triumphs of Owen," and "Death of Howell." In disposition, Ieuan was humane and benevolent, and he possessed many excellent qualities. In person he was tall, athletic, and of a dark complexion. He died at Cynhawdref, the place of his birth, in 1789. After his decease, his papers and collections were placed in the library of Plasgwyn, Anglesey, and became the property of Mr. P. Panton. In 1876, Canon Silvan Evans edited a volume of Ieuan's poems and letters, to which he added a brief biography of the poet.

Lledrod church was at first a chapel of ease under the great abbey of Ystrad Fflur near Pont Rhyd Fendigaid, and its Sunday and week day ministrations were served by the monks from that famous monastery. Its comparative proximity to the abbey ought to give it considerable interest, but of its history in the old times we now know nothing. Through the kindness of the late vicar, the Rev. Evan Alban, I was permitted some years ago to see "Y Llyfr Gwyn"—*The White Book*,—in which have

been kept the records of vestry meetings, &c., during the present century. We find that a vestry was held on May 22nd, 1825, when it was resolved that, as the then church was in too ruinous a state to repair, a new church should be built from the foundations, and with as little delay as possible. The vicar, the Rev. William Hughes,—officiating minister, as he is designated in the record,—and the Rev. Lewis Evans, rural dean, were requested to write to the bishop, as patron, to the incumbent and the impropiators, for permission to take down the church and to get another rebuilt, and the churchwardens were requested to obtain two plans and two estimates. In three weeks there was another vestry held, and further resolutions passed. It was resolved to build a new church having the following dimensions,—length 50 feet, the chancel 13½ feet long included, breadth 20 feet; the walls were to be 2 feet thick, and of stone and lime. Then follows a long list of specifications. Erasmus Jones, of Swydd Ffynnon, was to undertake the building, and the work was placed under Charles James, of Pentre Richard, Llanddewi Brefi, as clerk of the works, a man of more than local reputation in his craft. The whole cost was estimated at £229. The church was to have three windows,—this was afterwards changed into four. This church, thus built near seventy years ago, in half a century fell into a most neglected and dilapidated state. By dint of perseverance and hard work, the late vicar was able to rebuild the whole about ten years ago, and now Lledrod possesses as comfortable a church as can be desired. The present building is much larger than the one referred to above. It is singularly free from all kinds of decorative art. Ieuan Brydydd Hir's is the only tablet that adorns its walls. The floor is of several inches of concrete, overlaid with blocks of wood two inches thick, prettily and securely knit together. The pulpit is of wood, and is low; its front facet has an emblem on it of a mysterious nature, in the shape of an equilateral triangle inscribed in a circle, the work of a local handicraftsman, and which is by some authorities looked upon as, in its way, a work of art.

The unveiling of Ieuan's tablet on that

cold winter's day in January, 1890, was witnessed by only a few persons; it was not a great occasion, as the world reckons "great," and the function had not been advertised in the newspapers. The vicar of Lledrod, the Rev. John Jones of Ystrad Meurig, Ivon, and myself, with a few others, watched the proceedings with the liveliest interest. Mr. Davey Jones of Ysptyty Ystwyth, one of the very few descendants, if not indeed the only descendant, of Ieuan Brydydd's relations, was most enthusiastic, and rendered valuable service on the occasion.

It was satisfactory to think that the long-delayed tribute to Ieuan's memory had been placed in the church of the parish where he first and last saw the light. There was one discordant note. We could

not but regret that all the members of the committee whose efforts brought about this monumental tribute of admiration and homage to genius, had all, save one, been laid to rest, each in his narrow cell. The solitary committee-man who survived had that day the supreme pleasure of witnessing the final consummation of sixteen years of anxious thought regarding the favourite project.

Ieuan sleeps on the nor'h-east side of the church; nor is his sleep more gentle for the memorial which has been raised above his tomb; still, at his shrine before the storied tablet, the Muse may, in the roll of ages, kindle the torch in many a village lad, and fan its fame till it burn with the noble rage of a Milton.

DAVID SAMUEL.



EDITOR'S NOTES.

THE National Eisteddfod of 1894 has been as striking a gathering of the Welsh tribes as any of its predecessors. It was held at the ancient and picturesque town of Carnarvon,—a town that may almost be called the capital of Welsh literary life. The visit of the Prince of Wales was the cause of more bunting, of more congratulatory alliterations, and of more historical inaccuracies than usual. It was my lot to visit the Eisteddfod when the royal highnesses, the long rows of policemen, most of the nobility, and most of the chief trippers had disappeared. The crowded but orderly meetings of the last days were most enjoyable. This was the most Welsh of all the Eisteddfodau held within recent years; and the performing of Mr. Jenkins' oratorio in Welsh, let us hope, is the beginning of an unbroken series of such renderings in future Eisteddfodau. In my next number I hope to be able to give an illustrated article on this great institution.

The Welsh industry described this month is quarrying at Bethesda. Next month an article from the pen of Mr. A. N. Palmer, on leather working at Wrexham, will be given. This is to be followed by profusely illustrated articles on the great South Wales industries.

Much discussion has been aroused by the translation of *Bardd Cwsg* and *Drych y Prif Oesoedd* respectively into "The Bard of Sleep" and "The Mirror of the Chief Ages." A more literal translation of the one would be "The Sleeping Bard" or "The Bard Asleep," and of the other "The Mirror of the Early Ages." But the intention was to keep the ambiguity of the idiom in the one case and the ambiguity of the word *prif* in the other,—the history of the derivation of *prif* from *primus* and of *chief* from *caput* being pretty much the same.

Professor Henry Jones, of St. Andrew's University, has been appointed Professor of Moral Philosophy at the University of Glasgow, as the successor of Edward Caird, now Master of Balliol. Mr. Jones is a native of Llangernyw, and he has been teaching Philosophy at Aberystwyth and at Bangor. It is with pardonable pride that we regard the appointment of a Welshman to one of the most important Philosophy Chairs in Europe.

In addition to articles already promised, a review of poems, and the chapter on the History

of Wales, have been crowded out of this number.

The fourth volume of "The Cambrian Minstrelsie," edited by Dr. Joseph Parry, has been published. Messrs. Jack, of Edinburgh, have done great service to Wales by the publication of these beautiful volumes.

Should any subscriber wish to have the numbers of "WALES" with edges uncut, he can have them on application to any bookseller or to the publishers.

A PARTICULAR JOB.

THE early advance of summer daylight had already caused the charming book of nature to be opened, and the universal psalm of praise ascending from towering hill and lowly vale, from noisy cascade and peaceful lake, from open pasture and woodland shade, swelled into full chorus with the divinely-trained voices of a thousand winged warblers along the sylvan slopes, when the great source of light arose above the eastern mountain flank.

Amidst this supreme resplendency stood the humble cottage of the village carpenter Robin Dafydd,—or Robert Davies, as he was entered in the parish register of Llantyllian,—and within, another book,—the book of books,—was opened on the small circular table in front of the clean hearthstone. The honest dweller read the sacred words to his little household seated round. It was morning prayer,—or "family duty" as it is appropriately designated in simple Welsh,—the first act of their toilsome day, as indispensable to these pious people as the pure mountain air they breathed; the acknowledgement of past protection and the application for its continuance. Nor had the fact escaped them that there were other houses in the neighbourhood, where dwelt Sabbath breakers, swearers, and ungodly blasphemers, and which were apparently equally well protected and provided for as their own; but their simple faith was not shaken; rather, their sense of the heavenly love's magnitude was intensified. The father read the story of the burning

bush, and within their souls its everlasting flames of love were glowing.

Prayer followed, and they all went on their knees, when a sharp knock was heard at the door, but no one stirred. The rapping was repeated vehemently, but it was an inviolable rule of Robin Dafydd's to pay no attention to any interruption during the progress of family worship. After he had ended, his little daughter went to the door and found herself face to face with the angry Squire. The poor girl was ready to sink in a swoon.

"What are you doing here this morning?" asked the Squire. "I have been rapping away for two or three minutes."

It was a long time to keep a squire waiting, and the little girl replied tremulously,—

"My father was at 'duty,' sir."

"Duty be bothered; call your father here at once, and tell him his duty is to attend to his superiors."

"Just what he was doing, sir," the little girl might have answered; but he was the Squire, the most dreaded of all mortals in Llantyllian, the man who owned all the roofs in the place, who hesitated not to deprive such as crossed him of the shelter thereof. The father came forward at that moment.

"Well, Robert Davies," said the Squire, "you seem to be somewhat deaf here this morning."

"Very sorry to have kept you waiting, sir; but we were engaged on a particular job, which could not be left before we completed it, and we didn't expect anyone thus early, sir."

"You people have always something particular on," replied the Squire, "particular days, particular meetings, particular objections, and particular consciences; in short, you are a bigoted lot."

"You are rather hard upon us, sir," said Robin, good-naturedly.

"Are any of your men about?" asked the Squire.

"They will be here shortly, sir."

"Then get one of them to collect a small bundle of odds and ends of boards suitable for fretwork. Miss Helen wishes to try her hand. I will call for them when I drive back from the village."

"Very good, sir, I will get them ready at once."

Robin made up a bundle after he had gone, and having left them in the care of his foreman, Pierce, who had now arrived, went his way on some business or other. Now Pierce was a two-faced man, and with this double visage he managed not only to turn out good work, but also to see a good deal ahead, and he looked forward to the time when he should have his own workshop and his own customers, including the Squire and other gentry. Had he based this anticipation upon a determination to turn out a better quality of work than his present employer, no one could find fault with such honest ambition; but, unfortunately, Pierce brought other means to attain his end, and he seldom missed an opportunity for disparaging his master in the eyes of his customers. Such an opportunity presented itself when the Squire made his appearance and enquired for the materials.

"Are you very busy here just now, Pierce?"

"Not very, sir, only plenty of miscellaneous work. That is a nice piece of work," said Pierce, handing the Squire a beautiful holly stick, newly varnished; "that's the master's work, sir, and it will look very well when it is completed."

"It looks smart enough already," replied the Squire, "what more does he intend doing?"

"He has a silver ferrule yet to put on it, sir. It came by post yesterday from Birmingham, whither it had been sent to be engraved," said Pierce, reaching a small

box, which contained the silver ferrule, and engraved upon it were the words,—*'Anrheg i H—— J——, Ysw., A.S., gan Robert Davies, saer, fel arwydd o'i edmygedd (a gift to H—— J——, Esq., M.P., from Robert Davies, carpenter, as a mark of his admiration).*

The Squire said nothing, but uttered a significant 'h'm,' and in that 'h'm' were contained the doom of Robin Dafydd and the triumph of Pierce's dishonourable tactics.

After a while the Squire said,—*"Dear me, I never knew till now what side in politics Robert Davies took. I always failed to elicit his political leanings."*

"He has always been very quiet about them," said the wily foreman, "that is, he has been noways so prominent as I have been on our side, sir, much to my discomfort; but that ferrule speaks for itself, I should say, sir."

"What did you refer to, Pierce, when you remarked 'much to your discomfort?'" inquired the Squire.

"Well, sir, I don't care to say it, but since you have asked me, I was referring to the sneers and unpleasant remarks of the country-folk about here, because I happen to belong to your side of politics, sir," said Pierce.

"Is that so, is it?" said the Squire, "I shall remedy that; trust me, Pierce. I suppose this stick is the particular job of this morning's."

"Yes, he is very particular with it," said Pierce, who did not understand the reference.

After this the Squire proceeded on his way. The next time he met Robin, some weeks afterwards, he stopped him, and with the intention of teasing him asked,—

"What was the particular job you were at when I was yonder that morning?"

Robin said nothing, but hung his head downwards.

"Oh, I see!" continued the Squire, "you don't care to tell me. You needn't trouble, I know. It is quite possible for people to make rods for their own chastening."

The Squire rode off, and poor Robin pondered long over these words. What did they mean? Whatever they meant he was now aware that the Squire was vexed.

He knew what to expect. Nor was he disappointed. His tenancy was to cease. The scene of his weary toil was to pass to other hands. His dear little ones were to abandon their native roof. God of Righteousness! God of Justice! Stretch out Thy right arm! No!—Thy will be done.

Just at this time a small tenement in the adjoining parish happened to be in the market. It was a freehold, and money was forthcoming to purchase the same; and Robin Dafydd became a free and independent subject of the realm. In his new abode he tilled the earth and undertook an occasional job for the surrounding farmers, and kept up the family duty; and like the deep and free ocean that surged below his peaceful hamlet, he came and went, rose and bowed to the will of his Divine Maker; while the Squire nurtured the unpleasant consciousness of his high-handed action, and repented at leisure for what he had perpetrated in haste.

The county member died, and left his only son the whole of his property, including Robin Dafydd's gift. His successor did not take to politics like his father, and consequently the Squire had a better opinion of him, and he became somewhat friendly with the young heir, who was a frequent visitor at the hall. It was not long before the local gossips, who watched the progress of events from the heights of maternity and spinstry, were able to announce an attachment between the young heir and Miss Helen, and further on they reported an engagement.

One day the betrothed couple were strolling through the beautiful and spacious park which surrounded the Squire's mansion, when Miss Helen espied a young bull approaching towards them threateningly from the herd close by. She drew her lover's attention to it, and he proceeded to meet it with his stick uplifted. He aimed a heavy blow at it, but missed, and the infuriated beast knocked him down, and would undoubtedly have gored him to death but for the appearance of a man from the bordering covert, who rushed past the fainting lady, and, snatching the stick from the prostrate gentleman, dealt the animal a blow that sent him toppling over, while his faithful dog kept him at

bay until their deliverer had dragged the bleeding gentleman and unconscious lady over the hedge into the next field.

It was Robin, and he hurried towards the hall to procure assistance, and having arrived at the house, through which he knew his way well, he summoned the servants, and directed them to the spot where the unfortunate pair lay. He then proceeded to the study, where he knew the Squire spent his afternoons. A sudden terror seized him when he perceived Robin advancing towards him with a bloody stick in his hand, for he concluded that Robin meditated an attack upon him.

"What do you want here?" he said sharply, and rising from his seat.

"I've come on a particular job," said Robin. "The young Squire of Trefagos has been attacked by one of the bulls in the park, and he would have been gored to death, had I not been able, through the aid of my dog, to drag the youth away. Your daughter is also seriously alarmed."

So was the Squire, but not too much to feel the sting in Robin's words.

The victims of the untoward episode were carried to the hall, and medical assistance was procured, which soon restored them to their usual health.

Inquiries were made for the hero, but he was gone. A messenger was sent to his house, but failed to find him. The Squire was annoyed; he sought the opportunity to make amends for his former tyranny. The poor man's body was found later on. He had succumbed to the after effects of internal injuries received during the struggle. The event cast a general gloom over the whole neighbourhood, and the largest crowd ever seen there assembled to pay his mortal remains their last respect.

A beautiful marble obelisk, the grandest memorial stone in the ancient churchyard, marks his grave. On one side are engraved,—

IN MEMORY OF A PARTICULAR JOB,
while on the opposite side are the sad
circumstances of the brave man's end.

T. L. OWEN.

Carnarvon.

Printed and Published by Hughes and Son, at 56, Hope Street, Wrexham.

EDUCATIONAL WORKS

PUBLISHED BY

Hughes & Son, Wrexham.

IN CLOTH, PRICE 4s. 6d.

Rowlands' Welsh Grammar: by the late Rev. Thomas Rowland.

A Grammar of the Welsh Language, written in English: based on the most approved systems, with copious examples from some of the best Authors.

Uniform with the above, PRICE 4s. 6d.

Welsh Exercises: adapted to the above Grammar, by the same Author, with copious Explanatory Notes.

IN CLOTH, Fcap. 8vo., 2s. 6d.

Cyfystyron y Gymraeg (Welsh Synonyms): by Griffith Jones (*Glan Menai*). Of this little volume

CANON SILVAN EVANS says:—

"He has not only compiled a copious list of words that are, in a general sense considered synonymous, but he has shewn, in most cases, the different shades of meaning conveyed by those words."

IN CLOTH, Fcap. 8vo., 2s.

Gramadeg Cymraeg: by the Rev. David Rowlands, B.A. (*Dewi Môn*), Brecon.

University College of North Wales,

BANGOR

(A Constituent College of the University of Wales.)

PRINCIPAL: H. R. REICHEL, M.A.,

With Eight Professors, Four Lecturers, and Eleven other teachers. Next Session begins OCTOBER 2nd, 1894. The College courses include the subjects for the degrees of London University. Students intending to graduate in Medicine at the Universities of Edinburgh or Glasgow may take their first year's course at the College. There are special departments for Agriculture and Electrical Engineering.

At the Entrance Scholarship Examination (beginning SEPTEMBER 18th) more than 20 Scholarships and Exhibitions, ranging in value from £40 to £10, will be open for competition. One half the total amount offered is reserved for Welsh candidates.

For further information and copies of the Prospectus, apply to

JOHN EDWARD LLOYD, M.A.,
Secretary and Registrar.

CANWYLL Y CYMRY

(The Welshman's Candle),

Gan y FICAR PRICHARD.

YR UNIG ARGRAFFIAD CYFLAWN;

GYDA

NODIADAU EGLURHAOL, a BYWGRAFFIAD.



Argraffiad Rhad; Llian Destlus, 2/6.

Y mae "Canwyll yr Hen Ficar" yn un o'r cithiau Clasurol Cymru. Y mae yn parhau i swyno gyda'i leithwedd darawiadol; ac nid yw llyfrgell y Cymro yn gyflawn heb

GOPI O'R GANWYLL.

I'w gael gan Lyfrwerthwyr, neu afonir ar dderbyniad 2/6 gan y Cyhoeddwr

Hughes & Son, 56, Hope St., Wrexham.

PIANOS! PIANOS!! PIANOS!!

From 10/- Monthly.

—ON NEW HIRE SYSTEM.—

LARGEST STOCK IN THE KINGDOM.

Thompson & Shackell,

(LIMITED,)

QUEEN'S MUSIC WAREHOUSE, CARDIFF,

Also at Swansea, Newport, Bristol, Merthyr, Gloucester, Cheltenham, Pontypridd, Llanelly, &c., &c.

Sole Agents for South Wales for the Estey Organs and the Neumeyer and Ibach Pianos.

Agents for Pianos by Collard & Collard, Broadwood, Brinsmead, Kirkman, & all Leading Makers.

Organs by Estey, Mason & Hamlin, and all best American Firms.

[Illustrated Catalogues FREE.]

PIANOS AND ORGANS

On the Easy Payment System; delivered Free on Payment of First Instalment.

THE BEST & CHEAPEST HOUSE IN WALES.

Full Value allowed for
**OLD INSTRUMENTS TAKEN
IN EXCHANGE.**



**AMERICAN ORGAN, with
Pipe or Mirror Top, 6s. per Month.**

10/6 per month, Walnut Cottage Pianoforte, Iron Frame, Check Action, Full Trichord, Brass Pinplate, Truss Supports, Panel Front with Gilt Inlaid or Marquetry, &c. Delivered on Payment of TEN SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE.

CRANE & SONS,

R. THORNTON JONES, MANAGER,

4, REGENT STREET, WREXHAM.

Tunings and Repairs in any part of Wales by experienced men. Estimates Free. Illustrated catalogue free on application.



IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL—A DIFFICULT VERSE.

WALES.

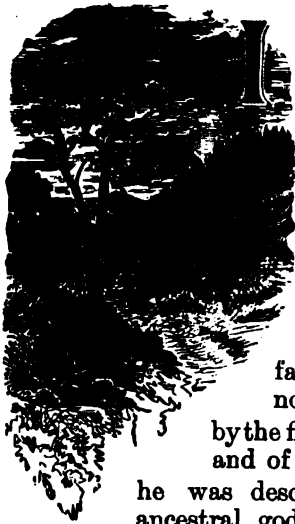
[Vol. I.]

SEPTEMBER, 1894.

[No. 5.]

THE HISTORY OF WALES.

IV.—WHO THE WELSH ARE.



N early communities the family tie was of the strongest, and the family circle was most exclusively sacred. It was impossible for a stranger to enter into a

family that was not his own, save

by the fiction of adoption and of pretending that

he was descended from the ancestral god of the family.

Stranger and enemy were the same. The purity of the family blood was jealously guarded. The family honour was asserted in many a fierce blood feud, the family possessions could not be alienated except through ceremonies so elaborate that alienation was hardly possible at all.

While the desire for isolation was so strong, while the hatred of strangers was so great, while possessions and religion were bound up with the purity of the family blood, why is it that the blood of the inhabitants of the remotest glens of Wales or of the silent reaches of Sweden is a mixture of the blood of many races?

The desire for keeping together is not the only desire that forms a motive power in the history of man. There is also a desire for moving on. In the history of progressive nations,—from the mountains of central Asia to the shores of the Western Ocean,—there has been a continuous move-

ment westward. This migration of nations was the cause of conquest, of the growth of classes by super-imposing conqueror on conquered, of the mixture of blood by the gradual assimilation of the two.

Before the daring Genoese and Portuguese ventured out into the Western Ocean, Wales lay on the very fringe of the known world. From its mountains men gazed into the mystery of that unknown and limitless ocean, and felt that they had reached the end of the earth. It was only the most adventurous that reached our shores,—from them came the Pelagius and the Abelard of history.

In the dimmest distance we see a great race of short men, with dark hair and eyes, and of a swarthy complexion, moving northwards and westwards. They came, perhaps, along the northern coast of the Mediterranean, from Egypt and Arabia, from the home of weird beliefs about death, from the deserts that have given the world so many heroes and so many great creeds. We have given them the name of Iberians. Their language has been lost, unless it lingers in a few place names, and unless it explains some of the peculiarities of the grammar of our own language. But they are probably the most important element, at this very day, in the constitution of the Welsh people.

After them there came another people,—greater in stature and mightier in war, with colder blood and more virtue. The Celts were tall, with fair hair and blue eyes. They came along the mountains which divide the great northern plain of Europe from the peninsulas of the south. They remained mighty hunters and warriors, despising the skill of the Iberian

craftsman, a skill they regarded as magic. The Celts were the aristocratic rulers of old Wales, it is the prowess of Celtic heroes and the fair beauty of Celtic women that are described by the earliest poets of Iberian blood.

After the Celts came a race like them in many things, but uglier and less gifted. This Teutonic wave came along the great northern plain, and it reached our islands from the point at which the plain reaches the western sea, at the neck of the Jutland peninsula. This great migration did not cease for many centuries. It had begun before the birth of Christ, the Roman tried in vain to stem it, and its force was not spent before one half of Wales was conquered by the Norman knights it had brought into Gaul.

Iberian, Celt, Teuton,—we are not any one of these, we are all of them. Our characteristics might be traced to one or the other of these,—genius and vice to the Iberian, strength and pride to the Celt, honesty and wilfulness to the Teuton. But our conclusions would probably be all wrong, for the elements are changed by intermixture. Besides, the existence of the elements themselves is largely a matter of inference.

But there is one question of supreme importance concerning the difference between them. It is this,—had they all reached the marriage stage, or "the patriarchal stage," as it is called. Some say that the story of human development begins with marriage, others say that marriage itself is the crown of a long course of development out of a horde existence. This much is certain,—there are nations among whom the marriage tie is so weak that it is impossible to find it, nations whose institutions do not presuppose the existence of the family at all. Whether this is a relic of a stage previous to the family stage, or whether it is a falling away from it, must be left to be discussed by the supporters of Maine and Morgan respectively. But when we find, in the Welsh laws, a community whose privileges are based on marriage existing side by side with a community with no family privileges, we naturally ask,—Do we not find here the Iberian and the Celt not yet assimilated? We shall be tempted to go further and ask,—Did the Celt come as the

apostle of the severe sanctity of marriage and is the sully of it due in a measure to the presence of the more sensuous Iberian?

The migration did not cease when the forests and the marshes of the north ceased to pour their barbarians into the Roman lands. The first Angles and Saxons hardly entered into modern Wales in the first days of conquest. But they came gradually, and were followed by those who had largely intermingled with Celtic people,—the Flemings and Norsemen who have formed so important a part of the inhabitants of our southern coast.

Later on, the towns of Wales were practically garrisons of Englishmen,—centres of civilization and of oppression,—selling their wares under the shadow of the king's castles and by charters granted by the king. It is this that explains, for example, why Owen Glendower could not carry his golden dragon into Carnarvon, and why so much English is spoken at Carmarthen to-day.

In our own day, the migration from east to west is going on as rapidly as ever, though not attended with slaughter as before. The discovery of the coal and iron of Monmouth and Glamorgan has brought into Wales thousands of men who are by this time an integral part of the Welsh people.

The continuity of the Welsh people is not that of Snowdon, it is that of the Severn. Not only do people come, they go. They look upon our mountains as their home, they go and are lost among other nations. It is thus that we were able to give French literature a Renan and English art a Burne Jones. To the great towns of England Welsh emigration has been unbroken for centuries, Welshmen now flock to Liverpool and Manchester as they once flocked to Worcester and Chester. In America they are among the most esteemed citizens, and the history of the United States can not be told without giving prominence to many of the sons of the mountains of Wales.

The last comers are, for a while, the most prominent element in the history of the people. Then they die off and gradually lose their prominence and power. To take an instance where there can be no

mistake, it is wonderful how soon most of the families of those who signed Magna Carta became extinct. The first comer is the most acclimatized, and has the best chance of surviving. The key to the history of modern times is the gradual and peaceful upheaval of the lower classes. Governing classes are gradually disappearing. The old fashioned justice, combining hunting with dispensing justice to those who dared hunt on their own account, no longer reigns supreme. The priest, who could once curse the world and lock the gates of heaven, has no longer a monopoly of the explanation of truth and superstition. The conqueror is being gradually divested of the last power and of the last show of power he has so long held.

The answer to the question "Who are the Welsh people" is no idle or useless answer. It explains the growth of representation which has been the characteristic

of the last four centuries; it explains the cry for local government that will be, possibly, the characteristic of four centuries to come.

Old Wales was feudal. It was under an aristocracy of princes. The reason is that the various classes were not assimilated; the religion of the time said that men must keep their stations, and exercise patience; there was no means of taking the castles or of piercing the steel which gave one class the power of ruling over another.

New Wales is becoming democratic. The perfection of gunpowder will probably make war so horrible before long that men will put an end to it. The spread of education will make every man his own priest. The people will become self-governing, and the last vestige of a difference between castes will disappear. The Iberian is inevitably conquering his conquerors in the end.

THE MAKING OF ROLLER LEATHER.

THE Cambrian Leather Works, Wrexham, now employing about three hundred men, women, and boys, and having a large trade, not merely in Great Britain, but also in Russia, India, and America, have developed, during the last 120 years, out of a small country tannery into a manufactory of light leather of all sorts, and especially of what is called "roller leather," the production of which at Wrexham largely exceeds the total output of all other makers of roller leather in the United Kingdom.

Mr. A. Seymour-Jones, one of the partners in the firm of Messrs. J. Meredith-Jones and Sons; the present proprietors of the Cambrian Leather Works, published in the autumn of 1893 an interesting little work on "Roller Leather," in which the development of the manufacture of that product and the leading part taken in connection with it by the author's own firm, and by the predecessors of that firm, are clearly traced. Roller leather is believed to have had its birth in the tannery on the site of which the Cambrian Leather

Works now stand, and it is this specialty that has made Wrexham known to cotton spinners throughout the world. One of the necessities of the cotton spinner is to obtain a perfect covering for his steel rollers, which, being of varying sizes, and having varying rates of revolution, effect the attenuation of the thread before it is twisted. A first covering is provided by what is called "roller cloth," a special product of Lancashire. But outside this inner covering, which serves as a cushion, an outer covering is required, which must possess the several properties of elasticity, toughness, thinness, and extreme smoothness of surface. The only material which has been found in practice to fulfil this function with entire satisfaction is a special sort of leather. The skins of mountain-bred sheep are the best adapted for the production of this leather, but the methods of treating them, so as to secure the results required, are so complex as to require great experience and unceasing attention, and to make it intelligible why the manufacture of roller leather is not merely a specialty,

but almost a monopoly. But in these days of keen competition and high pressure, the manufacturer who is a little ahead of his fellows must strain every nerve to maintain the lead. Formerly tanning, although a chemical as well as a mechanical process, was invariably a matter of rule of thumb, or of traditional and varying custom. It was at the Cambrian Leather Works, Wrexham, that the first fully organised laboratory, in connection with a tannery, was established in Great Britain. The Leather Industries Laboratory at the Yorkshire College, Leeds, was not started until some months later, and was then inferior in point of equipment. It was desired, by setting up a laboratory in organic connection with the Cambrian Leather Works, not merely to put all the details of the several processes on a scientific basis, to test regularly the

materials used, the tanning, and other liquors employed, but also to afford opportunities for investigating some of the problems, hitherto unsolved, which meet the leather manufacturer at every turn. Attached to the Cambrian Works laboratory is a miniature tannery, fitted up with appropriate machinery, so that experiments can be assimilated, in the conditions that govern them, to those which actually exist in the tannery itself.

Besides roller leather, many sorts of what are called "coloured fancy leathers" are made at the Cambrian Works, among them those used in the making of bags, purses, boot uppers, and boot and shoe linings, as well as such as are required by bookbinders and upholsterers.

ALFRED NEOBARD PALMER.

Wrexham.

PRECEDENCE.

THE following anecdote relates to the contest for precedence between two Monmouth families,—Proger, of Wernddu, and Powel, of Perthyr,—claiming descent from the same ancestor, and which, though no blood was shed, was not less obstinate than that between the rival Houses of York and Lancaster.

Mr. Proger, of Wernddu, had dined with a friend in Monmouth, and proposed riding home in the evening, but his friend objected on account of the lateness of the hour and the great probability of its raining before long, to which Mr. Proger replied, that "if it was late they would have moonlight, and should it come to rain, Perthyr is not far from the road, and my cousin Powel will, I am very sure, give us a night's lodging."

They accordingly mounted their horses and set out, but were soon overtaken by a violent storm; and on arriving at Perthyr, they found all the family had retired to rest. Mr. Proger, however, called to his cousin Powel, who, opening his window and looking out, said,—

"What in the name of wonder means all this disturbance? Who is there?"

"It is only I, your cousin Proger, of Wernddu, who am come to your hospitable door for shelter from the storm, and trust you will be kind enough to give me and my friend a night's lodging."

"What, is it you, cousin Wernddu? You and your friend shall be instantly admitted on one condition,—that you will allow, and never afterwards dispute, that I am the head of the family."

"No, sir, I never would admit that; WERE IT TO RAIN SWORDS AND DAGGERS, I would ride this night to Wernddu, rather than lower the consequence of my family. Come up, Bald, come up."

"Stay a moment, cousin Proger, have you not often confessed that the first Earl of Pembroke,—of the Herbert family,—was the youngest son of Perthyr, and will you set yourself above the Earls of Pembroke?"

"True," quoth Wernddu, "I must give place to the Earl of Pembroke, because he is a peer of the realm, but still, though a peer, he is of the youngest branch of my family, being descended from the fourth son of Wernddu, who was your ancestor, and settled at Perthyr, while I descend

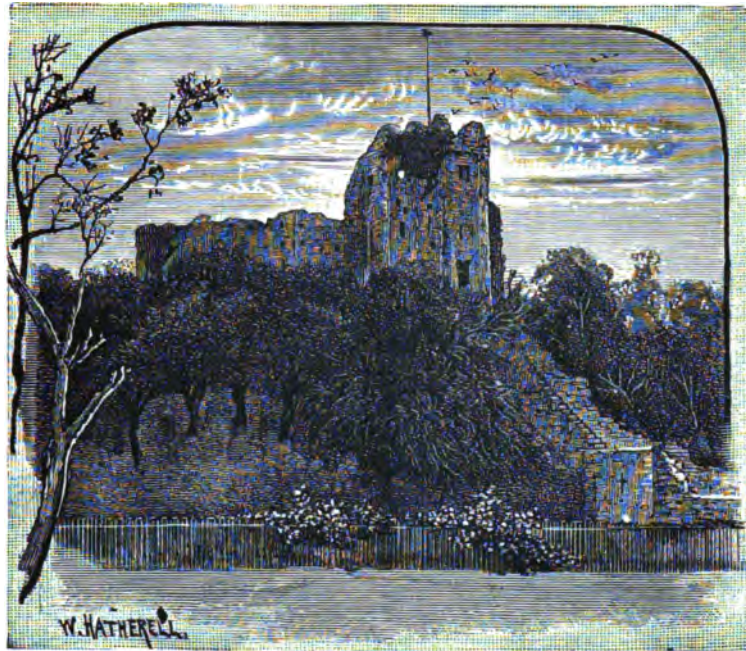
from the eldest son. Indeed, my cousin Jones, of Llanarth, is of an older branch than you, and yet never disputes my being head of the family."

"Well, well, cousin Proger, there is

nothing more to say, so good night to you." And Mr. Powel thereupon shut the window.

J. POWEL.

Teme House, Ludlow.



THE KEEP, CARDIFF CASTLE.

A LAY OF CARDIFF CASTLE.

Châteaubriand mentions a *lai* of one of the early trouvères, in which the unfortunate Robert, Duke of Normandy,—or Robert Courthoise, as he was called,—is supposed, during his confinement in Cardiff Castle, to apostrophize an oak, an eagle, and the sea, from the window of his prison.

A sound of woe disturbed the hour,
The hour of evening's close,
And from the height of Cardiff's tower
The notes of grief arose.

The Taff's fair stream was glancing bright,
Sweet summer blest the lea,
The sunbeams shed their parting light
Upon the Severn sea.

The thrush sang out the day's farewell,
The fawn the thicket stirred;
And the faint toll of curfew bell
Across the woods was heard.

Oh! wherefore came those notes of woe,
Upon the evening gale?

Say, did each bitter cadence flow
From some old minstrel's tale?

Or did some lovely lady weep,
Above her wind-swept lute;
The brave arm bound in death's cold sleep,
The winning tongue now mute?

No! song like that, so deep, so stern,
Almost too wild for care,
Broke from a heart which could but learn
The accents of despair.

A dreary heart, whence Hope had fled,
Long exiled from her bower;
And thus that lay of wailing sped
From Cardiff's lofty tower.

I.

"KING of the forests! lo! I see
 Thy form again, thou old oak tree;
 Ages have crowned thy noble head,
 And coming years shall greet.
 Lightning and storms have oft-times spread
 Their tributes at thy feet,
 Whilst thou, in strength's unconquered pride,
 Beholdst thy brethren at thy side
 Fall to the blast, in thy regard
 A playful breeze to wake
 The harp notes of the sylvan bard,
 Or from thy boughs to shake
 The autumn rain; thou canst not fear,
 For thou art free, whilst I am *here*.
 Free, free to wave thy branches high,
 Arrayed in garments green,
 To offer incense to the sky,
 The peasant's head to screen;
 Free, free to watch the bounding wave
 Its wooded shore in beauty lave,
 And free on high thy royal crest,
 In majesty to rear;
 Within thine arms the stockdove's nest,
 Beneath, the fallow deer;
 Ay! thou a ruler art, and free,
 Oh, Forest King! I envy thee.

II.

"And thou, too, princely bird, whose flight
 Ambitious braves yon orb of light
 At early dawn, fierce blazing noon,
 Or when, with glowing mien,
 He leaves the landscape, all too soon,
 His legacy of sheen.
 Fit palaces the skies for thee
 In thine undaunted majesty.
 Ah! happy one, no iron chain
 Weighs down that soaring wing,
 No bars that potent will restrain,
 Thou art, as ever, king.

'Freedom' thy motto bold, and rare,
 Thy prison earth, and sea, and air.
 Ah! happy one, that plummy breast
 Mourns not a gentle mate,—
 A captive lot,—a rifled nest,—
 A home laid desolate;
 A crushed, but beating heart, which fain
 Would sleep to never wake again;
 Yea more,—a cruel kinsman's scorn,
 His brother's deadly foe,—
 Though of the same sweet mother born,—
 Visions of vengeful woe;
 And ashes where a crown should be,
 Oh Eagle King! I envy thee.

III.

"Fair stream, whose silent waters roll
 Toward yonder tide, their destined goal;
 And thou, too, ever-flowing sea,
 Whose waves may wash the strand
 Of mine own native Normandy,
 Or hush to sleep the band
 Of faithful ones, whose lances shine,
 Brightly as when in Palestine,
 And precious hearts, whose holy light
 Fosters undying love.
 Why rave I thus? Can the dead fight?
 Can pity dwell above?
 My love! my wife! the evening star
 Gleams on thy early grave afar.
 My son! my son! oh! sacred word,
 Let me forget its sound;
 Let not that cadence sweet be heard
 Where miseries abound;
 For haply by my Sybell's side,
 He dwelleth with the sanctified.
 Far better thus than live to share,
 A spirit chained and bowed;
 An uncle's hate—a sire's despair—
 And sinful thoughts that crowd.
 Glide on, fair stream; flow, Severn sea,
 I may not,—dare not envy thee."

COWPER THE POET'S COPY OF HENRY VAUGHAN'S

SILEX SCINTILLANS.

AMONG my book-treasures are several relics of William Cowper the poet, and perhaps the finest letter-writer in our language. Recently in "The Bookman" (October 1893) I gave an account of his copy of Robert Burns' *Poems* (1787); and I propose now to give like account of his copy of Henry Vaughan's "Silex Scintillans" of 1650. Like the Burns and a number of other volumes, this little book (which is in

its original bright calf gilt) has the book-plate of

"William Cowper, Esqr.,
 Clerk to the Parliaments,"

fastened on the first inside board. It appears that a considerable number of his relative's books fell to the poet and a stock of his book-plates. Cowper, himself, had his own book-plate engraved later, but *ad interim* seems to have used these up

e. g. in his copy of Thucydides in my possession (8 vols. bound in 4), the book-plate is found, and yet the poet's autograph on the fly-leaf is dated 1768,—long subsequent to his relative's death.

Like the poems of Burns and various others that I have seen, Cowper has marked with now a red and now a blue pencil passages,—sometimes single lines, and even single words,—that struck him. It surely must interest every lover of our best literature,—not to say every literary and patriotic Welshman,—to know the *bits* in "Silex Scintillans" that are marked by Cowper.

Accordingly I go through the little book from first to last and record the markings:—

1. Page 8:—

"The unthrift Sunne that vitall gold
A thousand peeces,
And heaven its azure did unfold
Cheoqur'd with Snowie fleeces;
The aire was all in spices.
And every bush
A garland wore; Thus fed my Eyes
But all the Earth lay hush" ("Re-
generation:" in closing line 'Earth' is misprinted
'Eare'):

2. Page 9:—

—"and thou must stay
Tenant for Yeares, and Centuries": ("Death.")

3. Page 11:—

"Shall I then thinke such providence will be
Lesse friend to me?
Or that he can endure to be unjust
Who keeps his Covenant even with our
dust" ("Resurrection and Im-
mortality.")

4. Page 13:—

"we shall no more
Watch stars, or pore
Through melancholly clouds, and say
Would it were Day!
One everlasting Saboth there shall runne
Without Succession, and without a Sunne (*Ibid.*)

5. Page 14:—

"O then it wilbe all too late
To say, What shall I doe?
Repentance there is out of date
And so is mercy too" ("Day of Judg-
ment.")

6. Pages 13-14:—

At line 1 is a ~~cut~~ and a line drawn along the margin of line 1 to st. 6 of "Religion,"—one of the most exquisite of the whole. The reader must consult his own copy of "Silex Scintillans"

as space forbids quotation in full. St. 6 and 7 are under-lined and must be given:—

Is the truce broke? or 'cause we have
A mediatour now with thee,
Doeest thou therefore old Treaties wave
And by appeals from him decree?

If It is't so, as some green heads say
That now all miracles must cease,
Though thou hast promis'd they should stay
The tokens of the Church, and peace.

7. Page 17:—

In the "Search" line 26 "Those white days" is underlined, and onward l.l. 40-43:—

"I climb'd the Hill, perus'd the Crosse
Hung with my gaine, and his great losse,
Never did tree beare fruit like this,
Balsam of Soules, the bodyes blisse.

8. Page 19:—

"Search well another world; who studies this,
Travels in Clouds, seekes Manna, where more
is" (no heading).

9. Page 21:—

"A Pitcher too she had, nor thought it much
To carry that, which some would scorn to touch;
.....

"Marriage of all states
Makes most unhappy, or most fortunates"
("Isaac's Marriage.")

10. Page 23:—

"And such is true repentance, ev'ry breath
Wee spend in sighes, is treasure after death"
("The Lampe.")

11. Page 24:—

"thus Inward Awe,
For sinne tooke strength and vigour from the Law,
Yet have I found
A plenteous way, (thanks to that holy one!)
To cancell all that e're was writ in stone,
His saving wound
Wept bloud, that broke this Adament, and gave
To sinners Confidence, life to the grave:" (Man's
fall and Recovering.)

12. Page 30:—

"Who never wake to grone, nor weepe,
Shall be sentenc'd for their sleepe" ("The
Call.")

13. Page 32:—

"A silent teare can pierce thy throne" (¶)

14. Page 33:—

"Who gave the Clouds so brave a bow,
Who bent the spheres, and circled in
Corruption with this glorious Ring,
To search my selfe, where I did find
Traces, and sounds of a strange kind.
Here of this mighty spring, I found some drills,
With Echoes beaten from th' eternal hills"
("Vanity of Spirit.")

15 :—

"The Retreate" (p. 34)—the imperishable prototype of Wordsworth's great "Intimations of Immortality,"—has again ~~the~~ at the beginning and a line on margin against the whole. Let the reader turn and read and re-read this dulcet piece of music and high thinking.

16. Page 38 :—

"Some Love a Rose
In hand, some in the skin;
But crosse to those,
I would have mine *within*" ("Content.")

17. Page 41 :—

"Prayer is
The world in tune,
A spirit-voyce,
And vocall joyes
Whose *Eccho* is heav'n's blisse.
.....
So in my Bed,
That Curtain'd grave..... ("The Morning Watch.")

18. Page 47 :—

"Peace" has once more ~~the~~ at the commencement. This is one of the best known poems of Vaughan:

"My soul there is a Countrie
Far beyond the stars," &c.

19. Page 51 :—

"The Relapse" has again ~~the~~ at commencement.

20. Page 54 :—

"True hearts spread, and heave
Unto their God, as flow'rs do to the Sun.
.....

Yet, never sleep the Sun up; Prayer shou'd
Dawn with the day; There are set awful hours
Twixt heaven, and us; The *Manna* was not good
After Sun-rising, far-day sullies floures.

Rise to prevent the Sun; sleep doth sins glut,
And heav'n's gate opens, when this world's
Is shut."

Stanza 3d. is enclosed at edge within brackets [; also p. 58, last two lines of stanza 4th from end.

21. Page 59. "Corruption" :—

The opening lines (1-6) has a ticked line on margin; and the following underlined :—

"He sigh'd for *Eden*, and would often say
Ah! what bright days were those?
Nor was Heav'n cold unto him; for each day
The Vally, or the Mountain
Afforded visits, and still *Paradise* lay
In some green shade, or fountain.
Angels lay *LEIGER* here; Each Bush, and Cel,
Each Oke, and high-way knew them;
Walk but the fields, or sit down at some *wel*,
And he was sure to view them.
Almighty Love! where art Thou now?"

22. Page 68 :—

"Son-dayes" opening stanza is enclosed at side [.

23. Page 73 :—

"Ah! what time wilt thou come? when shall
that crie
The Bridegroom's Comming! fill the sky?
Shall it in the Evening run
When our words and works are done?
Or wil thy all-surprising light
Break at midnight?" ("The Dawning.")

24. Page 76 :—

"Praise" has ~~the~~ at beginning.

25. Page 80 :—

"Easter Hymn" has a line drawn at side of the whole.

26. Page 88 :—

"The Pilgrimage" has ~~the~~ at commencement.

27. Page 91 :—

In "the World" the magnificent opening stanza is deeply underlined.

28. Page 95 :—

"The Constellation" has ~~the~~ at commencement.

29. Page 101 :—

"Such is man's life, and such is mine
The worst of men, and yet stil thine" ("Misery.")

30. Page 109 :—

"Begging" has ~~the~~ at commencement.

I think most capable readers will agree with me when I regard Cowper's reading of "*Silex Scintillans*" as very remarkable in that uncritical age; and not only uncritical but a slave to mere smoothness of rhyme. In my judgment the markings shew penetrative insight. I know not that he has overlooked any really noticeable thing in the tiny volume.

But the observant reader will find in these markings something more than critical insight. Reading between the lines, I, for one, discern revelations of passing thought and emotion of William Cowper himself in his moods of darkness and despair. To me hardly anything could be more throbbing with pathos than his deep-dinted marking of *bite* e. g. the quotations Nos. 5—10—17—

I can well conceive that the grand hymn

"There is a fountain filled with blood,"

as written by Cowper (not as tinkered by editors disastrously) originated in this couplet in No. 29 :—

"Such is man's life, and such is mine
The worst of men, and yet still thine."

ALEXANDER B. GROSART, D.D., LL.D.

ENOCH HUGHES.

BY DANIEL OWEN,

Author of The Autobiography of Rhys Lewis, Green Tomes, &c.

Translated from the Welsh by the HON. CLAUD VIVIAN.

CHAPTER VI.

MISS TREVOR'S CONFESSION OF FAITH.

WHEN Will Bryan left home, after foreseeing that it would be all "U P" and "liquidation by arrangement" with his father Hugh Bryan, the heart of one honest man was glad, viz., that of Enoch Hughes. Enoch, poor chap, was one of the most harmless and least malicious of men on the face of the earth, but he could not bear Will Bryan. Will never did him any harm, except ignoring him. And yet, if Enoch had heard that Will had been killed, or had hanged himself, I believe he could scarcely have kept from smiling, if not from actually rejoicing. To get rid of Will, without either the one or the other of the circumstances we have hinted at happening, gave Enoch Hughes an opportunity of rejoicing greatly, without any uneasiness of conscience. In the course of the years that Enoch had come and gone amongst us, not twenty words had passed between him and Miss Trevor. And yet of her he thought all day and dreamt all night. Though Enoch did not look upon himself, in the humbleness of his spirit, as a worthy companion for Miss Trevor, and though he did not cherish the weakest hope that the longings of his heart would ever be realised,—indeed in his sensible moments he perceived that it was all a wild and foolish imagination,—yet he loved to let his fancy revolve and hover like a bee, without let, over the object of his longings; and the knowledge that someone else enjoyed a nearer communion with her filled him with jealousy, and made him wretchedly miserable. At times he felt furious with himself, and at other times laughed at his folly; but, as he had said to himself scores of times, his thoughts hurt no one, and no one knew about them. Enoch was, as has been said, very glad that Will Bryan had left home; but he would not have taken a hundred pounds for making his joy known even to his nearest friend. No longer was there any wasp to get between the bee and its flower; and if Enoch could have been sure that no other wasp would turn up he could almost have been a happy man. And this comparative happiness he did enjoy for

some time, by giving his imagination full play to build castles in the air of the Cross Shop. But if Enoch had known of Miss Trevor's "castles," his own castles would scarcely have been higher than mole hills.

Will Bryan occupied an important place in Miss Trevor's heart. She liked his company above all things. Will had always something to say, and that something always to the purpose. She was never tired of him, and she never, with him, found herself in the uncomfortable position of having to think what to talk about next, as she had to do with "the other baboons." And even when she realised that her father, Captain Trevor, had reached the very furthest corner of Hugh Bryan's pocket, it caused her no dislike to Will's society, nor any lessening of her regard for him. The Captain had more than once given her to understand his disapproval of her fondness for Will, but forbidding the apple to Eve's daughter only made her wish the more for it. Miss Trevor felt Will's departure more than she would have liked anyone to know—more than she confessed even to herself. For a time she lost pleasure in everything, and the thought of going to chapel was hateful to her. But this was only for a time. In spite of all the attention he had paid her, all the kindness he had shown her, and the unlimited amusement he had afforded her for so long a time, it was not possible, Miss Trevor argued, that Will, after all, could care much about her, for otherwise he would not have gone away without saying so much as a word to her or sending her a line. And, like a wise and sensible girl, Miss Trevor sat down to re-arrange the programme of her life and to re-form her principles, according to which she would act in the future. It did not take her long to form her belief and her confession of faith. The things that used to flutter through her mind and heart in an unformed, indefinite, and empty manner, she speedily brought into order and class, and if anyone had asked Miss Trevor by what name she called those things, I know quite well that her answer would have been,—*"My ideas."* The following may be mentioned as specimens of some of those *"ideas,"*—That she was the prettiest girl in the country,—Will Bryan had assured her of

this, and Will was as good a judge as anyone she knew. That prettiness was a talent of gold, and ought to attract ten other talents to itself when placed in the best market. That it was better for a young and stylish girl to live on one meal a day for three months than put on a bonnet that was out of fashion. That so far as possible she would take no notice of anyone, male or female, beneath herself, except when the circumstances were such

till she was twenty-five years old, if no rich gentleman came and offered himself to her; but if such a gentleman did not come forward by that age, she was no longer to remain single, but would condescend to take the best tradesman she could get hold of, if he had money. Upon a preacher she only looked as a person to be pitied, as a sad and poor man; but if she got an offer from a curate of good family, and likely to get a good living,

she would take the matter into her consideration,—that is to say, the family and the living,—and if the curate was good looking as well, it would make no difference in the world how shallow and soul-less he was,—the more so, indeed, the better, for she could then manage him as she liked. Whomsoever she married, and marry she was sure enough to do,—and she would as soon be a Hottentot as an old maid,—she was determined to have her own way, or, to use a common expression,—she had made a vow that she would “wear the breeches.”

Those are a few of Miss Susan Trevor’s “ideas.” She had other ideas, too, which, if mentioned, would place Miss Trevor in a more pleasant light before the reader. And it is only just to her that I should state that Miss Trevor had one “idea” which gave colour and shape to all her “ideas,” viz., an immovable and constant belief that her father was rich. It took Miss Trevor some time,—some years,—to foster and rear the ideas that have been enumerated.

I thought it proper for me to relate this much about the Tynyrardd family before proceeding to the next chapter.



“Yet he let his fancy hover like a bee, without let, over the object of his longings.”—Page 201.

that she knew her doing so would be looked upon as a virtuous and christianlike act of condescension. She would never, so far as she was able, soil her hands with any low and contemptible work, such as lighting the fires, washing up the dishes, cleaning the windows, making the beds, and such like things; and if she must do anything of that sort, no stranger’s eye should see her. That she was to wait patiently and determinedly without marrying

IT was a November night, a cold and foggy enough one, and weak-chested people were with their noses close to the hob, struggling for their breath, and naturally enough thinking that they were the only ones in misery that night. But a complaint like asthma sometimes gets much on the mind and surroundings of a man, when he does not know which way to turn his head to get his breath. On passing by Tynyrardd, the residence

CHAPTERS VII.

FAMILY HAPPINESS.

of Captain Trevor, many a poor miner, short of breath, envied it its cosiness and the happiness of its inhabitant. He would say to himself,—“The Captain is eating his supper, or has just finished his supper and is smoking his pipe and stretching out his feet, in their red slippers, to his warm fire, and here am I, poor wretch, obliged to leave my family and go to work the night shift at Pwllgwynt. Happy is the Captain! But it is not possible for every man to be a Captain; and he who was born to a four-penny bit will never come to a five-penny one.” But if the miner had known everything, it is doubtful if he would have changed places with the Captain. The fact was that the Captain was not eating his supper, or smoking, or stretching out his feet to the fire, but was sitting at the head of the table trying to write. His head reclined on his left hand, and his elbow on the table; he held his pen idly in his right hand, and appeared to be in deep and painful reflection. Near him, on the table, there was a bottle containing Scotch whiskey; and the Captain, in the space of half-an-hour, had appealed to the bottle several times for help and succour. At the other end of the table was Mrs. Trevor, busy with some sewing or other, and in an easy chair by her side, near the fire, sat Miss Trevor, diligently doing some curious sort of work with a piece of ivory resembling a small fish, and some white yarn. They were all three as silent as church mice, for the wife and daughter were not allowed to talk whilst the Captain was writing his letters. The two from time to time looked from under their brows at the Captain for the amen to the letters, and the fact of his keeping his pen idle for ten minutes was very painful to mother and daughter, for they were both nearly bursting with the desire to speak. The daughter gave the mother a look the meaning of which was,—“Isn’t he long?” The mother gave the daughter a look that said,—“Try to hold out a bit longer.” And it was only a very little longer that she had to hold out, for, at the end of two minutes, the Captain threw the pen on the table, got up, and walked up and down the room impatiently. The mother and daughter looked a little terrified, for hardly ever had they seen him look more agitated. And the Captain said,—

“I can’t write and I won’t try any more. I am quite tired and disgusted with the work. May I never stir again if I ain’t!”

“Daddy,” said Miss Trevor, “can I write for you?”

“Yes, thou shalt,”—“you shall” he would have said had he not lost his temper and become more natural. “Yes,” said he, “if thou canst tell more lies than I can.”

“The idea, daddy,” said Miss Trevor.

“The idea,—faugh,”—said the Captain. “What do you two know of the trouble I am always having to keep things going? What have you two got to think about, except how to throw money away, and how to compete with each other in dressing up grandly, without ever thinking much about the morrow. But it has come to the end now, and there will soon be an end to me and to all your fal lals,—may I never stir again if there won’t.”

“Oh, Richard dear,” said Mrs. Trevor, for hearing the Captain talk like this was quite a new thing to her,—“Oh, Richard dear, I always thought it would come to this. I was sure you would go out of your mind from studying so hard at geology. Susie, go and fetch the doctor at once.”

“Doctor be blowed,” said the Captain angrily. “What’s the matter with you, woman? Do you think I am a fool? Go out of my mind indeed. Well, many a man has gone out of his mind for a less cause.”

“You are out of your senses, then, Richard dear? Well, well, what ever shall we do now? Susie, go and fetch the doctor at once,” said Mrs. Trevor dolefully.

And to fetch the doctor Miss Trevor would have gone that minute, if the Captain had not turned a pair of eyes on her that made her afraid to move, and pinned her to the chair. The Captain, addressing his wife, continued,—

“Do you know what, woman? I knew that you were asleep when brains were being dealt out, but I never thought you had so little of them. There is not much fear of your going out of your senses, for goodness knows you haven’t got any.”

“Oh, no! of course not! Of course I haven’t got any brains. I am a nobody of course. I am nothing at all. I don’t understand geology. I should like to see the woman who does understand geology. I remember the time when a certain person reckoned me very clever,—and thought I had brains, and I never could get any rest from him. But I could have had no brains then or I would not have listened to him. And now I have got no brains. Oh, no! none at all!” said Mrs. Trevor, and she began to cry, and she hid her face in her apron.

A man’s heart must be as hard as a nether millstone, if his wife’s tears have no effect on him. Every wife is conscious of the power of her tears, and Providence has taken care to give her a large supply of them. How many unanswerable arguments have been shattered to pieces by a woman’s tears? And even Captain Trevor was not invincible before his wife’s tears, especially when Miss Trevor also joined the enemy with her tears.

The Captain was in a very short time routed by the army of tears, and he sought terms of peace by sitting down by the hob and beginning to smoke. After doing which, the Captain said, in his most affable manner,—

"Sarah, forgive me. I know I am a fool, and that I forgot myself. I ought to have known that you and Susie knew nothing about business. But if you only knew of the bother I am always in, perhaps you would forgive me. Sarah, stop crying,—that's enough of it,—that's enough of it. Listen to me."

"Daddy," said Susie, "I hope you are not going to talk about business, about the Syndicate, the Board of Directors, geology, and such like things, for you know that mother and I don't care for those sorts of things."

"It is to your mother that I am speaking, Susie. Sarah, won't you listen to me?" said the Captain.

"Yes, if you will talk like any other man, and not lose your temper," said Mrs. Trevor, drying her eyes, and taking up her work again.

"Well, I will try," said the Captain, and by this time he had cooled down enough to speak fairly carefully and grammatically. "You know, Sarah, that I have been connected with Pwllgwynt mine for a great many years. I was the instrument that set the work going. I, with one other person, formed the company. Everyone must confess that scores of families have got their living from the mine, and that the mine has been a great help in advancing the cause of religion in our district.

Indeed, I don't know what would have become of the cause if it had not been for Pwllgwynt mine. You must admit, Sarah, that during the whole of the time you have never been at a want for the comforts of life or the means of grace. We have, during this time, as a family, raised ourselves in the opinion of our neighbours, and we are looked upon with considerable respect. You must admit that, Sarah? There is no need for me to remind you of our position before I was connected in the way I have alluded to. You know what sort of a house we had at that time. It was not a house with a stable and coach-house to it, was it, eh? We had no horse or trap, or man-servant or maid then. It was not in the best pew in the chapel that we used to sit then, eh? I was not the man then that I am now. Richard Trevor of Williams' Court, was not the same person as Captain Trevor of Tynyrardd. Richard Trevor, when he sat on a bench in the chapel, had a little bit of conscience. He used to take some delight in the service. What delight does Captain Trevor get now in the Gospel,—in a chief pew with a cushion on it? Have you never considered, Sarah, how much it cost Richard Trevor to become Captain Trevor? I know I have kept all this from you for years for fear of worrying you. It was wrong of me. But I can't keep it any longer. Ruin is the only thing that awaits us."

And the Captain began to lighten his conscience. But before doing this he took a strong dose of the Scotch whiskey.

THE ENGLISH LAWS RELATING TO WALES.

Before 1882 and the development of local government, special legislation relating to Wales is very scanty. I propose to give all the statutes relating to Wales, either in full or slightly condensed, translated from Latin or French, if written in those languages. The statutes fall, roughly, into six classes.

I. The so-called statutes of Rhuddlan. These were made by Edward I., in 1284, after the fall of Llywelyn. They were not submitted to Parliament,—Parliament hardly existed in a definite form,—and so they are not statutes in the strict meaning of the word. It may be said that the English Parliament did not take its final form until 1295. From this time on, Welsh law became rapidly assimilated to English law, by direct legislation, and especially by continual reference to the more fully developed case law of England. We see the same process at the present time in the gradual assimilation of Scotch law to English law.

- II. Statutes regulating commercial intercourse between England and Wales.
- III. Repressive statutes after the rebellion of Owen Glendower.
- IV. The Statutes of Union during Tudor times.
- V. Statutes abolishing all legal distinctions between England and Wales.
- VI. Statutes passed for the special benefit of Wales, at the demand of the Welsh people.

To begin with, I translate the first part of the Statutes of Rhuddlan. These are in the collection of Latin documents known as the "Record of Carnarvon," edited by Aneurin Owen.

EDWARD, by the grace of God king of England, lord of Ireland, and duke of Aquitaine, to all his faithful ones of his land of Snowdon, and his other lands in Wales, the eternal salvation of God in the Lord.

Divine Providence which, by his disposal, did not fail, has,—among its other gifts disposed,—thought worthy to honour us and our kingdom of England. The land of Wales, with its inhabitants, had been subjected to us previously in feudal

right. And now God, by his grace, all obstacles whatever coming to an end, has converted it totally and in its entirety into our own dominion, and has annexed it to the crown of the said kingdom as part of the same body, and has united it with it.

We, therefore, by divine direction wishing to govern our said land of Snowdon and our other lands in those parts, like the other lands subject to our rule, to the honour and praise of God and of the Holy Church and to the zeal for justice under due regulation; wishing thus to govern the inhabitants or dwellers of the said lands, who from high to low have submitted themselves to our will; wishing to bring those we have thus received to our will, by certain laws and customs, into tranquillity and into our peace,—wishing thus, we have caused to be recited, before us and the nobles of our kingdom, the laws and the customs of those parts hitherto used. When these had been attentively heard and fully understood, we have annulled some of them by the advice of the said nobles, some we have allowed to remain, some we have amended, and some others we have decreed shall be added and enacted. And henceforth we will that these be held and observed in perpetual firmness in our lands in these parts, in the following form.

We provide and finally decree that our justice of Snowdon have the custody and government of our royal peace in Snowdon and in our lands of Wales adjacent, and that he administer justice to all whatsoever according to the original king's writs and the following laws and customs.

We will also and provide that there be

sheriffs, coroners, and bailiffs of commots in Snowdon and in our lands in those parts,—
The sheriff of Anglesey, under whom shall be the whole land of Anglesey, with its cantreds, metes, and bounds.

The sheriff of Caernarvon, under whom shall be the cantred of Arvon, the cantred of Arllechwedd, the commot of Creuddyn, the cantred of Lleyrn, and the commot of Eifionnydd.

The sheriff of Merioneth, under whom shall be the cantred of Meirionnydd, the commot of Ardudwy, the commot of Penllyn, the commot of Edeyrnion with its metes and bounds, &c.

The sheriff of Flint, under whom shall be the cantred of Englefeld, the land of Maelor Saesneg, the land of Hope, and all the land adjoining our castle and town of Rhuddlan, as far as the town of Chester. Henceforth let him attend before us and our justice at Chester, and let him answer for the revenues of the same county at our Exchequer of Chester.

Let there be coroners in the same counties, elected by the king's writ, whose form of procedure will be found among the original writs of the chancellor.

Let there be bailiffs of commots who shall faithfully do and execute their duties and diligently attend to them according to what shall be enjoined them by the justices and sheriffs.

The sheriff of Carmarthen, with the ancient cantreds and commots, metes and bounds.

The sheriff of Lampeter and Cardigan, with their cantreds, commots, metes, and bounds.

Let there be coroners in these counties and bailiffs of commots, as said before.

WELSH MANUSCRIPTS.

The following is the substance of the address made before the Welsh Members of Parliament by
J. Gwynogfryn Evans.

JOHN BRIGHT was at one time greatly interested in a question affecting the farmers, and wrote a little book on the subject, but found out, as he afterwards pathetically confessed, that "farmers did not read." Gentlemen, that is a common

experience with authors, an experience which deserves the sympathy of the humane and the compassionate. Though some of us whose lot it is to spend our days at work on Welsh MSS. have for a considerable time been trying to arrest

your eyes and to reach your ears, still we have not come here to complain that our words apparently were unread, but rather to point out that we ourselves are denied full opportunity of reading materials necessary for our work. We believe, gentlemen, that you have it in your power to remove those obstacles which at present block the way of research into our past history, law, and literature; hence it is that we have asked for this opportunity to confer with you. The question is not a political one, nor is it purely a Welsh one, but one which concerns all people who take an intelligent interest in the history and literature of these islands. I hope, therefore, we can look for combined and energetic action on your part, and that you will not postpone that action to the Greek Kalends, or even to the next session. Promises and smooth words are very pleasant to the ear, but hope deferred maketh the heart sick.

Gentlemen, I will drop the "we," and speak for myself, not from egotism, but because the experience of one is the experience of all. For ten years I have tried what individual effort could do, and have to confess that my time has been largely wasted in fruitless labour. The mere fact that MSS. are scattered all over the country is a most formidable obstacle in itself. But that is nothing in comparison with the impossibility of discovering within reasonable time where the MSS. most important for the subject in hand are kept. If one had the life of a Methuselah it might be possible to do some satisfactory work under existing conditions; but sad experience is daily teaching us that human strength, patience, and life have their limits, and if we wish to render some service to our fellow men we must concentrate our attention on what can be done in the span allotted to us. Some years ago, before I discovered the difficulties in the way, I conceived the idea of editing a corpus of Welsh poetry from the earliest time to Tudur Aled in the sixteenth century. I have given years of labour to the work, but I now find I can never accomplish it, even in part, unless we have our MSS. collections efficiently catalogued. In short, no man can edit a single poet

satisfactorily before the catalogue is done. I have tried to edit the poems of D. ap Gwylim, who is to Wales what Burns is to Scotland, a child of nature and of song whose inspiration is as permanent as the passion of the human heart. Before beginning this work I examined existing catalogues, and as I could find scarcely a dozen MSS. (besides those in the British Museum,) mentioned as containing poems by him, I set to work with a light heart. When, however, I came to examine the MSS. for myself,—MSS. be it remembered catalogued or passed over in silence by the officials of the Historical MSS. Commission,—I discovered over fifty additional MSS., and now the number totals over six score. Besides, I am constantly hearing of some fresh MS., so that it is hopeless to proceed with the work. Nor should we forget that there are some collections unknown, not only to the student, but even to the owners themselves. I remember going to a certain mansion where I had heard there were MSS. kept in a box in an outhouse. When I asked the owner about the box, he confessed to a confused recollection of something of the kind,—he believed the roof let in the rain, and that the contents of the box became sodden, so that my information that the contents were thrown on the dunghill was probably true. Any way there was no trace of the box at the time I called. Next day, I went to another gentleman, who admitted that he had an old box in the cellar containing MSS., but as the contents always made him sneeze when he disturbed them, I could not persuade him to show them to me. I offered to do the sneezing vicariously for him, but his considerations for my health was too tender to permit that,—besides, he "had an engagement." We were told in the June number of "WALES" about another collection carted out and destroyed; and I also heard the story of the burnt MSS. from the cook who lighted the match. In this way, year by year, our literary heritage and records are steadily diminishing, while Welshmen and their representatives have been to all appearance indifferent in the matter. Gentlemen, a handful of specialists cannot without your help save our MSS. from destruction. A

few of us have done our best, but all alike we have been daily harassed by the want of data respecting the sources of our information, and uncertainty dogs our every step. We shall be reluctant to abandon our labour of love and the work of years, but as nothing can be accomplished satisfactorily till the cataloguing is done, there is no alternative left us. It is wasted labour to reproduce single texts except in the case of really important MSS.

I may be allowed to state that I know some owners are anxious to have their MSS. fully catalogued. The advantage to the owners is so evident that it is difficult to conceive of even the most captious refusing to profit by it. For a MS. properly catalogued can never be stolen, not even to the extent of a single leaf, without certain detection. The gain would be an all round one. Owners would know the true value of their MSS., and would, in consequence, neither neglect them, nor treat comparatively worthless transcripts as if they were unique, which occasionally happens. It has been my experience that the difficulty of getting access to MSS. is in the inverse ratio of their value and importance. Given a dirty ill-smelling late copy of some trivial poetry, and it takes all the diplomacy of friends and acquaintances to get a sight of it.

Let us now turn to Sir John Hibbert's answer to questions addressed to him, a few weeks ago, on the subject of cataloguing Welsh MSS. We do not ask for a "permanent assistant commissioner," because we feel confident that the work can be done thoroughly in from three to five years, if the man appointed is competent to do the work, and is not interfered with or harassed by impractical rules and regulations. For instance, if you have to consider first of all whether a MS. is "historical" or not, you must read it carefully, especially in the case of poetry, before you can decide whether it should be catalogued or omitted. Now this takes time, and time is money in an enterprise of this sort. But if we are permitted to give the first and last two lines of every poem irrespective of its subject, we save time and expense, and make the catalogue

useful and complete. Moreover this comes strictly within the object of the Manuscripts Commission, as set forth in the Queen's warrant, signed on April 2, 1869. There is seemingly a disposition to narrow down the original scope of this commission, when dealing with Welsh MSS., to documents technically historical, as if battles and political intrigues were the sole subjects which constituted history. I hold that whatever pertains to the activities and developments of the human mind is as much history as, say, the account of the marital experiments of Henry VIII. There is often more history than poetry in the mediæval Welsh bards, and without their help no historian can revivify their time for us. We cannot therefore afford to ignore them in our proposed catalogue. But I cannot do better than read to you here certain parts of the Queen's warrant.

"Whereas it has been represented unto us that there are belonging to many institutions and private families various collections of MSS. and papers of general public interest, a knowledge of which would be of great utility in the illustration of History, Constitutional Law, Science, and general Literature, and that in some cases these papers are liable to be lost or obliterated; and whereas we are informed that many of the possessors of such MSS. would be willing to give access to them, and permit their contents to be made public, provided that nothing of a private character, or relating to the title of existing owners, should be divulged;

"And whereas it appears to us that there would be considerable public advantage in its being generally known where such papers and MSS. are deposited, and that the contents of those which tend to the elucidation of History and the illustration of Constitutional Law, Science, and Literature, should be published;

"And for the purpose of carrying out the said inquiry, we do hereby authorize you,—the commissioners named,—to call in the aid and co-operation of all possessors of MSS. and papers, &c., &c. And we do further by these presents authorize you, with the consent of the owners of such MSS., to make abstracts and catalogues of such MSS."

We thus see that "papers of general public interest illustrating history, law, and general literature," fall within the direct scope of the Commission, so that all we want and ask for comes well within the original conception of cataloguing.

We are not asking for any special boon or advantage. We do not ask for the inclusion of theological tracts, though such have been included in the Rolls publications, professedly devoted to history in its most restricted sense. We simply want Wales to be put on a footing of equality with other parts of the kingdom. To give a concrete example of my meaning, let me refer you to page 84 of the second report of the MSS. Commission. If you examine the manner Brogyntyn MS. No. 10 has been catalogued, you will have an exact idea of what we are seeking. And while you look at that you may as well see how MSS. numbered 1 to 9 (and 12) have been catalogued, and contrast the difference, and find out, if you can, the reason for the different treatment.* Welsh MSS. are held in contempt because an Englishman is apt to feel that what he does not know is not knowledge. But this is no reason why we should tamely assent to such a treatment. Lest you should think that I am exaggerating, I must call your attention to the fact that not a single Welsh MS. has ever been facsimiled, as far as I know, at the expense of the State. How is it with regard to England? We have four volumes of national MSS., selected under the direction of the Master of the Rolls; we have three tomes of Anglo-Saxon MSS., whose proportions have more in common with a front door than with an ordinary book. Again, the national MSS. of Scotland are given lavishly in huge and numerous tomes; those of Ireland have at least two bulky volumes devoted to them, while Wales is completely ignored, and I submit, gentlemen, we should not sit dumb and acquiescent. But, as far as I am concerned, I do not feel this subject can be compared in importance with the matter of cataloguing our MSS., to which alone I implore your attention.

We lay emphasis on a special com-

* The explanation lies in the fact that MS. 10 happens to be written in English, while its neighbours are in Welsh, a language not understood of the Cataloguer.

missioner or assistant commissioner being appointed for two reasons. First, an official accredited by the Government would have ready access to MSS. everywhere,—a thing impossible to a private student, until he can in some way secure an introduction, which often means years of patient waiting, from some *persona grata* to the owner. And, secondly, such an appointment would become at once generally known all over the country, and would help to bring to light many MSS. now in hiding. Besides, such an official, having the responsibility thrown upon his own shoulders, would be far more likely to do his work efficiently; and for his own credit he would leave no stone unturned till he was satisfied he had got hold of every MS. If such an official were empowered to select a certain number of MSS. to be facsimiled to illustrate Welsh writing, it would be a boon indeed. Still, as I said before, we can do without the facsimiles, but *not without the catalogue*, which should have a full and complete index. Specialists casually employed by the Record Office could not take the initiative in anything, the work would be spasmodically done, and spread over as many years as possible; there would be no uniformity in the quality of the work or the method adopted; the reports would be scattered in numberless volumes which a private student could neither buy nor provide room for; and there would have to be a series of indexes in which Welsh subjects would be jumbled up with a hopeless mass of alien material. If, on the other hand, one man were appointed, he would do his work continuously till it was finished; all Welsh subjects would be found together in two or three octavo volumes at a price within the reach of all; one index would unlock the whole secret on any subject in the shortest time possible, and every Welsh specialist would know where to find his materials and go on his way rejoicing.





When through the gale thy voice doth sound,
And bears thy anthem far away,
Where highest heaven shall hear the lay,
And all the haughty hills around.

AND FORM THOU HEEDEST NOT.

[A dull ni feddi di.—*Islwyn*].

ALL hail, thou earth-encircling sea !
How excellent thy psalm of praise,
When to thy God thy heart dost raise !—
The tempest's roar thy melody !

Thy dashing billows are thy choir,
And form thou heedest not, and woe
To him would curb thy breaker's flow
Or challenge thy swift current's ire—

When through the gale thy voice doth sound,
And bears thy anthem far away,
Where highest heaven shall hear the lay,
And all the haughty hills around.

A thunder-clap of mighty peal,
Fell o'er the margin of a cloud,—
The sea, to worship called aloud,
And hills from base to crest to reel.

Thou, in thy giant cradle,—than all
The hoary mountains weightier far,
Of more extent than many a star,—
Did'st hear thy Father's mighty call.

Vain dreams and empty smiles retire,
And vanish in the clouds on high ;
Now deep and loud swells forth thy cry,
And all thy waves to heaven aspire.

The storm thy simple lauds doth raise,
The stars, thy lamps do brightly shine,—
Thou seekest not a gorgeous shrine,
Or aid of art to speak thy praise,

And form thou heedest not. O sea !
Thy bosom swells to God above,—
So let my heart, redeemed by love,
Obey the same divine decree.

Alone, in awful wonder, I
Here listen to thy thund'rous roar,
Whose echoes reach from shore to shore,
And fill the circumambient sky.

My trembling soul in silence sighs
Its artless song of duteous love,
Like yon pale star that shines above,
And mutely prays with downcast eyes.

More grace doth feeling's breath impart
Than soul-less forms and gifted ways ;
O Lord, accept my lowly praise,
The silence of a grateful heart.

No earth-built temple dost Thou need,
No pomp of ritual here is Thine ;
The heart, O Father, is Thy shrine,
And human rites Thou dost not heed.

O Thou, who over all dost reign !
No palace fair in all the lands,
Or stateliest temple made with hands
Thy glorious Godhead can contain.

A vision of Thy holy face,
Where, Father, shall I go to seek ?
Where loudest doth Thy Spirit speak ?
Where deepest is Thy healing grace ?

Soon as the storm its fury stays,
To the deep's marge I now repair;
The sea its bosom wide doth bare,
Beneath the smiles of summer days.

The billows now return once more
From where the sea to heaven uprose;
Now rest they all in sweet repose
Upon the lap of the bright shore.

Here, Lord, I find an emblem blest
Of Thy great peace deep as the sea,

The holy calm that dwells with Thee,
And ever on Thy face doth rest.

While here I roam I see the goal
Of that more blissful state above,
Where deathless life shall surely prove
A fadeless summer to my soul.

Thus life's rough seas below the skies,
Though tossed by many a stormy blast,
Shall hush in endless calm at last,
Upon the shore of Paradise.

E. CEREDIG JONES.

THE DIARY OF A BARD.—(EBEN FARDD).

III.—A BARD'S TEMPTATIONS.

1836.

June 27th.—Mr. Edward Parry, editor of *Gwladgarwr*, called; a tall, portly, lively man of about 35 to 38; rather corpulent; silver snuff-box; pressed me to write for the *Gwladgarwr*; promised; showed medals; refused order in way of business; he enquired of some very old books; comes half-yearly; fell over a tombstone in running from him to school.

29th.—Was visited by Mr. J. Pughe; called at New Inn; took a G. of A. each; furnished ourselves with a bottle of A. and Tob., and went to Llwyn Ne', where we sat in a dingle overhung with wood; my seat was on a grassy mound in the middle of gurgling stream. He sat on the grassy bank; the bottle and glasses were posited on a stone in the brook; we were encircled with overgrown grass and shrubs, and we enjoyed our situation most exquisitely—it was truly rural and primitive. Wife rated me for staying too long with him.

July 4th.—Four and five p.m., thunder and lightning and rain; fair evening; bathed in the sea.

18th.—Went to Cochybig to bring Burkitt, which I had bound; drank tea there; Dr. Faust's picture to Eliza; learnt in the newspapers Mr. Lewis' motion for obtaining Welsh bishops succeeded; came home; Robert Jones, of Llanllyfni, preached at Ty Ucha. Eleven p.m. message to go to Miss R. to the

portico; desired to dissuade R. G. from marrying her six months.

19th.—We all slept till eight a.m. Mr. Goodall, for Unsworth and Co., called; went to pay him at Plas; it was school-time, about two p.m.; sat half an hour there; he gave me three glasses of grog—whiskey. I believe, by what he said about himself and concurrent events, that he is fond of d—r—op. I resolve to be more on my guard (see next day).

20th.—Troubled on account of a dream respecting my eldest daughter. O God, avert any pending danger for the sake of Jesus Christ.

21st.—Exceedingly irritable; mad at school, dejected at home; quite ridiculous for passionate fury.

25th.—Coming from Bontlyfni, where I had gone in the evening, I met Mr. and Mrs. Williams, Cae Ddctor; they both appeared very courteous and kind; Mr. W., who had called at my house during my absence, requested I would bring my medals to him when I should next go to town; understood from Mr. Hughes that they were agitating for a situation for me.

28th.—Robert Hughes, Uwchlaw'rffynnon, called; had three G. of A. with him at N. I.

29th.—Saw a Cywydd to Glyn conflagration by D. Jones, Methodist preacher, Carnarvon; it is a very good composition on the whole; the *cynganedd* is often violated, and throughout rather feeble,

but the ideas are commendable, and the metre pretty well kept.

30th.—John Parry, of Porthysgadan, called,—going on petty jury to the sessions; was glad to see him, the sight of him is so associated with a thousand agreeable ideas; very dejected; bound all my letters in one volume.

31st.—Sunday; felt the love of God in my heart; admired His majesty and attributes; acknowledged his mercies; imparted some religious instruction to my little daughter as well as I could.

August 1st 2nd.—Saw Miss Bodvel at St. Beuno, with Mr. Hughes; a very dear, lovely, and beautiful flower. Vestry day; in the evening John Parry, of Porthysgadan, called; treated him at New Inn to a glass of ale; he did not appear sensible of my friendship, therefore I adjure him in future, and will tender him no favours.

6th.—A great day with me; started from home 9 a.m.; called at Sportsman and Waterloo on to Pont Rhyd Goch; got back a gown I had sold to a bad payer there; on to the new schoolhouse near Plas Gwyn; there I found John Jones, glazier, formerly of Llangybi; inspected the new building and premises; very well adapted for the purpose of instructing children; situation pleasant and healthy; house and school-room commodious; I wish for the place. Went on to Abererch, recollected how often I went that way before, 20 years ago, to Berch School; called at G—g—n, half P. of A. there; at Ty Isaf, ate bread and butter and milk; at Dolly Pantymoeliad's, bought a pennyworth of cakes there; pro-

ceeded towards Chwillog, via Rhedynóg and Brynygwynt. Ah! charming name. Loitered in a field near the latter place to indulge in some thousand reveries of contemplation and soft recollections of days and facts long gone by; desired my angel would produce a sympathetic feeling in the object whose separation from me I so much regretted; saw the windows of her grandmamma's old house closed up! Saw the small back window, where I oft stood in eager expectation,—nothing altered; saw a spot by the roadside leading from

Pwllheli, close to the hedge, where I had once an enraptured interview with my lost M—. Reached Chwillog via Penarth Bach and Drws Deugoed; shook hands with Jane first at the door; she was very affectionate. John Thomas sat on a settle by the fire reading Dick's *Philosophy of Religion*; said he could speak nothing against the book, but neither could he approve of it; he somehow did not like it, though he knew not why. Drank tea there; wrote some artificer's mark and name to whom John



JOHN THOMAS' HOUSE AT CHWILOG, where Eben Fardd and Shelley visited him.

Thomas paid £1 10s.—in a small account book of John Thomas,—and in acknowledgment whereof the mark was inserted; saw John Thomas pay the money. Reached Llangybi; spoke to William Humphreys at the inn door; went in, took one P. of P.; R. Jones, Tyddyn Meilyr, was there; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas at tea; did not see them; came home over the mountain, bringing with me a large quarto Bible and a volume of *Seren Gomer* to bind for John Thomas. My long walk, my burden, and the continuous acclivity of my

path, made me much fatigued. At some places in the mountain I could hardly move my feet for fatigue; sat on a stone to rest three or four times during my sojourn in this lone region, gasping for breath. Vowed never to return along the same path again.

Abstract of Expenses.

	£	s.	d.
Sportsman	0	0	1½
Waterloo, ½ and ½	0	0	3½
Gegin	0	0	1½
Ty Isaf	0	0	1½
Llangybi	0	0	3
	0	1	0

Abstract of Profits.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Clear gain for binding John Thomas' Boswell's "Life of Johnson," gross						
do. being 1s.	0	0	8			
Recovering print and avoiding a bad debt and a loss of 10s.	0	0	4			
				0	1	0

9th.—I am very low and irritable these days; I am sorry that my temper is so sour and morose. What can I do to get rid of this melancholy, irritability, and anxiety? O Lord, show thy divine influence over my troubled soul, and let thy mercy be upon me.

16th.—Resolved to re-copy and arrange my various poetical pieces for the purpose of being published; also, to arrange and record the transactions of the Clynnog Sunday School; also, to transcribe and

revise my diary. I am about this day 34 years of age, having been christened August 29th, 1802.

18th.—Mr. Robert Williams, junr., Vrondeg, called at Eglwys y Bedd. A missionary meeting was held here to-day, and a collection was made, amounting to £3 0s. 1d. The arrangement was as follows,—

Chairman, Rev. Mr. Hughes, vicar.

Commenced with prayer by Rev. D. Williams.

Mr. Chairman explained the purpose of the meeting and the nature of the society.

Rev. D. Williams spoke in English to advocate the cause of the meeting.

Mr. Robert Williams, Vrondeg, spoke in Welsh at some length, and very appropriately.

Rev. Mr. Richards, Caerwys, enlarged upon the merits of the society, and with much eloquence and precision narrated the state and progress of its resources and transactions in Welsh.

This gentleman is a superior speaker. I had the honour of a short conversation with him on the platform previous to the opening of the meeting. He suggested the necessity of my compiling a small hymn book.

19th.—John Pughe called at Eglwys y Bedd; wanted me to translate Bardd Cwsg.

21st.—Went with my little Ellen to Bontlyfni Chapel; a great many people there had assembled; I stood at the door; Rev. William Morgan, of Holyhead, preached; a very good preacher, who has earned popularity not without merit.

31st.—Miss Marrow lent me at St. Beuno's the *Liverpool Times* newspaper.

ANGLESEY PARSONS.

THE position of the Anglesey parson of the last part of the last century was one of many comforts and of many discomforts. The bishop, it is true, lived on the other side of the Menai, at Bangor; but he made many unpleasant inquiries,—whether the parson preached at all, whether he lived in his parish, whether he was careful of church property, whether he cared anything for education, and what he was doing in the way of preventing the spread of dissent.

Many journeys had to be taken to distant churches, in all kinds of weather, often to find no congregation assembled. For example, once in three weeks the curate of Amlwch had to trudge four miles to Llanwenllwyfo, in order to faithfully discharge his obligations to the 617 Christians who presented themselves at the Easter communion in the two places. Edward Hughes, curate of Llanddyfnan, could not always have evening prayers at Pentraeth, on account of the shortness of the winter days,

the badness of the weather, and the length of the way. He had to reside two miles away from his parish, and he found the hated itinerant preachers from South Wales taking full advantage of his absence. William Jones, curate of Llanfaes,—where the last Llywelyn's queen had been buried and where John Elias was afterwards to be laid to rest,—had to trudge four miles to Penmon, every Sunday morning. W. Lloyd, curate of Llandegfan and Llan-sadwrn, never neglected an evening or a morning service, except "in winter, when the days are short and the weather tempestuous." The parson was, as a rule, pretty careful about his health, his parishioners were not to expect that he should come through the rain; and many found it convenient to reside at Beaumaris,—within reach of civilization and the English language.

On the other hand, the parson found himself in possession of many blessings. Once comfortably settled in a living, he could think, with or without compassion, of others who were hungrily regarding the pleasant pastures among which he walked. He found himself the leader of a flock of superstitious and kind-hearted people, who respected him even under the influence of the strife-arousing mead. He was a welcome visitor at the squire's table, where he was regarded as the representative of religion and of learning. If he was possessed of a little kindness of heart and of a little common sense, he ruled supreme.

Some were very dissatisfied with their parishioners. John Williams, rector of Llanelugrad and Llanallgo, complains that his parishioners are mostly a parcel of poor labourers, who are very ignorant themselves and keep their children so. "Neither will they come to church if they think that I will catechise." They would do nothing, they would give nothing, and moreover they were inclined to Methodism. Others, undoubtedly, found their flock interesting,—they entered into all their little difficulties, were told their family feuds and their love affairs, advised them about the weather and witchery and the making of their wills, about life and death and judgment. To them, if they had only eyes to see, all the mysteries of the life of an Anglesey parish were laid bare.

Anglesey parsons had little desire to see the world, though the sounds of the French Revolution were becoming louder and more distinct. They shut their ears to everything out of Anglesey and beyond their own time. They dozed happily while the spirit of Revolution was spreading its vast wings over all lands. Nicholas Owen, rector of Llandyfrydog, hardly ever spent a night in a year out of his parish, and others proudly inform their bishop that they never left their benefices for any length of time.

Sometimes, however, something happened to wake them up. One such thing was the trial of Dr. Bowles before the Dean of the Arches. Dr. Bowles, though he could speak no Welsh, was appointed to minister at the parish church of Trefdraeth and the chapelry of Llangwyfan,—with a population of five hundred, of whom only the squire's family and the daughter of an old curate could understand their pastor's language. Sir Watkin Williams Wynn and the Cymmrodorion, who could then speak Welsh, took the matter up and persuaded the churchwardens to appeal to the law. And so the interesting trial began in 1773.

Richard Williams of Tre Ddafydd, a farmer, was the first witness, and he said that,—

"The first Sunday he officiated in the said church as rector of the said rectory, he read or performed divine service in the English language, and brought one Robert Edwards of Llandagfan with him to give the necessary answers in the different parts of the service, as the greatest part of the inhabitants and parishioners who composed the congregation that Sunday, of whom the deponent was one, did not, as he verily believes, understand a single word that was said, being totally unacquainted with the English language. And on the same Sunday, the said Thomas Bowles also read the articles and declarations of the Christian faith in the English language; that he soon afterwards, on a Sunday, preached a sermon in the said parish church in the English language when the deponent was present, the text to which sermon the said Thomas Bowles attempted to give out in the Welsh language, but both the sermon in the English, and the text in the Welsh language, were totally unintelligible to the whole congregation; and he is certain the said Thomas Bowles understood so little of the Welsh language, that no one could understand the purport of what he said, or attempted to say, on that occasion. That the said Thomas Bowles one Sunday afterwards attended in the parish church of Trefdraeth, to perform divine service, when he attempted to read the ten com-

mandments, and the rest of the communion service in the Welsh language, but was obliged to desist before he got through it, being unable himself either to go further, or the congregation to understand what he read; that he afterwards attempted to administer the sacrament to such of the parishioners as chose to attend; that a great number of them attended accordingly, among whom was the deponent, but the said Thomas Bowles could not then make himself understood to any of the communicants, and so ridiculous was the attempt that many of them burst into a loud laughter, whilst others were holding their hands before their mouths, to prevent the like irregularities on so solemn an occasion."

In cross examination the farmer said that Charles Evans of Trefeili, the squire, could speak English, and that the parson had quarrelled with him "touching his tithes within the said parish." He also said that one Hugh Hughes translated one of Dr. Bowles' sermons into Welsh for him, for half a guinea.

It seems that some of the old doctor's services were more lively than decorous. At one time a certain Hugh Morris rose in the middle of the service, and said aloud,— "You may as well come out, for you do not understand anything that is said here."

Another witness,—William Griffiths of Llangwyfan,—said that

"The said Thomas Bowles did, as this deponent hath been informed, upon being appointed rector of the said rectory of Llangwyfan, or very soon after that period, go into the church there and take possession thereof, but never went to the said church on a Sunday, nor into the parish, as he believes, except to view the tithes and to set them out; that they have a curate appointed by the said Thomas Bowles, who officiates for him; that they have morning service only every other Sunday, and no evening service at all; that the service performed by the curate is in the Welsh language; that the tithes are paid by the parishioners to the said Doctor Bowles' wife, who speaks the Welsh language."

Dr. Bowles' defence made his case much worse. His principal witness was a very foolish young man, his step-son, who maintained that his step-father could read Welsh so as to be understood, but that the laughter he excited was on account of his "uncouth pronunciation of words." More fatal was the evidence of Dr. Bowles' curate, who had to admit that the doctor could speak no Welsh, though he tried to read it in public. Under cross-examination concerning the scene at the communion service, he admitted,—

"And when he so attempted to perform the same, he was obliged to stop in the middle of the service, and that the congregation could not refrain from laughing, and that the said Doctor Bowles, by attempting to read, did burlesque the divine service, and that it proceeded from the said doctor's ignorance of the said British or Welsh tongue, and his ludicrous manner of reading, or pretending to read, the same, so as to render his auditors incapable of understanding him, and obliging them to laugh."

But Dr. Bowles had another card to play. He produced a memorandum, signed by the chief witnesses against him at the trial, saying "that they heard T. Bowles, D.D., October 30, 1768, officiating in the vernacular language of Wales with a fluent and easy delivery, and a graceful propriety of accent and pronunciation." It turned out, however, that Dr. Bowles had obtained signatures by a little stratagem; those who signed had been told that the contents of the paper were something very different from what they were.

It was argued that there was no malice against Dr. Bowles, who was over seventy years of age, in appealing to the law. The only aim was to protect Welsh parishes against incumbents who, on account of their ignorance of Welsh, could not fulfil the duties of their sacred offices. The same appeal was made to the four Welsh bishops,—

"Are such people, ye holy pastors of the flock of Christ, to expound the oracles of God, to make lively and deep impressions on the stony heart of man, to be the instruments of making them acquainted with the glorious truths contained in the Gospel of Christ, to bring them from darkness unto marvellous light, from the power of Satan unto God? Does religion consist in forms or ceremonies, in a chaos of unintelligible sounds, or in the work of heart-changing and soul-renewing grace? As well may such a change of heart be effectuated by the chimes of Bow Bells as under such a ministry."

For the defence of Dr. Bowles, and for the defence of that episcopal policy that has been one of the curses of Wales, it was contended that Wales was a conquered country, that Welsh was to be destroyed by every possible means, and that it was the duty of the bishops to promote Englishmen in order to introduce the English language. The judge's decision is well worth preserving. After stating that he had the evidence of the bishop and of the arch-deacon that Dr. Bowles was capable, he said,—

"This is in the nature of a criminal prosecution. It is criminal in the party to take such a living, when he is incapable. It is criminal in the bishop to collate him.

"After complete incumbency, I will not deprive him for what is not sufficiently proved. There is no sufficient proof before me of his incapacity.

"It is a sufficient cause of refusal that he is unacquainted with the Welsh language. I doubt whether, after institution and induction and complete possession, it is a sufficient cause of deprivation.

"The inhabitants of Wales have great reason to complain of such presentations. And it is much to the honour of the bishops that they have not had reason to complain before this time. I do not think it is a sufficient answer that a curate is appointed who performs the duty, for there is a duty incumbent on the rector.

"Upon this evidence I cannot deprive Doctor Bowles, but there is no pretence of giving costs, as it is a new case of great consequence; and Doctor Bowles appears before me in a very unfavourable light, on account of the manner of obtaining this certificate, which almost destroys the very end for which it was produced."

That is how one Anglesey parson very nearly lost his living. I shall now relate how another got his living. The incident was related to the writer of the lines by the Mr. Jones he mentions.

A priest in Anglesea, ill fed,
Preached a whole year for half his bread;
Sheer poverty, with dismal note,
Stuck closer to him than his coat—
For poverty was always nigh,
But his sole coat was apt to fly.

Secretly pleased he heard fame tell,
"A priest was dead—a living fell!"
His shirt and stock he bundled quick,
Slung them across his walking stick,
Then tramped it up to London swift,
(Lord Chancellor retained the gift)
Rapped at the knocker, shook his clothes,
And stamped the dust from off his shoes;
Though rather in debased condition,
Gave in his bow and his petition—
"Which begged his lordship would relieve him,
"And would Eglwys Wrrw give him." "

Thurlow surveyed the words awhile,
With now an oath and then a smile—

(Acknowledged his defect at last)
And for the first time was set fast.
"There are nine letters in this scrawl,
"Yet but one vowel 'mongst them all!

"Who can articulate to the ear

"When only consonants appear?

"Sir, you the living shall receive

"If you the English sounds can give."

The parson bowed again, and wrote,

Eyed, with regret, his thread-bare coat,

"The sounds, my Lord, for I tell you true,

"In English are *Egloois Ooroo*."

"Who," says my lord, "in black and white

"Can tell if he pronounces right?"

"Why Mr. Jones can construe clear,

"Belonging to the Commons here."

Jones wrote the words as soon as bid,

Exactly as the parson did.

The priest the envied living got,

Then twice a week could boil the pot;

In cotton gown could dress his wife,

And ride a *ceffyl* during life.

While thinking of the Anglesey parsons of the latter part of the eighteenth century,—some ignorant and intolerant, some quietly exercising a power for good, some neglecting their duties in order to watch the rise of dissent,—it is impossible to keep another in holy orders out of one's mind. About the time of the trial of Dr. Bowles, one of the greatest of the sons of Anglesey was perishing, it may be from want, among the wilds of America. Goronwy Owen knew Welsh perfectly, he fretted his life away in vain longings for a living in his beloved Anglesey; and while incapable persons were foisted into Anglesey livings in order to further the most detestably brutal policy that history can show, one of the greatest of the poets of Wales, driven to forget his despair in drink, was seeking a place to rest in hopeless exile. In the list of Anglesey parsons there are the names of many great and good men, but the mighty name of Goronwy Owen is not among them.

ALFRED NEOBARD PALMER.

WHAT we want above all things in Wales, in these days, are good local historians. Of enthusiasm for the study of history there has been no lack; but wild guesses, given to the world with all the dogmatism of ignorance, have sometimes

taken the place of patient research. I have often feared that our local historians begin to speak before they begin to learn, and that they are collecting rubbish upon rubbish, leaving the sifting to the future they wrong so much. I have heard self-

dubbed historians speak authoritatively on our most difficult place-names, without having ever mastered the elements of philology. And I suspect that an institution, around which more trumpeting and grander ceremonies are heard and seen every year, has its origin in a misunderstanding of poetical lines written at a comparatively late date.

Wrexham is fortunate among the towns of Wales in possessing a historian whose splendid work will be a delight to the readers of many an age. After reading Alfred Neobard Palmer's volumes,—full of the minutest and most careful work,—we exclaim with pleasure,—“There is at least one town in Wales with its history written.”

Mr. Palmer's volumes have been spread over the last ten years; and his work is now practically complete, the last volume being nearly ready for the press. The series of volumes was preceded, in 1883, by a pamphlet entitled “The Town, Fields, and Folk of Wrexham in the time of James the First.” Then the five volumes of “The History of the Town and Parish of Wrexham” began to appear. In 1885, the first,—“A History of Ancient Tenures of Land in the Marches of North Wales,”—was published. In 1887, the second volume,—“A History of the Parish Church of Wrexham,”—made its appearance. Then, in 1889, came the third volume,—“A History of the older Nonconformity of Wrexham and its Neighbourhood.” The

fourth volume,—“A History of the Town of Wrexham, its Houses, Streets, Fields, and old Families,”—was published last year. The manuscript of the fifth and last volume,—“The History of the Country Townships of the old Parish of Wrexham,”—was nearly completed a year ago, and only now awaits a few additional touches; but the ill health of the author has hitherto made him shrink from the labour involved in publication. However, it is almost certain that the volume will appear at the beginning of the

new year, and so this invaluable series will be complete.

Mr. Palmer has done more than write the history of Wrexham: he has shown how local history is to be studied and written. A brief account of his life, and of his method of working will, I know, be welcome.

Mr. Palmer's life has been a very secluded and quiet one, and he has, especially during the last twenty two years, taken no part, or next to none, in public affairs. He has had some varied experiences nevertheless, and the story of his

struggles is certainly interesting and instructive. I have reason to believe that, about four years ago, when he feared he was about to die, he wrote an autobiography of himself. I do not know what the autobiography contains beyond the following facts and dates.

Alfred Neobard Palmer was born on July 10th, 1847, at Thetford, a small borough partly in Norfolk and partly in Suffolk, two of the most Teutonic counties



ALFRED NEOBARD PALMER.

(From a photograph by Stanley Hurst, Wrexham.)

in England. His paternal and maternal ancestors,—the Palmers and the Neobards,—were also, as far back as they can be traced, natives of one or other of the two counties. His father was a coach-builder, but when the boy left school, having a great distaste for the business which his father followed, he went, as junior tutor, to a school at Soham in Cambridgeshire. Teaching boys, however, he found still more distasteful, and at the end of six months he came back to work in his father's shop. But he could not settle down, and was soon after apprenticed, for four years, to a druggist at Bury St. Edmund's, Suffolk. At that time, anyone, if he were so disposed and the opportunity not wanting, could become a druggist, and the examinations of the Pharmaceutical Society were purely voluntary. Nevertheless, Mr. Palmer passed first the Minor and afterwards the Major Examination of that Society, and at the end of his apprenticeship, without having had any training in pure chemistry, won the Junior Bell Scholarship, which entitled him to a grant of £25 and a year's free instruction in the Pharmaceutical Laboratory, 17, Bloomsbury Square, London. From this time onward he occupied various situations, as analytical chemist, in Bury St. Edmund's, London, and Manchester, and in the year 1880 came to Wrexham as chemist to the Zoedone Company, subsequently becoming, in succession, chief chemist to the Brymbo Steel Company, and the Cambrian Leather Works, Wrexham, besides maintaining in the same town, for many years, an analytical practice of his own.

Even in the time of his boyhood, he evinced a strong interest in archæological subjects, and this interest grew, and developed ultimately into a passion,—a passion, however, which for years, while all his spare time was spent in the study necessary for proficiency in his craft, had to be repressed. But about two years before he left Manchester, he began to allow his archæological instinct full play. He had always been a voracious and varied reader, had travelled and observed much, and his long scientific training stood him now in good stead. He could conceive no other way of following the new study to which he

now gave himself up than by the tried method of positive, original research. There was to be no guessing, no taking things on trust. Moreover, he had long outgrown racial prejudices. I have it on his own authority that he cannot see how pride in the United Kingdom can be maintained, or great deeds can be expected to be done on behalf of it, unless not merely the rights of the constituent nations be respected, but sympathy be shown by each of them with the aspirations, traditions, and idiosyncracies of the others.

When Mr. Palmer first came to Wrexham he set himself to master the Welsh grammar, and so much of its vocabulary as would enable him to read Welsh, and speak it a little. Then he went through all the parish registers of the neighbourhood, some of them more than once, taking copious notes from them, and indexing those notes. Then, in like manner, he drew out tables, compiled from the church-rate assessment books of the several parishes, which gave him the names of the successive occupiers, and often of the owners of the principal houses and estates of the neighbourhood, and an astonishing amount of other information. The churchwardens' accounts were also utilized. Next, having procured the ordnance maps,—6 inches to the mile,—of the area under examination, he set down in them such names of fields as were in any way interesting, obtaining the names from the tithe maps, and from personal enquiry. The tithe map schedules were also carefully studied, and their contents summarized. If he could get access to deeds relating to property,—and he got access to a great many,—he epitomized them, noting down especially all references to place-names, to the descent and connections of historic families, to tenure of land and the like. In short, all original documents, that were at all available, were turned to account. And then he began to write.

Mr. Palmer is an exceedingly modest man, and he probably is the only one to find fault with his own careful work. "Ever since I was a lad," he told me, "I have had to work for my living, and I have always been more or less an invalid. So I have had little leisure, and my books have not received the revision which ought to

have been accorded to them. I wanted to get the results I had accumulated committed to paper, and have written against time. Many of the obvious slips and errors that deform my work had their origin in these facts."

Readers of the *Antiquary*, of the *Archæological Magazine*, of the *Archæologia Cambrensis*, of the *Cymmrodor*, of the valuable "Bye-gones Column" in the

Oswestry Advertiser, of the *Pharmaceutical Journal*, of the *Wrexham Advertiser*, and of other papers, are well acquainted with Mr. Palmer's name. But he is, above all, the historian of Wrexham. Young men who are investigating the history of other places should carefully peruse his five volumes, in order to see with what conscientious care history should be written.

THE RAPE OF THE MANUSCRIPT.

THIS tale was told us at the National Eisteddfod, but not at the last one.

A large party of us was staying in the same house, and one evening, after the concert was over and supper had been cleared away, and the cloud of tobacco smoke had become thick and murky, the conversation suddenly took a serious turn.

During supper the events of the day had been discussed in a very airy and flippant style. It is much to be feared that the rising generation of Welshmen have very little reverence in their composition. The speech of the president at the morning meeting, with its stale comparison between the Eisteddfod and the Olympic games, and staler contrast between the Welsh love for "literary meetings" and the Saxon passion for horse-racing, had been voted absurd. The chaired bard had been disrespectfully spoken of, and a scurrilous anecdote about him had been related, to the effect that he had once declared himself perfectly willing to see his political opponents "depart on the tail of a lightning-flash for five and twenty eternities." About another bard it had been said, not without a degree of truth,—

"Swn, swn ei gynghanedd sydd
Wedi myned a'i menydd."

It had been carried unanimously that no mortal man could be so wise as one of the musical adjudicators looked. One of us had been much puzzled by the attire of a great ecclesiastical personage who had played a prominent part in the day's proceedings, and had failed to get a satisfactory answer to his question,—“Why

clergymen who rose high in the service of the church had to wear leggings?” In a word, all the events of the day, and all persons connected with the great annual festival, had been discussed in a free and unrestrained fashion.

When we had become tired of levity, and the serious fit had properly mastered us, the conversation turned upon the question of Welsh manuscripts. Now, when Welshmen discuss this topic, they invariably begin to rage furiously and to imagine vain things. One of us expressed himself warmly about the conduct of those owners of old manuscripts who refuse to allow scholars to inspect them; one learned don whom he knew, he said, had to pester a great Welsh nobleman for three years before he was permitted to examine some historical documents lying in sweet repose in his lordship's library. Another drew harrowing pictures of priceless manuscripts stowed away in all manner of damp corners, some steadily rotting away and in danger of becoming irretrievably illegible, and others already in the last stages of undecipherable decay. Another, like the Scotchman of old, “just swoor at lairge;” so angry was he that he said that he would like to cram one or two men, whose names he mentioned, into a ninety-one ton gun, and to shoot them into a rock at twenty yards. When our virtuous indignation was at its hottest, one of our company who had been, contrary to his wont, strangely silent, left the room, promising to come back with something interesting to show us.

He was a “rising” young barrister, who

had done well at Oxford, and was believed to cherish parliamentary ambitions. On no other hypothesis could the infrequency of his appearances at holy worship in town be reconciled with his passion for chapel services, and avid desire to take part in them, when he was down in Wales. He came back with a parcel wrapped in brown paper, and copiously sealed with wax. He opened the parcel, taking off covering after covering of brown paper, and at last he took out an ancient and dirty-looking manuscript, which he handled with a tenderness quite touching to behold. We were all much impressed by the solemnity and mystery of his actions, and began to ply him with excited questions as to the nature of his treasure. Without a trace of emotion, he informed us that it was a priceless manuscript, for which incessant search had been made for many years in every hole and corner in Wales. The story for a long time seemed too good to be true, and we were reluctant to believe the news. It was then handed round, and an authority upon manuscripts, after lengthy and minute examination, gave it as his serious opinion that it really and truly was the document which all had thought to be lost for ever. Our excitement was intense, and numberless questions were put to the limb of the law who had caused the sensation. He answered them all to the best of his ability with the exception of the question,—How he had got it? This he parried for a while, but at last, perceiving that he would not get any peace during all the term of his natural life unless he vouchsafed us an explanation, he silenced us with,—“Well, if you’ll shut up, I’ll tell you all about it.”

We at once complied with his conditions. The character of the narrator,—his enemies attributed his success to his breezy and somewhat unscrupulous audacity, and even his friends could not accuse him of any false modesty,—justified the expectation of an unconventional story. This is what he told us, in his own slangy language,—

“During one of my long vacs I went to Ll—, for the purposes of serious reading. Do you people know the place? It is right in the heart of M—, and miles from any railway station.”

He gave us the names of the village and the county in which it is situated, but for reasons which will soon become obvious, they will be suppressed.

‘I had not been doing any work at Oxford the term before, and I had wasted most of my ‘Long’ without doing a stroke. At last I got a fit of repentance, and resolved to spend the rest of my vac. in doing good solid work. So I went home and tried to read, but I soon found I could do nothing there,—I never could read at home,—so one fine morning I took it into my head to go to Ll—, and off I started, with a pile of books and virtuous resolutions.

“When I went there first I didn’t know a soul in the place. One of the first men I got to know was the minister, whom I found to be a very good sort. He was very keen on old Welsh literature, and could spout leagues of *Dafydd ab Gwilym* and that lot, which I can’t understand a bit, but always pretend to be passionately fond of. It was he who first interested me in manuscripts. I had, of course, heard a good deal about that sort of thing at the ‘*Dafydd*,’ but it had never made any real impression upon my youthful mind. The minister’s *bête noire* was the Squire, who owned the whole countryside, and lived in the Plâs. This man was a most ungodly Philistine, ‘that had on every hand six fingers, and on every foot six toes, four and twenty in number,’ so to speak. His father had collected a splendid library, and used to take immense pride in it, but when this unworthy son succeeded to the estate, what do you think he did? He sold most of the books, and threw the others into an out-house, where they lay in heaps, one on top of the other, higgledy-piggledy, anyhow, and he turned the library into a billiard room. This out-house was always kept locked, and no one was ever allowed to enter it. The minister had begged and prayed and almost gone down on his knees before him to be allowed to see the books, but the Squire impolitely but firmly refused to listen to him. All others who had approached him with the same request had met with the same reception. On hearing this I determined to try my luck. I met him one day fishing, and made up to

him. I laid myself out to please him, listened attentively to all his opinions upon all conceivable subjects, allowed myself to be convinced by him in arguments, laughed hugely at his pointless witticisms, and told him my best stories, until I really thought I had made an impression. When I felt pretty confident that I had insinuated myself into his good graces, I mentioned, in a casual, off-hand sort of way, that I had heard that he had got some old books; I was rather interested in that sort of thing, and would he mind my just having a look at them some day? All of a sudden his manner, which had been up to this point extremely affable, changed completely, and his face became quite livid with rage. With fearful asperity and wonderful decision he said,—‘No, certainly not.’ I saw it was no good, and at once changed the subject. I did my best to remove the bad impression which my little request had created, but I could see he had become very suspicious of me.

“I have a good deal of ‘cussedness’ in me, and though I had not felt particularly anxious to see those books before, this rebuff made me determined to have a look at them, by hook or by crook. With this end in view I cultivated the acquaintance of the Squire’s house-keeper, a comely and vivacious young widow. Now, I want you all to understand clearly that it was purely and simply in the interests of Welsh literature that I did this.”

Sceptical and sarcastic ejaculations, which one or two of the company felt constrained to drop, were here hastily suppressed by the rest, who were anxious to hear the end of the narrative.

“Well,” continued this disinterested scholar, “after we had become pretty good friends, I went up to the Plâs to have a cup of tea with her one afternoon when the Squire was, we thought, away for the day. I asked her to let me have a look at the out-house in which the books were kept, but she said that it would be ‘as much as her place was worth’ to comply with my request. I persisted, however, and tried to calm her fears by pointing out that her master was away, and wouldn’t be back till it was late; and solemnly promising that I wouldn’t stay more than ten minutes

at the outside in the place. I coaxed and cajoled her, and at last persuaded her, but it took me at least an hour to do it, and it was the hardest job I ever had in my life. We went to the out-house; she unlocked the door and I went in. The first thing I examined was an old black tin box, and the first thing I saw in it was this manuscript which I’ve got here. Ignorant as I was I suspected it was valuable, and sat down to examine it more closely. Just that very minute, who should appear at the door but the Squire.

“His ugly face was inflamed with passion, and he began to swear at me and his house-keeper in turns. Now I’ve heard a good deal of swearing in my time. I have heard sailors, I have heard Private Tommy Atkins, I have heard bargees, I have heard coaches on the river at Oxford, but never in all my life did I hear such awful profanity as then came from the Squire’s lips. Hardened as I am, it raised goose-skin all over me, and as for the poor house-keeper, she fainted right away, after listening to her master’s Satanic eloquence for a few minutes. When he saw her faint he stopped, and looked rather ashamed of himself. We both bustled about to get restoratives, and soon got the housekeeper round again. I took the utmost pains to explain that all the blame lay with me, and persuaded him to forgive my accomplice, but at the cost of being warned never to show my face anywhere near the place again. I then went away, ‘eating my own heart,’ as some poet says, I forget for the moment who. Before leaving, however, I gave him a small piece of my mind, but I couldn’t say half I wanted to say, because he would only have revenged himself on the house-keeper. I had the utmost difficulty, though, to refrain from telling him what I thought of him, and committing assault and battery upon him.

“The ignominious result of this second attempt of mine greatly put me out, and I determined that I would get the better of that Squire yet. I got a lot of skeleton keys, and one night, in the small wee hours, I sallied forth out of my lodgings and made for the Plâs. It was raining and blowing heavily, and as dark as a cow’s

inside, in the words of the Welsh proverb, so I had some little difficulty in finding my way. I was very nervous, too, because it was the first burglary that I had ever been engaged upon. I daresay I shall be as cool as a cucumber when I'm doing my next job in this line. In spite of all my efforts to walk quietly, I could not help making much unnecessary noise, and every time a twig smashed under my foot with a louder report than usual I stopped short, my pulse beating fast. Do what I would I could not banish from my mind the possibility of being caught, and similar nasty thoughts. When your nerves are strained as mine were then, you find yourself doing extraordinary things. I found myself repeating the lines,—

"Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,"

from Wordsworth's ode on the "Intimations of Immortality,"—most of you remember them, I suppose,—in a sense very different from that which they bear in the ode. The tension of my feelings found relief in a laugh at this silly parody. It seemed a fearfully long time before I got to the door of the out-house, but I reached it at last. When I arrived, I stayed for a long time listening. There was no light anywhere about the house, and no sound except that of the wind. I was just going to try the lock when I heard a dog bark somewhere near the stables. I never had such a fright in all my life. My heart went clopitty-clop at an enormous rate; I trembled with excite-

ment and was almost afraid to breathe. I stood ready to cut and run like lightning if I heard anything coming towards me. I waited a whole age, as it seemed to me then, but I heard no more noises, and at last I plucked up courage to try the lock. I tried key after key without avail until I came to the very last key I had. I was just coming to the sickening conclusion that it was no better than the others when, to my intense delight, it unlocked the door, and in I went. I at once felt my way to the black tin box which I told you of before, and stuffed my pockets full of manuscripts out of it. When I was in the middle of this process, I heard a bark again. It gave me such a start; beads of cold sweat started up on my forehead, and I remained as still as a mouse for as bad a quarter of an hour as I've ever gone through. However, I heard nothing further, so after some time I went out, locked the door after me, and as soon as I had done so, I simply ran home as fast as my legs would carry me.

"This manuscript is part of the spoil of that night. The rest of my swag,—if that is the correct term,—I may possibly show you some other time."

His story greatly shocked most of the company, but they eyed the manuscript lovingly.

When this ravished manuscript is published, it will cause the greatest literary sensation ever known in Wales.

W. JENKYN THOMAS.

Bangor.

OUR TRADITIONS.

IV. THE MEN UNDER THE LASCAN.

BETWEEN Pontypool and Blaenavon in Monmouthshire, there is a hill called Penlascarn; or, commonly, "the Lascan."

Tradition has it that a farmer on his way home found he had strayed to the mouth of a cave. A fairy invited him to enter. And lo! he found thousands of armed men asleep. He stumbled over one and woke him. The figure bounded to his feet and challenged the farmer. In the

conversation that ensued, the farmer informed the warrior, among other things, the year and whose reign it was. Upon that the figure muttered that it was not yet the time, and fell asleep again.

The fairy informed the farmer that these were all "king George's men," asleep around him, awaiting the blast of a certain trumpet, when they would all awake and march out to fight. The fairy then vanished.

The farmer wended his way home, and next day attempted to find the cave, but could not.



RHUDDLAN MARSH.

An attempt at translating Ieuan Gfan Geirionnydd's well known *Morfa Rhuddlan*, in the metre of the original.

ARVON'S heights hide the bright sun from our gazing;
 Night's dark pall enshrouds all in its embracing;
 Still as death—not a breath mars the deep silence,
 On mine ear waves roll near, with soft hushed cadence.
 Oh! the start of my heart's quick palpitating,
 Anger's thrill doth me fill when meditating
 On the day when the fray crushed the brave Cambrian,
 When, through guile, pile on pile heaped *Morfa Rhuddlan*.

On the field how they wield blows till shields rattle!
 Sword and spear, far and near, clang through the battle;
 From the bows of the foes arrows are rushing,
 While the floor, red with gore, quakes with the crushing.
 Over all shout and call and cries heart-rending,
 Straining high, Caradoc's cry is heard ascending,—
 "For our land, let our hand turn back the foeman,
 Or the sky see us die on *Morfa Rhuddlan*."

See at once, Britain's sons' bosoms are swelling,
 Each face hot with fierce thought from each heart welling;
 Strong arms bare, through the air fierce blows are dealing,
 Till the foes with the blows serried are reeling.
 Through the day Britons pray in their great anguish,—
 "Thou on high, hear our cry, help us to vanquish;
 Hedge around the dear ground of our loved Britain,
 Speed our host, or we're lost on *Morfa Rhuddlan*."

Like a dart through my heart anguish is flowing,
 Hark! how loud, fierce, and proud is the foes' crowing;
 But O host, do not boast as of aught glorious,
 'Twas thy swarms, not thine arms, made thee victorious;
 See yon scores at their doors watching in terrors,
 Full of care for the fare of their loved warriors;
 Up the rocks quickly flock sire, child, and woman,
 Each heart bleeds for the deeds on *Morfa Rhuddlan*.

Hill and vale tell the tale of their distresses,
 Wail and shriek swiftly seek Snowdon's recesses.
 Cambria's heart sorely smarts, loving and tender,
 For the rout of each stout and brave defender;
 Terror's thralls fill the halls of the fallen chieftain,
 Dirgeful woe for the throw of their great captain;
 His bard moved, seeks his loved harp that lay dormant,
 In despair plays the air,—“Old *Morfa Rhuddlan*.”

I will pass o'er the grass, carefully spying
 For a trace of the place where they are lying;
 Ah! the vast damp morass, the place of their burial,
 Bushes green long have been their sole memorial,
 But, anon, I'll reach you dwelling so cosy,
 There to share the sweet fare of song and poesy;
 And I'll claim from the dame of my friend Ioan,*
 Friendship's right; so good night to *Morfa Rhuddlan*.

Llanrhaidr ym Mochnant.

* The Vicar of Rhuddlan.

R. BELLIS JONES.



GABRIEL YORETH.

A STORY ILLUSTRATIVE OF WELSH THOUGHT FIFTY YEARS AGO.

BY THE REV. E. CYNFFIG DAVIES, M.A., MENAI BRIDGE.

CHAPTER IV.

RELEASE AND PROSPERITY.

IN the first year of his term of penal servitude an intense longing for the old home, its scenes and elevated pleasures, came upon Gabriel. He loved the hills and dales of his native land with the heart of a poet, and with the enthusiasm which only a true patriot can understand. The monotony of convict life contrasted strangely with his recollection of the pleasant years he spent on the mountain side tending his grandfather's sheep, as free as the air he breathed. Like many another in like circumstances of suppressed emotion, he found relief in cultivating the muses. In a poem of much beauty and deep feeling, containing many proofs of close acquaintance with nature in her sublimest and most retiring moods, he transmitted greeting and good will to his fellow countrymen and friends.* Being a composition of distinct merit, insinuating pathos, and flowing rhythm, it was easily wedded to music, and soon became a universal favourite as the song of the shepherd roaming the hills, of the maid with her pail of milk at the side of one of the kine gently listening to her music, and of the miner in his lonely gallery far under the hills. When first read in public of a quiet evening on the square near Ebenezer Chapel, where many hundreds had assembled, strong men were overcome by tears, especially when references were made to the explosion and its consequences, and when the Bible on the pulpit was appealed to with touching felicity. To those who witnessed the delivery of the poem from their doors and windows around the square, it was a scene never to be forgotten. Portions of the poem, brimming over with tender allusions

* This incident is founded on fact, for one of the convicts, sent to penal servitude for participating in the Chartist riots, sent a noted poem from Van Diemen's Land, and this became very popular in South Wales.

to the incidents of the preceding years at Abervale, served the purpose of keeping the memory of those events tender and vivid in hundreds of homes for many a long year.

This term of servitude became to Gabriel a period of preparation for the subsequent portion of his life. In the convict settlement it happily fell to his lot to be much in the company of a man of superior education, possessing the mental habits of a trained mind, who, nevertheless had been convicted of forgery. And inasmuch as he had not accustomed himself to the hardening effect of a course of deception and fraud, but, being impelled by untoward accidents to commit in an unguarded moment a crime which cost him his freedom for fifteen years, his mind, though darkened and sullied by the shadow of one act of guilt for which he expressed sincere repentance, was free from the degradation of the habit of sin which can be acquired only by a long series of delinquencies and vices. In spite of his environment, he succeeded in maintaining his self respect and in keeping a warm heart for all that was good, fair, and right; he lived in the condition of a convict among convicts without being one of them. His name was Jason Penrith.

Of an evening, after a hard day's work, Penrith made the observation to Gabriel,—

"You delight in the rugged scenery of this country."

"I can scarcely help it; because there are so many traits in the contour of the hills and the geological formations of the land which remind me forcibly, now and then, of the scenery of my native land; and this tends to alleviate my longing for home and the society of my old friends."

"You have led me, Gabriel, to realize one thing in particular, since you have come, and I readily admit my debt of gratitude to you, though I am about twice your age."

"I am pleased to hear you say so, inasmuch as I am much more indebted to you

than you can possibly be to me. If you do not mind telling me, I should like to hear in what way you have become a gainer by my experience."

"It is the habit of mind you have cultivated of finding compensations for all manner of losses. For instance, you tell me now that this wretched country has so many beauties of form and colour, that you are becoming more reconciled to your exile from your native hills and valleys and their scenes of enchantment, far surpassing anything you can find here."

"Just so. If I had not come out to this sheltered and well clad creek, Butler's *Analogy*, Pearson on the creed, and your beautiful litany would not have opened their treasures to me as they have done. The restful Sabbath of Wales has been missed by me above everything else; but our reading together of these books every Sunday has often conveyed across the seas a breath of the good old Sundays of Wales."

These three books, in addition to two Bibles, formed the whole of their religious literature, upon which they expended much prayerful thought and meditation, leading to many an hour of interesting and calm discussion upon topics relating to and suggested by their reading."

"The '*Analogy*' of Bishop Butler is evidently congenial to your mode of thought, and it has been enjoyable to me to observe your taking up of the thread of the argument in Butler's noble book, much as a traveller, going across a country the scenery of which he had learnt to appreciate through previous minute inspection and acquaintance, directs his steps without guidance to all that is most striking and important."

"It is not altogether through natural proclivity," replied Gabriel, "that I have felt drawn to the profound line of reasoning pursued by Butler; but in our reading of the book I have been vividly reminded of many a thought I heard finely expressed by some leading and thoughtful Welsh preachers who, beyond doubt, had been sitting at the feet of Butler, and were able, though their light had been kindled at his fire, to express their ideas in a diction and manner much more perspicuous than his

The teaching of the '*Analogy*' has undoubtedly percolated through the thought of a large section of the nonconformist pulpit of Wales, and has become more transparent in the process."

"I have a brother," said Penrith, "a manager of a coal mine in your district, hailing like myself from Cornwall, and whilst I attended the Established Church, he became deeply attached to the Wesleyan persuasion. But after he went to Wales he connected himself with the Church of England, that being the only place of worship in the vicinity where English services are held; and I recollect his telling me of the almost insurmountable wall of separation set up in Wales between Church and dissent. Such a state of mutual hostility between two sections of the universal church cannot but be most detrimental to true piety and religion. This is one reason, I suspect, why our fine Church service is totally unknown to the majority of Welsh Nonconformists."

"There can be no doubt at all about the correctness of the estimate your brother Mr. Penrith has formed with regard to the religious position of parties in Wales; for his fairness of mind as a manager and churchman is sufficiently apparent to the inhabitants of my native neighbourhood where he has the control of a large colliery, to lead me to form this conclusion. Yet, I believe the tone and spirit manifested by nonconformists at present towards the Establishment is not so much a want of conformity as a spirit of a loofness engendered by a deep cherished conviction, that their mode of worship and their church government stand on a more ideal and elevated plane than can be attained to in the trammels of a state-connected church."

"You have read, and listened to me reading the litany with unmistakable interest, as I could not fail to perceive."

"It is true," replied Gabriel, "that your Church service has touched deep chords in my feelings, and I am persuaded it could be read with lasting edification by thousands who have not had an opportunity of perusing its pages. But it comes to me with a freshness which it cannot bring to you, seeing you have read it over and over for many years. In the public

worship to which I have been accustomed, the reading of the same thing Sunday after Sunday would be almost an impossibility, becoming too monotonous, and tending to stamp out spontaneity in other directions. If there is anything that ought to be spontaneous and free, the expression and manifestation of our inward life before our divine Father ought to be so. Formalism is so great an evil in worship that every effort should be made to render it difficult rather than easy of attainment. Who could imagine a child always approaching its father with read petitions which had been read by others for centuries in the same way?"

"Your objection to our Church service is presented in rather a one-sided form, as is the case frequently in reference to this matter. I admit that there are circumstances in which *extempore* prayer acquires singular fitness, and in times of trial it may afford such light, guidance, and solace as cannot be conveyed so effectively, perhaps, by any other medium. But to me a cold unprepared public prayer, devoid of any felicity of diction or thought, and bearing the marks of an ill-trained mind, is simply an unendurable desecration of a divine office."

"What you assert, Penrith, amounts to this,—that formality is odious everywhere in religious worship, but doubly so when it appears under a form not so congenial to formalism."

In these discussions of the two convicts there was much more than the mere interchange of passing opinions,—they had in them a formative power in educating the mind and developing the character of each. As to daily toil, both were engaged in joinery, which Penrith had practised during leisure hours before he had transgressed the laws of his country; and the knowledge Gabriel had of timber, from his having handled the axe whilst propping up the roof in the colliery of Abervale, was turned to advantage.

In about three years after the arrival of Gabriel in the penal settlement, his friends and Sir J. Smiles obtained for him his freedom on ticket-of-leave; for when, the heated feelings and passions of a section of

the community in Glamorgan had subsided, it did not prove to be a very hard task to convince the Government that the case against Gabriel was not so easily sustainable as was thought at the time of the trial. To stem a strong current demands the full force of an apt swimmer; and similarly, when excitement runs high among the ruling and managing classes, a dispassionate judicial temper is rendered most difficult to sustain. It may be stated that no convict in the settlement was better liked than Gabriel among both Europeans and natives, on account of his straightforward bearing, his winning genial manner, and self-denying missionary efforts.

Those whose term of transportation expired on receiving a ticket-of-leave or otherwise, and therefore called "expires," generally left the locality, changed their name, and returned to civilisation to make a fresh start the very first opportunity they found, and many of them succeeded to retrieve their past misfortune and loss of character.

Gabriel was directed in a letter from Sir J. Smiles to go to Melbourne to Mr. Wilfred, the head of a firm of solicitors, in whose hand he found deposited for him one hundred pounds from his grandfather, together with a letter giving him a brief account of what had passed at Abervale during the three years of his servitude.

"You may return home if you so desire," said Mr. Wilfred to Gabriel in a tone of great friendliness, "or, if you purpose remaining in this extensive country, and engaging in farming or any other occupation, your grandfather is prepared to furnish you with more money for that end."

"I cannot think, sir, of returning to Abervale under ticket-of-leave, and shall probably never return until my character is fully cleared."

"You will understand that I am instructed, Yoreth, by my friend Sir John Smiles, to help you by advice, and in any way I am able. Have you any reason for expecting that the affair will be explained in your favour?"

"I have my own explanation of the murder or manslaughter which is satisfactory to me, and I arrive at it thus. In

the first place I did not touch the man who was killed; my staff was taken from my hand when I addressed the meeting, and I did not see it after until the trial. There was a young man near the stage at the time who bore a close resemblance to me in outward form and dress. My grandfather's letter tells me that the young man whom I suspected,—it is only a suspicion,—of committing the crime has left Wales for the United States. If Jack caused the man's death, he will, I believe, confess the deed sooner or later. This has not been told anyone before, and must remain untold unless you perceive some reason, that does not exist at present, for giving these facts publicity."

"I shall respect the confidence you repose in me, and what you say carries considerable probability. Now what are your plans?"

"In the first place, kindly express to Sir J. Smiles my deep feeling of gratitude to him. It is my intention to enter the building trade at Baileyhill under a disguised name, for no one will readily in any trade put trust in an ex-convict, and my name happens to be somewhat distinctive. There is an old Celtic custom that one or more sons in each family, if there are any sons, should take the Christian name of their father as surname. My father's name was John Yoreth, and I shall henceforth be Gabriel John, in accordance with a usage which has been followed among my predecessors for generations, though not in the line of the heirs to our little inheritance."

"If you change your name, would you not better make the *incognito* more complete?"

"It is not a pleasant thing under the circumstances to be obliged to change one's name at all, and by retaining the Gabriel I shall not seem to cut off myself so completely from my reminiscences of the happy years I spent in Wales. I shall beg of you to keep fifty pounds out of the hundred until I settle down to work, and to receive my letters from home, together with the further sum my grandfather kindly promises."

"Why is it you select Baileyhill rather than any other place?"

"It is a quickly growing place, and therefore likely to afford scope for the line I adopt. Besides, there is at Baileyhill a Welsh chapel belonging to the four Nonconformist denominations of Wales; and worshipping there I feel sure will form a bit of blue sky between the clouds."

In a short time, by dint of perseverance, Gabriel gained for himself a good position as builder and contractor. Notwithstanding the disadvantages under which he commenced, his trustworthiness in all his transactions soon placed him high in public esteem, a thing which could not occur in an old and overcrowded locality. The small Welsh congregation was made up for the most part of miners, who had immigrated to the gold diggings, bringing with them their fondness for music, the Sunday school, and the Bible.

It was a more painful experience for Gabriel to recommence life in religious matters than in any other respect. His capacity for speaking and for leading in public and religious assemblies immediately became evident to his fellow-worshippers, and his services were at once in great demand.

Whilst building a schoolroom for the Congregational Church of the place, he formed a close acquaintance with the pastor, the Rev. James Riley, M.A., and afterwards spent many a pleasant hour at the manse. There entered at this period into the character of Gabriel an element of quiet reserve, as the result of an effort to keep the sad events of his life undivulged, inasmuch as the reasons he had for disconnecting himself from the painful past daily multiplied. His business prospects would be decidedly injured if it transpired that he had been a member of a convict settlement. Yet this feature of careful balance of words only enhanced his influence over his workmen and his moral worth among his acquaintances, adorning his conduct and deportment with a shade of new dignity and unobtrusive command.



J. ISSARD DAVIES, M.A.
(Mayor of Carnarvon).

C. A. JONES.

J. MENZIES, J.P.

Alderman M. T. MORRIS.

J. R. PRITCHARD, J.P.

JOHN DAVIES, J.P.
(Gwynedd).

SOME CARNARVON FOLK.

THE NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD OF 1894.

AMIDST all our differences in Wales, it is clear to anyone who takes the trouble to come to a National Eisteddfod that we can be as one. There is no element of Welsh life that is not represented at the Eisteddfod. The Prince of Wales who referred to the builder of Carnarvon Castle as his ancestor, and the sturdy peasant who boasts, especially in song, that no castle or prince can stand before his might; the owners of the land of whole mountains and valleys, and the tenants at will of farms they will cling to as long as they have a penny left, landlord and tenant alike fresh from a denunciation of each other before the Land Commissioners; philosophers of portly appearance and contented minds ever ready to preach the doctrine of the sacredness of property, and hungry-looking philosophers who maintain that all property is held in trust, and that the duties connected with it should be more rigidly defined by law; ardent church defenders who maintain that they had rather blow up our cathedrals than allow the unhallowed voice of a dissenting worshipper to be heard in them, and the preacher who can hold spell-bound a multitude too great for any Welsh cathedral to contain; the member of Parliament who thinks that Home Rule means the destruction of all that is good, and the member of Parliament who thinks that Home Rule means the destruction of all that is evil,—here they all are, in one vast throng, and in perfect harmony during at least one of the fifty-two weeks of the year. They listen to the same patriotic songs, they cheer the same literary victors, they shout lustily that there is "Peace" when the drawn sword is

held over the chaired bard's head, and they sing in perfect harmony,—

"O fryniau Caersalem ceir gweled
Holl daith yr anialwch i gyd."

It was clear to me, when coming to Arvon, that the Eisteddfod of 1894 was in some respects unlike those of former years. The preponderance of the squire element was noticeable; and bonfires and bunting,—so out of keeping with the general character of the Eisteddfod,—with their tawdry and irredeemably ugly insignificance, disfigured the most majestic scene in Wales. I always think that the penalties of authority must be great, if there was nothing but having to drive between miles of gaudily coloured shreds and listening to the essence of dulness generally instilled into addresses of welcome. All this was inflicted upon the Prince and Princess of Wales, and it must have made more frigidly ceremonial a welcome that would have been spontaneous and warm enough. Though Welshmen are strongly republican in feeling, the representative of an ancient institution never appeals to them in vain for a welcome. They are at heart hero worshippers, but their aristocracy,—regarded as their natural leaders during the last century,—are making no effort to keep in touch with them. Bonfires and bunting always tempt me to think of the history of our aristocracy and of the relations between them and the democracy; but I have never seen these associated with an Eisteddfod before. The atmosphere of the Eisteddfod is too purely literary and artistic, and the Welsh aversion to tawdriness and flimsiness is so strong, that the severest simplicity is the general char-



T. PARRY, M.B., J.P. E. HEVIN JONES. W. GWENLYN EVANS. D. EDWARDS, R. A. GRIFFITT. D. JENKINS, M.B., BAC. H. ELVKT LEWIS.

CARNARVON AND EISTEDDFOD FOLK.

acteristic of the national assembly. The Prince of Wales has greatly pleased the Welsh people by coming to the Eisteddfod, but it would have been better if he had come to the Eisteddfod alone. It was curious to notice that the English newspapers gave a minute account of every movement of the royal party, while the Eisteddfod had scanty notice given to it; and that the Welsh papers, while giving their welcome to the royal visitors briefly and simply, devoted all their space to a minute account of the Eisteddfod proceedings.

The visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Carnarvon was a graceful tribute to the literary life of Wales, and we are grateful to Lord Penrhyn and others for their successful efforts to make that visit a memorable one. Could we not have a distinguished visitor at every Eisteddfod? It might be possible for the Eisteddfod and the University of Wales to have one joint meeting, at which an honorary degree might be conferred upon some prince of men. I have never ceased to regret that Renan did not appear as the honoured guest of a nation on the Eisteddfod platform.

Carnarvon is an ideal place for a national Eisteddfod. Its historical associations make it interesting,—the walls built by the Roman are still to be seen in it, in it the crown of shadowy Arthur was kept, and its castle is one of the grandest in the world. Though a thriving town, and though its lovely surroundings make it the centre of rows of villas, it has kept enough of its mediæval aspect to make its streets most quaint and picturesque. I rose early one day, passed through the

Golden Gate,—I venture to translate *Porth yr Aur*,—through the walls on the sea side. The tide was in, the Menai filled its wide banks between me and Anglesey,—and so exquisite a scene of beauty and of peace it has never been my lot to behold before or after. The Eagle Tower and the town walls were mirrored in the clear waters of the Menai, and the waves had ceased to move; it was that moment when the waves are still because they have ceased to rise and are in doubt whether they will begin to ebb, it was that peaceful moment for which departing souls are said to wait before taking wing. Occasionally a white sea bird rose from the waters, and moved gracefully and silently until it disappeared in the distance; with that exception everything was still. The grim old castle,—like the spirit of the severe beauty and harmonious grandeur of the time of its birth,—stood as proudly in the morning sun as if Norman law still made its empty rooms and dark corners its home. From the silent streets, with their quaint names, the mountains of Arvon and the low lands of druid-haunted Mon could be seen. By the way, if you want to know the names of Carnarvon streets, do not look at the names printed on the street corners,—they tell the tale, so often told in Welsh towns, of ignorance and sham gentility,—ask some patriarchal old fisherman you will find at any time of the day in the Golden Gate.

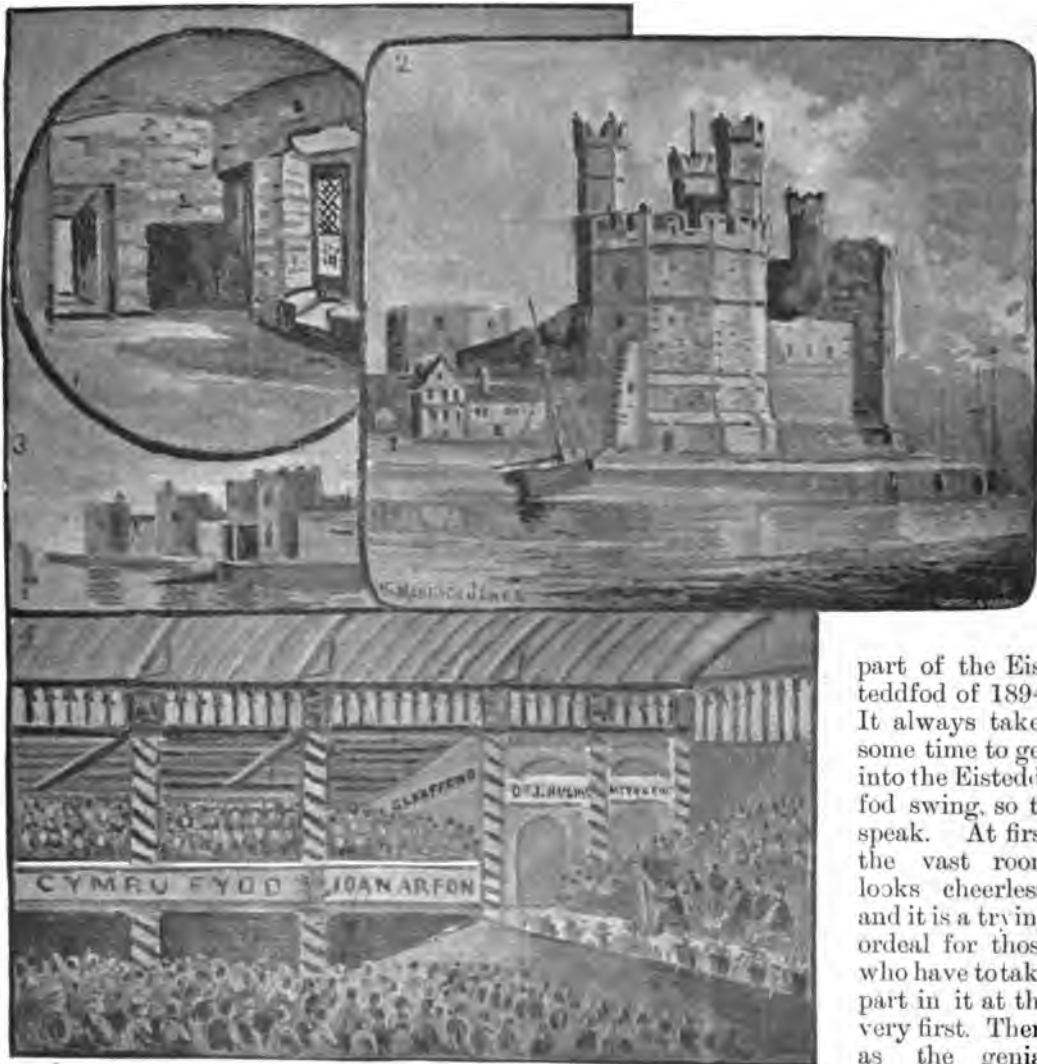
Carnarvon has long been the centre of a very strong literary life, it is one of the homes of the newspaper and of the magazine in North Wales. Its life is a strange one, being a compound of the very old and the very new. Carnarvon is a town of old men and of very young men. The old men are very wise, and the young men

are very foolish. The old men say that the young men are moving too fast,—in religion, literature, and politics,—and that they generally move in the wrong direction. The young men say that the old men are too wise to do anything, or to move in any direction at all. The promise once made to Jerusalem seems to have been fulfilled in the case of Carnarvon,—“There shall yet old men and old women dwell in the streets of Jerusalem, every man with his staff in his hand for multitude of days; and the streets of the city shall be full of

boys and girls, playing in the streets thereof.”

If a movable pavilion for the Eisteddfod is not to be constructed, ought it not to be the ambition of every important town in Wales to have a permanent pavilion like that of Carnarvon? With this convenience, and with its surrounding population of quarrymen,—all keenly interested in literature and music,—Carnarvon can have a successful Eisteddfod at any time and under any circumstances.

I can only speak from experience of the last



1. The room in Carnarvon Castle where the first English Prince of Wales was born. 2. The Egle Tower, Carnarvon Castle. 3. The town walls (*Porth yr Aur*). 4. A corner at the National Eisteddfod.

part of the Eisteddfod of 1894. It always takes some time to get into the Eisteddfod swing, so to speak. At first the vast room looks cheerless, and it is a trying ordeal for those who have to take part in it at the very first. Then, as the genial crowds pour in and fill every



S. MAURICE JONES.

ALAVON.

WATCYN WYN.

DAN RHYS.

J. PRICE, Rhymney.

J. H. ROBERTS, Mus.
Bac. (Cantab.).

POETRY, MUSIC, ART, AND THE EISTEDDFOD.

corner, as the appearance of a favourite bard or leader is greeted with a ringing cheer, as the full assembly listens in breathless silence to an important adjudication or an exciting competition,—it is easy for a speaker or a singer to achieve a triumph, and the Eisteddfod meeting becomes so pleasant that it is difficult for one to tear oneself away from it.

Sometimes the patience of the thousands is sorely tried by those who read long adjudications, often on unimportant subjects, while their voice is absolutely inaudible ten yards away. One of the University College professors gave what was, to my mind, an ideal adjudication when the time is short,—“The pile of compositions was two feet high. I did not read the whole through carefully; if I had done so, I would not have been here this afternoon. The best is Caradog.” For longer adjudications, the newspapers and magazines are certainly the best place.

The crowning of the *prydddest* poet and the chairing of the *awdl* poet were more striking owing to the flowing robes,—a splendid mixture of white, blue and green,—in which the bards had bedecked themselves. The coronation took place in the presence of the Prince of Wales, the crowned bard,—the Reverend Ben Davies,—being an excellent and a well known poet. The chairing,—the older ceremony,—took place on Thursday, the third day of the Eisteddfod. The whole of the vast multitude was glad to see Elfed standing up when the successful bard's name had been announced. Elfed is one of the best of the more modern school of Welsh poets,—who lay more stress on thought than on form, and who take their inspiration from the best poets of the world, as well as from the best poets of Wales.

Wales can well be proud of its poets, there never was a time, in our history, when so many good poets lived at the same time and met in the same assembly. The naturalness of Ceiriog lives in Watcyn Wyn, the dreamy thoughtfulness of Islwyn still lives in Iolo Carnarvon, the perfection of the alliterative art is seen in Tudno or in Dyfed's musical lines, and Elfed represents the wider culture and more universal sympathy which are becoming more and more characteristic of Welsh poetry. But it would be easy to make a list of twenty or thirty living poets, all well known through the length and breadth of Wales, and all pretty certain to live in the history of Welsh poetry.

The chief prize for a prose essay was again taken by that famous literary policeman from Dinas Mawddwy,—the tiny “city” which stands where the wildest mountains of Merioneth and the wildest hills of Montgomery meet. This policeman,—now the author of learned bulky volumes,—is still in the force, and will remain in it until he leaves on a pension of fifteen shillings a week. He learnt Latin and Greek while an ore dresser, an engine cleaner, and a railway porter; and in the seclusion of Dinas Mawddwy, while faithfully keeping the queen's peace, he has compiled books that no student of Welsh literature can do without. For this year's prize he gave a collection, with notes, of the odes of Iolo Goch,—odes which throw much light on the social and economic condition of Wales in the stirring times of Owen Glendower.

The singing was magnificent,—one will remember some of the competing choirs for many a day. The Rhymney choir, the victor at the last national Eisteddfod at

Pontypridd, is victorious again this year. Mr. John Price is a native of Rhymney, and brother to Mr. Tom Price of Merthyr. From childhood he has been connected with choral singing, and is an example of what good the working man can do,—being daily employed on the bank of one of the Rhymney collieries. The majority of the choir are working men, including the accompanist, Davy Jones, who is a working collier. The choir is thoroughly Welsh; the rehearsals are conducted in Welsh, and the few English members have learnt to speak and read Welsh well. It always competes without professional help, all its members being residents of Rhymney and Pontlottyn. I am glad to learn that the majority of the members are total abstinents. The concerts were most enjoyable. I have heard old Eisteddfodwyr saying that they never had a concert like the last concert of this year's Eisteddfod. It has become the practice,—and an excellent one it is,—to give one evening to the performance of some Welsh musician's work. This year, Mr. David Jenkins' new oratorio,—Saint David,—was given. The Welsh words were sung to the fullest and most enthusiastic meeting of the Eisteddfod.

Evidently the Eisteddfod is gaining strength every year. It is slowly but surely becoming the mirror of what is best

in Welsh thought and life; it mirrors and it leads.

It is to be hoped that, in the near future, it will develop on at least two sides. It ought to produce paintings and sculpture; in what it has been weakest it ought to become very strong. The rise of technical and scientific education will certainly take away from poetry and music the monopoly of Wales that has been theirs so long. The Eisteddfod will certainly be as famous one day for its successful nourishing of art as it has been for its successful nourishing of poetry.

Why do the poets not hasten the development of the drama in Wales? The drama always seems to be on the point of appearing, and it never does. A chastened drama, full of the strength of Welsh religion, would be a combination of the love of history, the love of poetry, and the love of music that are now so characteristic of Wales. Once it begins, I venture to prophesy that its development will be wonderful.

But, even without any new features, the Eisteddfod is a mighty influence in many ways. It is chiefly so perhaps because it ever holds up before the people the majesty and worth of those who are striving, through poem or story or song, to lead us Welshmen to a higher and a better life.

DAFYDD.

IN many respects did Dafydd y Mŵg differ from the other boys in Caledfryn. An orphan from two years old, he had neither father nor mother to encourage him to compete at the literary meetings, which brighten the dull annals of the Welsh poor. He had no elder brother to smooth the jingling commonplaces which too often pass for poetry at the *cyfarfodau cystadleuol*. Nor had he a sister to interest herself in the cultivation of his voice, or to train him for the choir. All the attention he received from his cousins, Elias and Gwen, too often assumed the form of sneers and cuffs. And his uncle, when the family returned from chapel, turned his first thoughts to reproving him for his restlessness during service.

For David's want of piety was deplorable. He never shared the fervour with which other boys responded to the passionate pleadings of the *pregethwr* at revival meetings. His thoughts and fancies always wandered from the bare, white-washed walls of the chapel, away from the solemn stillness of the service, to the rustling boughs and chirping birds of Coed y Graig, a wood topping the quarry where he worked. He had never stirred the depths of his mind by making impromptu speeches, which are a feature of Welsh entertainments. Nor did he find consolation in the rigid Calvinism which represented religion in his little world. Sometimes, this indifference to the serious aspects of life led one uncharitable

neighbour who lost her temper with his aunt, to allude with contempt to the small-witted, ill-looking little fellow.

He was cruelly ill-looking. Undersized for a youth of seventeen, though sturdily built, his neck almost bent under the burden of a heavy, ill-shaped head. His brow was villainously low and narrow, and the ugliness of his coarse, large, irregular features was heightened by the pockmarks which pitted his face. He was of slovenly appearance, too. He never took the least trouble to brush the discoloured piece of soft felt which passed for his hat, or the capacious moleskins into which, when flung aside by his uncle, he was inserted alive.

Like all small-witted people, David's feelings both of pain and joy were very intense. He suffered keen annoyance from the vulgar, personal chaff to which he was accustomed at the quarry, where he sharpened the men's tools and warmed their tea-cans. An absence of a bond of sympathy seemed to separate him from his fellows.

The only sunlight that ever gleamed on his clouded mind shone one calm evening in June when he was trudging homewards, with a heavy bag of tools on his back, and carrying one or two fallen boughs which were used as fire wood. He was passing the gate leading out of the high-road to the Rectory, when his dark eyes caught sight of a lovely being. Tripping along the path came a girl of about his own age, but taller. The white, soft material in which she was dressed reminded David of the angel's wings in the coloured illustrations of the family Bible at home. Her auburn hair flowed in a wide stream over the pink sash round her waist, and David hardly knew which was the prettier,—the glow suffusing her dimpled cheeks or the merri-ness of her bright blue eyes.

David's heart was moved. From that day his manner changed. He gave less cause for complaint to his cousins, and he seemed more diligent at his work. The hours he spent in the company of Bob Bach, the poacher, and his companions, he now devoted to gathering bird's eggs for little Willie Blake, nephew of the Rector and brother of Her.

Will was interested in Dafydd y Mŵg,—he had mastered the pronunciation of

David's nickname, for both he and his sister had learnt Welsh from childhood. Something beneath the youth's rough exterior touched the boy, who became very intimate with him on learning that the poor fool knew much about wild birds and their eggs. One evening he set David's heart throbbing with suppressed excitement, when he induced his sister to join them in nest-hunting the hedge skirting the Rectory garden.

Willie's collection was growing rapidly through David's help. But his great ambition had not yet been realized. This was the possession of an owl's egg. Mentioning his wish in Dora's presence, she agreed with him that Dafydd was the man to help him. And Dora's kindly face smiled upon him with a sweetness which made him almost delirious.

David vowed to justify that smile. To the left of the ledge where his uncle's gang were boring at the quarry, he had noticed a large hole in the rock. Night and morning visions of an owl's nest, and of the delight of shining before Dora, filled his disordered fancy. The time for her departure to Liverpool was drawing nigh, yet he could hit upon no plan for ascertaining what was in the hole. On the eve of her departure he did a desperate deed.

That evening, in the sight of all the quarrymen as they hurried from work, Dora stopped him with a winning smile, and actually asked *him* if he had found "it" yet! "It," of course meant the owl's egg, and David hung his head, and blushed.

After scampering through his tea,—running down the narrow streets, munching a slice of bread and butter,—he returned to the quarry, where he waited about till dusk. Then, forcing the latch of the alarm-man's hut, he dragged out a coil of rope, and also a borer, a piece of steel about four feet long, with a sharpened end. It is the instrument with which quarrymen bore the rock, for the reception of powder when they burst stone.

These David carried along the path which ran parallel to the edge of the quarry till, in the pale light of the moon which streamed its silvery rays upon the rock, he caught sight of the ledge. Then he espied the tuft of grass which edged the

hole. Immediately above this he rammed the steel-borer into the earth to a depth of about six inches, to which he had tied one end of the rope. With the other end he wound himself tightly under the arm-pits, and, keeping the remainder of the rope in his hands, he dropped on one knee, and prepared to descend to the ledge.

The borer quivered as the rope tightened over the edge of the quarry. David's heart, too, fluttered with apprehension, as he hung on to the rope. The work of lowering himself down the rock was not so easy as he had imagined. Slowly, however, he neared the hole till the plated heels of his thick boots clattered against the stone. The noise startled a bird out of the grass. As it circled against the sky, his fancy traced a resemblance in its eyes and beak to the form of an owl. Stretching out his arms, he grasped a projecting piece of stone near the hole, and, thrusting his left hand inside, he felt three warm eggs, which he immediately pulled out.

But how could he carry them off? His right arm supported his hold on the rope, which he must climb with both hands.

The excitement with which he had toiled to the fulfillment of his day-dream was beginning to tell upon him, and this difficulty was disheartening.

Then came a happy thought. He would

replace two of the eggs,—Dora once remarked she could never rob a bird of more than one,—and his mouth was large enough to hold the other. Suiting the action to the word, he roused himself to his task.

He felt very tired, and a strange feeling of sadness crept into his heart. But constant manual work from early boyhood had hardened his arms,—their strength was the only thing upon which he ever prided himself. Stiffening his body, he began to climb. He had not pulled himself more than thrice before he became alarmed. He felt himself slipping and slipping, and the rope becoming slacker and slacker. Suddenly the support at the other end of the rope gave way, and the borer came rattling over the surface of the rock. David clutched wildly in front of him, but the rope seemed to twist him round and round.

He fell a depth of fifty feet; and when the dawn grew gray, his body was found huddled and disfigured beside a boulder.

By the irony of fate neither Dora nor Willie heard of the accident before they left by the first train. But when their next summer holidays came round, they paid more than one visit to the pretty headstone their uncle raised over the remains of Dafydd y Mŵg.

ARTEMUS JONES.

EDITOR'S NOTES.

I AM very grateful to D. J. Davies, 16, Lowndes Terrace, Knightsbridge, London, S.W., for pointing out to me that the map of Wales, on page 32, appeared in the volume of the Cambrian Register for 1795, not in the 1818 volume.

Two pretty little books of poetry were sent me for review. One is "Gomer, an epic poem," by J. Craven Thomas. It is a melodious little fragmentary epic, describing the coming of Gomer, B.C. 2360, to the river Taff and Pontypridd Common. It is excellently printed by W. Lewis, Duke Street, Cardiff.

The other volume is "The Royal Pearl and other poems," by Clifford King (Rhyd y Godor). It is printed on hand-made paper, and bound in blue cloth, by Jakeman and Carver, Hereford. From its varied contents I copy the following epigram,—

"Man soundly in a slumber lay
When he at first a wife did take,
But he who'd catch an Eve to-day,
Must needs be very wide awake."

Little bits of history, throwing light upon the life of our old Welsh families, are always very welcome. In this number J. Powel, of Ludlow, gives an anecdote about two families, now extinct in the male line, from one of which he is descended.

An opportunity of doing good is given to Welshmen at the present day that is not often the privilege of any one age to have. They have the privilege of building colleges and intermediate schools, and the account of the efforts made, especially by those to whom the effort is a very real sacrifice, will be one of the most glorious pages in the annals of Wales.

The buildings of the University College of Wales at Aberystwyth will probably be the first to be completed and paid for. Great efforts have been made, especially by the poorer classes in Mid Wales, and in the face of at least one great misfortune, to erect a pile of buildings worthy of one of the constituent colleges of the University of

Wales. The special grant of £10,000 from the Treasury ought to make us redouble our efforts, in order to have a college in Mid Wales that is able to fulfil its all-important work.

The burden is heavy, it is true. One college will soon have been paid for, but we have at least two others to build. We have the pressing necessity of building intermediate schools, with technical sides. And very soon we should begin to build museums, like the museums we find in almost every town of any note on the Continent.

After reading the article "Ploughed in Smalls," many have set themselves to thinking who was ploughed, and I find that some have come to the conclusion that the man described is "one of our best young men." I may say that the man who was ploughed is the man who wrote the article, and that he is describing no one but himself.

A deputation waited upon the Welsh members of Parliament, in one of the committee rooms of the House of Commons, to ask them to exercise their influence in getting Government to appoint a commissioner to catalogue Welsh manuscripts. The members sat in a semi-circle, and we sat in a line forming the diameter. The deputation was introduced by Principal Viriamu Jones. We stood up and made speeches, and it was a curious and a novel experience to have the opportunity of hurling our grievances at the heads of men,—including three out of the four "irrepressibles,"—who are so often describing grievances themselves. A capital letter from the pen of Professor Rhys was read, full of the characteristic mixture of learning and humour which we associate with this popular professor's name. Then Professor Powell and Mr. Gwenogfryn Evans made speeches, showing that private efforts would be inadequate, and showing very conclusively that a commissioner or assistant commissioner alone could catalogue our manuscripts,—a work which, above all others, would help the student of Welsh history and literature. Mr. Gwenogfryn Evans, the highest living authority on Welsh manuscripts,—spoke at first from notes. I secured those notes, and I present them to the reader in this number.

When Sir John Hibbert,—the financial secretary to the Treasury,—and the Deputy Master of the Rolls came in, we found that our members of Parliament were all heartily at one with us. Sir George Osborne Morgan spoke very effectively, and Professor Powell and Mr. Gwenogfryn Evans showed most conclusively that the way in which some of the Welsh collections had been catalogued was worse than useless. Mr. Evans, especially, spoke excellently, being naturally a fluent speaker, and speaking from very full knowledge.

The Deputy Master of the Rolls said that the work could not be done by the Record Office staff, and he agreed with us that a special commissioner should be appointed for four or five years. Sir John Hibbert, who was very sympathetic, carried away with him Professor Rhys' letter, and a memorial we had drawn up, which was read on

our behalf by Mr. Brynmor Jones, Q.C., M.P. I secured a copy of the statement, and it is as follows,—

"Her Majesty in the year 1889 appointed a commission to report on 'manuscripts and papers of general public interest, a knowledge of which would be of great utility in the illustration of history, constitutional law, science, and general literature.' As regards Welsh MSS. this commission has been, for all practical purposes, nugatory and fruitless. It is true that the numbers and sizes of certain MSS. in the Welsh language have been given, but their contents have not been catalogued for the obvious reason that the gentlemen appointed to report on them did not understand the language in which they are written. As an instance of how we think Welsh MSS. should be catalogued, we would mention Brogyntyn MS. 10 (see second report, page 84), the contents of which, being in English, are fully described, while the MSS. numbered respectively 1 to 9, and 12 (though favourable examples of the way Welsh MSS. have been dealt with), are most inefficiently and inadequately described. Such entries are absolutely worthless for purposes of research, and every student must examine each MS. for himself before he can obtain any notion of the subject matter of the contents. This is irksome to the owner and unfair to the student. The owner is constantly besought to show or lend MSS., which, were their contents properly catalogued, would be left undisturbed on their shelves, and the student is compelled to waste his time and substance in a fruitless search. The fact that the vast majority of Welsh MSS. are in private libraries, which are remote from one another and from our great public libraries, makes it specially difficult to consult them, and therefore it is all the more necessary that their contents should be fully and carefully catalogued by a competent Welsh scholar. If we take a collection like that of Peniarth, we find that less than one-fourth of the MSS. deposited there have been referred to in the report, and that among the three-fourths not mentioned are some of the choicest treasures in the Welsh language, including historical material of importance. Even the catalogue drawn up by the late owner is confessedly imperfect, and wholly inadequate for any serious work. There are also many minor collections in different parts of Wales which have not been noticed by the MSS. Commission, and there is strong presumptive evidence of the existence of several others. We, therefore, suggest the appointment (temporarily) of a competent commissioner or assistant commissioner, whose duties shall be to discover, as well as to catalogue in an efficient manner, all MSS. in the Welsh language. The number of those which do not literally fall within the scope of the MSS. Commission is so small that it would not be worth while to make the catalogue incomplete by omitting them. Indeed the whole number of Welsh MSS. is so limited, in comparison with those in English, that to enforce absolute uniformity in dealing with them would be pedantic and unpractical,—though we may be permitted to point out that even theological tracts have been included in the Rolls publications. Those most familiar with mediæval Welsh poetry characterize much of it as historical rather than poetical. The eulogies and the elegies to the chief actors of the middle ages are frequently the chief authority for the leading facts of their lives. We further respectfully submit that a Welsh scholar, specially commissioned by the Treasury, who should be empowered to take the initiative and to communicate directly with the owners of MSS., would have greater facilities afforded him than a delegate of the Record Office. Moreover, we believe that personal responsibility would secure a speedier and more permanent result. Greater importance also would be attached to the appointment, so that it would get better known in the country generally, which might greatly help to bring to light isolated and valuable MSS. in existence, but which cannot be traced to their present hiding place. It is eminently desirable that the work of cataloguing should be carried on continuously till it is completed, that the report should be convenient in size and issued by itself, with a complete and reliable index. It is confidently anticipated that a competent scholar familiar with Welsh MSS. could complete the catalogue in from three to five years, so that the expense would be trivial. The catalogue is urgently wanted, as several scholars have works of importance dealing with the history, laws, and literature of Wales, which they are unable to complete on account of the present impossibility of finding out the sources of information and the material available for their purpose. We would further point out that much public money has been spent on facsimiles of English, Irish, and especially Scotch MSS., while we cannot discover a single instance of a Welsh MS. being so treated. It would indeed be a boon to scholars if a number of facsimiles, illustrative of Welsh writing, were issued uniform with the report, but we do not press this matter."

In this number the first batch of questions for the "Queries and Answers" pages are given. Many Welsh and English scholars have promised to make these pages valuable and interesting.

QUERIES.

I. A MISE.

WHEN a prince of Wales visited his Principality a mise was paid by the people. This mise is described in an old law lexicon as "an honorary gift or customary present with which the people of Wales are wont to salute every new king or prince of Wales at their entrance into the Principality. It was anciently given in cattle, wine, and corn for the sustentation of the prince's family; but when that dominion was annexed to the English crown, the gift was changed into money."

Its appears that Flintshire paid 2,000 marks as its share of this mise, and the payment was made thrice during the reign of James I., viz., at his accession, and at the creation of Henry and Charles successively as Prince of Wales. Cheshire was also carefully exploited by a similar tax.

It would be interesting to learn if this tax is still levied, and if it was paid last week on the occasion of the royal visit. The probabilities are that the tax has been compromised in some way or other, but I should be glad to have any information on the subject.

J. PERCIVAL DAVIES.

Liverpool, July 17.

II. THE STATUTE OF MERTON.

Many besides myself would be glad to know what the real effects of this statute were. Had it any appreciable influence on the history of land in

Wales? And in what ways was the statute affected by subsequent legislation?

J. M. EDWARDS.

Jesus College, Oxford.

III. CATHOLICISM IN WALES.

How many Catholics were there in the various districts of Wales at the end of the last century? Did the rise of dissent affect this number in any way? I should be very grateful if anyone would be kind enough to refer me to books or documents where I can get information about this point.

Cardiff.

R.

IV. WELSH AMERICANS.

Would someone give the names of the Welshmen who signed the American Declaration of Independence, with as much of their history as is known?

Chicago.

J. J.

V. THE WELSH PRESS.

Who published and edited the first Welsh political paper? Could anyone kindly direct me to books, English or Welsh, bearing upon the history of the Welsh Press?

OBED.

VI. Is there any good history of Merioneth, especially of the Dolgellau district?

Would anyone give a list of the Welsh county histories, with some suggestions as to their value?

WALES AT THE BEGINNING OF THE METHODIST REVIVAL.



THE following letter appeared in the "Glasgow Weekly History," No. 48, about the year 1743. The name of the writer is not inserted, but must have been Edmund Jones, of Pontypool, an Independent minister. The insertion of the letter in the present number of WALES is timely. A very able book called "Y Tadau Methodistiaidd" (The Methodist Fathers), written for the most part by the Rev. J. Morgan Jones, of Cardiff, is now coming out of the press. Mr. Jones

questions the correctness of the statistics of the Rev. Dr. Thomas Rees in the "History of Non-conformity in Wales." Dr. Rees gives a very favourable view of religious activity in South Wales, before the Methodist revival, especially among the Independents. Dr. Rees took his statistics from a manuscript written by Dr. John Evans about the year 1715, but, according to Mr. J. M. Jones, he did not make a fair use of those

statistics. Mr. Jones takes a very unfavourable view of religious activity at that time, even in South Wales. Edmund Jones takes a middle path between Dr. Rees' opinion and that of Mr. J. M. Jones. For my part, I do not think that Edmund Jones was biased by anything in his description of Wales in 1742. But independently of all this, I think the letter contains facts worthy of the perusal of the readers of WALES.

Brynkir.

HENRY HUGHES.

"October 26th, 1742.

"Rev. and dear brother,

"I shall give you some account of religion in the Principality of Wales, both North and South. To begin with North Wales.

"In the Isle of Anglesea* there are no

* It seems that the Independents began in Anglesea about the time of the date of this letter. William Pritchard, who was an Independent, removed from Glasfrynawr, Carnarvonshire, to Plas Penmynydd, Anglesea, about November, 1742; and it seems that Jenkin Morgan, an Independent minister, went there about the same time. Very soon afterwards an Independent congregation was gathered at Rhos y Meirch, not far from Llangefni.—H. H.

Dissenters; and it is the only county in England or Wales that wants one. In Carnarvonshire there is one congregation,—at Pwllheli,—of Dissenters, who are a very devout and zealous people as perhaps any in the kingdom; and three lecture places,* all of them on that promontory or narrow neck of land that stretches out into the sea, and is the best inhabited part of the county. The minister is Mr. John Thomas, a humble, meek, serious man, and who preaches well. Mr. Howell Harries and some Methodists, together with Jenkyn Morgan, the schoolmaster, have been made instrumental to awaken and convert many in these parts, but were grievously persecuted; and they have even broke the meeting-house,† and committed strange outrages; the devil, their master, being wonderfully nettled at his losing so many souls. In Denbighshire are three congregations of Dissenters, viz., a small one in Denbigh town and two in Wrexham.‡ And I might add one in Oswestry, which, though in Shropshire ground, the people are Welsh, and border on Denbighshire. In Flintshire is a small one.¶ In Merionethshire there is but one, not far from Bala town. Their minister is Mr. Lewis Rees, a very godly man, exceeding well gifted in prayer, and also frequent in it. He preaches in two places§ in this county, though he lives in Montgomeryshire. In Montgomeryshire there are five congregations,|| two of which were lately gathered by that excellent minister of Christ, the above-mentioned Mr. Lewis Rees, who preaches in five places in this county, and in two places in Merionethshire, between twenty and thirty miles from his habitation. There are some very devout people belonging to Mr. Rees in this county, as also some in Merionethshire. So far as to North Wales.

“In South Wales. In Radnorshire there are six congregations of Dissenters, eight if we reckon the Baptists. One of our six congregations there was gathered lately, partly by the labours of the Methodists, and partly by the zeal of a gentlewoman,—a Dissenter,—who built a new meeting-house. In this county lived the Rev. Vavazor Griffith, the master of the Welsh academy, who died lately. He was in every respect the greatest and most excellent man that ever I saw in my life; nor is it in my power to hope that I shall ever see the like again on this side glory. Most of the congregations in this county are but small. In Cardiganshire are nine congregations of the Dissenters, and one of the Anabaptist persuasion. Most of the congregations here are large ones. Here were lately two eminent clergymen,—Mr. David Jenkins, a young man lately dead, and Mr. Daniel Rowland, who had at his church some time ago above 2,000 communicants. Almost all the lower part of the county is become religious since Mr. Howell Harries and the Methodists laboured there. Among the Dissenting ministers Mr. Phylip Pugh is the most noted, both for his uncommon piety, diligence, and success; he hath about 500 communicants, and preaches in five or six places. And beside the above-mentioned congregations, the Dissenters and Methodists have several lecture-places. Pembrokeshire hath been lately mightily roused up, and abundance of people convinced, reformed, and converted, by means of the exhortations of Mr. Howell Harries and other Methodist exhorters; and, contrary to Cardiganshire, 'tis the upper part of Pembrokeshire that hath been roused and reformed, and that almost universally, to a concern about religion. Certainly a very great work has been done there. Among the clergy, Mr. David Jones and Mr. Howell Davies are very eminent, especially the latter, who is a mighty Boanerges, and very industrious in preaching both in churches, houses, and fields. There are in this county six congregations of our Dissenters, some of them not small; and three Anabaptist ones, one of which is large. In Carmarthenshire there are near a score of our Nonconform-

* The lecture places were at Capel Helig, in the parish of Llangybi, Eifionydd; near Nanhoron, in Lleyrn; and either at Tydweiliog, in Lleyrn, or in the town of Carnarvon.

† The meeting-house at Pwllheli. Jenkyn Morgan came to Carnarvonshire in 1740, and Howell Harries in 1741. Both were severely treated, especially by the clergy, the foremost among whom were the Rev. John Owen, of Llannor, the Chancellor of Bangor, and the Rev. Edward Nanney, of Llangybi.—H. H.

‡ One belonging to the Independents, and the other belonging to the Baptists.—H. H.

¶ At Newmarket.—H. H.

§ Very probably at Bala town and at Bron y Clydw, not far from the town of Towyn.—H. H.

|| Two of which were at Llanbrynmair and Llanfyllin; another, perhaps, near Newtown; and the other two, it is very probable, in the vicinity of these places.

ing congregations,—and two of Anabaptists, —some of which are large. Besides, they have many other lecture-places spread almost all over the county. Among the ministers noted are Mr. James Lewis, Mr. John Harris, Mr. Owen Rees, and Mr. Henry Palmer, an Apollos in the Scriptures, and very pious. Among the clergy is the famous Mr. Griffith Jones, one of the most excellent preachers in Great Britain, for piety, good sense, diligence, moderation, zeal, a mighty utterance, the like whereof I never heard; he is so catholic-spirited and charitable that he allows his communicants to communicate with Dissenters, and they with him. He hath set up movable Welsh free schools in every county in South Wales, and in some counties in North Wales, to teach the poorer sort to read Welsh, and hath thereby done unspeakable good. In Brecknockshire there are eight congregations of our Dissenters, two of whom I have had the favour, upon the late reformation, to gather and set up, and are yet chiefly under my care. Besides this, there are two or three Anabaptist congregations, and about twenty societies of Methodists, who are reckoned to be converted, and were set up by the labours of Mr. Howell Harries, who was born and lives in this county. Among the clergy, Mr. William Williams* and Mr. Thomas Lewis are notable, as is also Mr. Penry Baillie; and among the Dissenters Mr.

William Williams,* Mr. John Watkins, and Mr. John Davies. The Dissenters have above twenty different places in this county to preach in; and there are in it some notable good Christians. In Glamorganshire there are near twenty congregations of our Dissenters, and three of Anabaptists, and several societies of Methodists. Among the Dissenting ministers, the most noted are Mr. James Davies of Merthyr, noted both for his industry and his gifts in preaching and prayer, especially as to the latter; and his congregation is large; Mr. Lewis Jones for his seriousness, popularity, and an excellent utterance, even much resembling Mr. Griffith Jones; and Mr. Henry Davies for devoutness and affectionate piety.—And so far as to South Wales.

“In Monmouthshire, which is the county I was born and live in, we have seven congregations and about twenty places to preach in; and six Anabaptist congregations; and most of these meetings are in the western side of the county. Here are also several societies of Methodists, who cleave to the Church of England, among whom are some very pious and devout souls. Among the clergy are Mr. John Powel and Mr. Thomas Jones, especially the latter. Besides this, there is a congregation in the Welsh part of Herefordshire, whose minister is Mr. William Jenkins.”

* The eminent W. Williams of Pantycelyn.

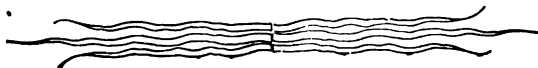
* W. Williams, of Tredwstan, a place close to Trevecca.

SONNET TO AN APRIL SHOWER.

THE earth, long labouring with mighty strain
To yield the fatness of her fruitful soil,
Doth reel beneath the heat and constant toil,
And make appeal for succour—not in vain;
In angel guise thou comest, April rain,
With gentler touch than healing balm or oil,
And richer treasures than a monarch's spoil,
And earth, refreshed and filled, looks glad again.

Even so my soul, when panting in the quest
Of truth and knowledge that are seldom ours,
Doth cry to heaven for a potion blest
To slake its thirst and keep its failing powers;
Then softly falls upon my fainting breast
A nameless joy of sweet life-giving showers.

R. A. GRIFFITH.



A GLORIOUS PRIVILEGE.



WHEN the nineteenth century, so important for its revival of national feeling in Wales and elsewhere, is drawing towards its close, we are given the glorious privilege of building colleges and schools for the Welsh generations of the future. The awakened desire for higher things,—for knowledge, for technical skill, for power for good,—we have beheld with wonder and hailed with delight. What once Welshmen toiled for and yearned for in vain, we have seen. We have seen the rise of a mighty spirit of inquiry, of national awakening and unrest; it is now asking what all its fetters mean, and what work it is to do. If anyone feels that there is anything worth keeping in the religion of the past; if anyone feels that the awakened spirit,—always, like a child, prone to destruction,—needs guidance; if anyone feels that he would like to influence the future, the opportunity is now offered.

Any student of Welsh history can prophesy that the awakened spirit of Wales, now in its infancy, will soon be a mighty power. Any class that places its privileges or prejudices in the way of its infant growth will be called sternly to account in the day of its power. Any institution that refuses it shelter and guidance will find its own empty walls useless before long. It is slowly, but surely, uniting Wales into one supreme effort for her own good and for the good of the world, and those who regard it with hatred or suspicion will find that no privilege or power can exist unless based on service to one's country and to mankind.

It is our glorious privilege to educate a mighty spirit and to determine what the future is to be. Our time is destined to

have an immortality of renown or of infamy; we are so placed in the course of the development of our national life that one of two things must be said of us,—either that we helped the future, or that we wronged it. We hear patriotic speeches at every meeting, we hear a patriotic song wherever we turn; but the time has come for sacrifice, and for patriotic deeds. Schools are to be built,—the new spirit is willing to take the education we are pleased to give it.

It will be the greatest misfortune of our country if we let its spirit of patriotism run wild. We delight in the growth of culture and of efficiency among the Welsh peasantry, we praise it and we sing rapturously about it. "Let us get up early to the vineyards, let us see whether the vine hath budded and its blossom be open, and the pomegranates be in flower,"—let us do all that with our poets, but what will Wales gain from our sensuous delight? Some are prevented by indolence from serving their country; others, perhaps a whole class, are prevented by an ignorant prejudice. Bitter indeed, as this class will find, will be the fruit of the vine they refused to dress.

It can safely be said that, for the number of years it has been in existence, no institution has served Wales better than its first University College at Aberystwyth. More than anything else, it is at the same time the expression and the guide of our new life. And, for beauty of position and appearance, it is one of the few buildings we can point out to a stranger without an apology for ugliness or poverty. The timely grant of ten thousand pounds out of the Treasury will enable its friends to clear it of all debt, and to offer to the daughters of Wales an education that is not surpassed by that offered in any country. The remainder of the debt is only five thousand pounds,—less than the yearly income of many a Welshman,—and, though the effort to pay it will come from an exhausted country,

the thought that one of our colleges is free from debt will be a great impulse towards giving the others worthy buildings. Let us not forget that, while doing such priceless service, two of our university colleges are under great disadvantages because their permanent buildings have not yet been given them.

I should be the last to accuse Wales of want of liberality. In many districts that I know well, the efforts of the peasants to contribute their mite towards a school or a college are simply pathetic. I know people who denied themselves the necessities of life,—not the luxuries of life,—in order to contribute towards a theological college; and they did it again for a university college. I know farmers whose contribution towards a school is as carefully thought of as their rent or their taxes. But there are classes and districts in Wales that have not learnt to sacrifice, and these classes and districts are not the least enlightened in their own opinion. I know men who can show that the religion of Wales is sheer cant, and that its morality is sheer hypocrisy,—and they have never given a red half-penny towards a school or a college. I know men who say publicly that the Welsh peasantry are blindly grasping, and that the basis of politics in Wales is selfishness,—and they have never raised a finger to help Welsh education, neither have they taken the trouble to inquire who is working while they are idly condemning. It is our privilege to live in an age which requires work from us, not criticism. When the force of the Welsh national spirit is spent, then the time for weaklings to criticise will come. But it is not their day now. It is not the time for Welshmen to sulk in corners now, or to rail. It is the time for work, if there ever was such a time.

There is more than one class in Wales to which a glorious privilege is now being offered. It will make many a country squire very angry, I know, if I tell him that people are beginning to ask what he is good for. But such is, undoubtedly, the case. People are beginning to ask, not

entirely for the purpose of understanding abstract political economy, where the wealth produced from the recesses of yonder mountain, or from the crops of those broad acres, is going to. Why, in spite of all this wealth, is the intermediate school so poverty-stricken? The squire is now given an opportunity of perpetuating the praise of his family, and of showing, as the eighteenth century travellers put it "what an inestimable blessing a resident country gentleman is." He has been in the habit of thinking that the peasant's study of theology has lamentably warped his political judgment, and he would not be surprised to hear that a philosopher had proved that bad harvests were the direct result of preaching meetings. Now he is offered the opportunity of helping to develop agriculture and technical skill. And does he not admire a good farmer, a good carpenter, and a good blacksmith?

There is an important class in Wales of men of leisure, men who have retired from business life after making a competence. They are generally Nonconformists, but they have a fellow feeling with the squire when they read those wild leaders in the local papers, and when they hear what absurd things that political agitator is saying. I know one of them, at least. He adorns the *set fawr* on a Sunday, and is very pleased when the preacher praises the virtues of times gone by,—the most cowardly way of condemning the present. He attends the *seiat* regularly, and his utterances are models of grave wisdom. He gives the most excellent advice, which generally means the knocking of all plans on the head. No man ever lost a penny if he consulted him before investing. He is the soul of integrity and of method, and his success in life is thoroughly deserved. And still people are beginning to think what a very respectable funeral they will give him when his lamented departure from this life will take place. They think that his life is tying up a hoard of golden treasure which, if set free, would benefit the world. The most ignorant in the parish, the man who sits in the pew next the door, and who has not a penny in the bank, is wiser than the wise man in some

things, and is as necessary to the life of his neighbourhood. The successful man knew how to amass wealth, but the much harder lesson of how to spend it he has not learnt yet. I know at least one wealthy man in Wales who says that he does not own his money for himself, he holds it in trust for others, and he spends it. He is like a tree planted by the streams of water, that bringeth forth its fruit in its season, whose leaf also doth not wither; and whatsoever he doeth prospers. It is the glorious privilege of these men to make their wealth of eternal value by building colleges and schools for the Welsh generations of the future.

Our bare and poverty-stricken school-rooms contrast sadly with the bright and promising young beings with whom they are crowded. I always think that a school ought to be as like a child's ideal home as possible, but in Wales it has the appearance of a workhouse or of a prison. A kindly interest taken in the school by people of leisure and of means would end in making it more comfortable for the children and better adapted for their real education. Turn, gentle reader, into any village school. You will find there vile coloured prints, and that disgusting picture of the respective careers of the well-dressed and the badly-dressed,—the one ruining the children's taste and the other ruining their morality. Could you not present the school with a good engraving or a good painting? If it illustrates Welsh history or Welsh life, all the better.

The walls of our intermediate schools are, so far, better than some walls I have seen,—they are bare. There are intermediate schools where girls have to learn geography without wall maps, where boys have to learn chemistry and agriculture without apparatus of any sort, and navigation even without ever seeing a mariner's compass. Embossed maps can be bought for sixpence each, a good telescope or microscope can be bought for three or four pounds,—will it not be a pleasure to the friends of each school to present the eager little students with these? A thermometer, samples of seeds and grass, a carpenter's tools, models of ships and

of engines,—a school should be full of these.

There is a danger that Wales will become full of clerks and teachers, between whom competition will be so keen that they will be living on the margin of starvation. Such a calamity will be the result of taking a wrong view of education. Our educational system should strengthen our national life in every direction; it should produce good handicraftsmen as well as learned men. If we do not speedily develop the technical side of our schools, our condemnation in the future will be without forgiveness. I see that Mr. Rathbone offers to help Merionethshire and Carnarvonshire to get a travelling technical teacher of experience, to organize the technical teaching necessary to each district. So the quarrymen get another opportunity of leading the way in Welsh education.

The glorious privilege will not be rejected by Wales. It is a happy sign that it is by serving our education that Government tries to please us. In Wales the difference in a Welshman's mind between his own interests and those of his country will gradually lessen. Public institutions, schools especially, will be the pride of the country.

We owe much to the influence of England. Our poets are under the influence of Wordsworth to-day, our men of business are emulating the adventurous spirit of Englishmen. But the belief in personal wealth as against public wealth has come from England also. As compared with continental towns, how despicably poor in public institutions our towns are? If our rich men do what our poor men are doing,—the farm labourer gives a day's wage to a missionary society and another towards a school,—we can teach England that it is more important to have a rich people than a collection of rich individuals. At any rate, do not let us neglect the privilege that is offered us of making our children and our country happy and prosperous.

EDUCATIONAL WORKS

PUBLISHED BY

Hughes & Son, Wrexham.

IN CLOTH, PRICE 4s. 6d.

Rowlands' Welsh Grammar: by the late Rev. Thomas Rowland.

A Grammar of the Welsh Language, written in English: based on the most approved systems, with copious examples from some of the best Authors.

Uniform with the above, PRICE 4s. 6d.

Welsh Exercises: adapted to the above Grammar, by the same Author, with copious Explanatory Notes.

IN CLOTH, Fcap. 8vo., 2s. 6d.

Cyfystyron y Gymraeg (Welsh Synonyms): by Griffith Jones (*Glan Menai*). Of this little volume

CANON SILVAN EVANS says:—

"He has not only compiled a copious list of words that are, in a general sense considered synonymous, but he has shewn, in most cases, the different shades of meaning conveyed by those words."

IN CLOTH, Fcap. 8vo., 2s.

Gramadeg Cymraeg: by the Rev. David Rowlands, B.A. (*Dewi Môn*), Brecon.

University College of North Wales, BANGOR

(A Constituent College of the University of Wales.)

PRINCIPAL: H. R. REICHEL, M.A.,

With Eight Professors, Four Lecturers, and Eleven other teachers. Next Session begins OCTOBER 2nd, 1894. The College courses include the subjects for the degrees of London University. Students intending to graduate in Medicine at the Universities of Edinburgh or Glasgow may take their first year's course at the College. There are special departments for Agriculture and Electrical Engineering.

At the Entrance Scholarship Examination (beginning SEPTEMBER 18th) more than 20 Scholarships and Exhibitions, ranging in value from £40 to £10, will be open for competition. One half the total amount offered is reserved for Welsh candidates.

For further information and copies of the Prospectus, apply to

JOHN EDWARD LLOYD, M.A.,
Secretary and Registrar.

For those who desire
To LEARN WELSH.

Ab Owen's Publications.

Welsh Classics.

HANES Y FFYDD YNG NGHYMRU
(History of the Faith in Wales.)

By Charles Edwards. Three Pence.

DINISTR JERUSALEM (Destruction of Jerusalem.)—Illustrated.

By Eben Fardd. Three Pence.



LUD'S CAVES. (From *Hanes Cymru*.)

HANES CYMRU (History of Wales.)
One Penny.

PLANT Y BEIRDD (Poet's Children.)
One Penny.

HANES JOHN PENRI. Three Pence.

CANEUON MOELWYN. One Shilling.

PENHILLION TELYN. First Series.
One Shilling.

To be obtained from Hughes and Son,
56, Hope Street, Wrexham.

TIME TESTED TEA.

Pure Indian Souchong

(PRIZE MEDAL LIVERPOOL EXHIBITION)

At 1/7 per lb.

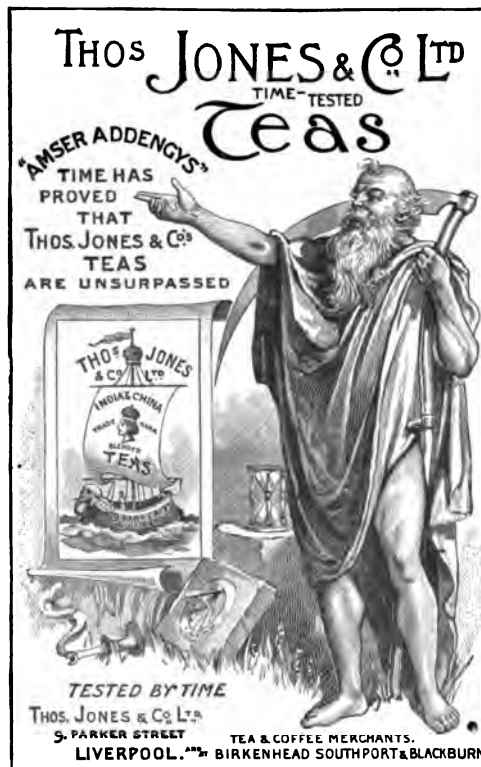


Superior
Blended

TEA

At 2/- per lb.

Specially
recommended



Choice
"Afternoon"

TEA

At 2/6 per lb.

rich delicate
flavour



Samples and Price List on application.

THOS. JONES & CO., LTD.
Tea and Coffee Importers,
9, PARKER STREET,
LIVERPOOL.

A NATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR THE ENGLISH SPEAKING PARTS OF WALES



SIR HUGH OWEN



THOMAS CHARLES



CLYN-DWA



WALES

EDITED BY

Owen M. Edwards, M.A.,

Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford.

Contents:

FRONTISPIECE,—Principal Viriamu Jones.	
OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS,—Ancient British Crosses at Margam and Pyle; The Moon, Transit of Venus, The Star Cluster Perseus or Beehive; Monmouthshire Sketches; Alderman Grove, D. P. Williams, Rev. Aaron Davies, Rev. L. Edwards; Bangor Cathedral; Clynnog Church; &c.	
	PAGE.
THE HISTORY OF WALES. V. The Roman in Wales.	241
A BALLAD OF CONWAY. By Kate Price, Lampeter.	245
ASTRONOMICAL PHOTOGRAPHY. By G. P. Jenkins, F.R.A.S., Llangenni	246
A RADNORSHIRE RAMBLE. By F. J. Warren/ <i>Gwyn-fantol Dyfed</i> , Haverfordwest	251
IN FEAR OF A GHOST. By the Rev. E. D. P. Evans, Kidderminster	254
SKETCHES IN MONMOUTHSHIRE	257
CELTIC WOMEN IN SHAKESPEARE. By Beatrice E. Boone	261
THE THIRD MEETING OF THE UNIVERSITY COURT	264
THE DIOCESE OF BANGOR IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY	265
THE DIARY OF A BARD. IV. Occurrences of a quiet life	269
A SONNET. By Maegie Griffith, Clydach	272
ENOCH HUGHES. Chapters VIII. and IX. From the Welsh of Daniel Owen by the Hon. Claud Vivian, Chester	273
THE RISE OF TENBY. 1804	278
OUR TRADITIONS. V. Y Garrog. By W. J. Roberts.	279
THE TERROR OF TWLL Y GARREG. By Artemus Jones	283
PORTHKEERY BAY. By Owen George	285
GABRIEL YORETH. V. Prosperity. By the Rev. E. Cynddlu Davies, M.A., Menai Bridge	286
MISCELLANEOUS,—Editor's Notes, Questions on Welsh History, Queries and Replies	280

Sixpence.

PIANOS! PIANOS!! PIANOS!!

From 10/- Monthly.

— ON NEW HIRE SYSTEM. —

LARGEST STOCK IN THE KINGDOM.

Thompson & Shackell,

(LIMITED,)

QUEEN'S MUSIC WAREHOUSE, CARDIFF,

Also at Swansea, Newport, Bristol, Merthyr, Gloucester, Cheltenham, Pontypridd, Llanelly, &c., &c.

✿ Sole Agents for South Wales for the Estey Organs and the Neumeyer and Ibach Pianos.

Agents for Pianos by Collard & Collard, Broadwood, Brinsmead, Kirkman, & all Leading Makers.

Organs by Estey, Mason & Hamlin, and all best American Firms.

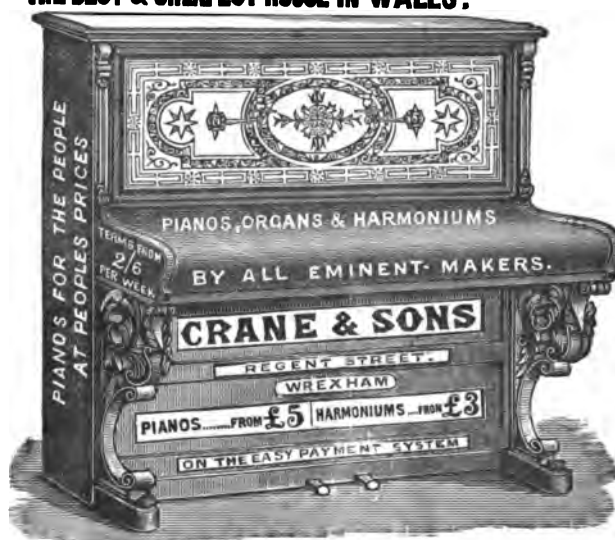
[Illustrated Catalogues FREE.]

PIANOS AND ORGANS

On the Easy Payment System; delivered Free on Payment of First Instalment.

THE BEST & CHEAPEST HOUSE IN WALES.

Full Value allowed for
OLD INSTRUMENTS TAKEN
IN EXCHANGE.



AMERICAN ORGAN, with
Pipe or Mirror Top, 6s. per Month.

10/6 per month, Walnut Cottage Pianoforte, Iron Frame, Check Action, Full Trichord, Brass Pinplate, Truss Supports, Panel Front with Gilt Inlaid or Marquetry, &c. Delivered on Payment of **TEN SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE.**

CRANE & SONS,

R. THORNTON JONES, MANAGER,

4, REGENT STREET, WREXHAM.

Tunings and Repairs in any part of Wales by experienced men. Estimates Free. Illustrated catalogue free on application.



J. VIRIAMU JONES, B.Sc.

PRINCIPAL OF THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SOUTH WALES.

FIRST VICE-CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WALES.

WALES.

VOL. I.]

OCTOBER, 1894.

[No. 6.

THE HISTORY OF WALES.

V.—THE ROMAN IN WALES.



It was the work of Rome to stop the migration of the nations and to form the restless tribes of the world into an organized state. From Jerusalem in the east to Carnarvon

in the west, tribal spirit was broken and national independence destroyed; and out of the ruins of many states and cities,—different in wealth and religion and civilization and history,—Rome rose in unrivalled majesty.

When Rome fell, and when the nations which formed its empire fell asunder again at the touch of the mighty barbarian of the east and north, each liberated nation looked upon itself as a little Rome.

And the very barbarians, who had brought destruction to its over-civilized provinces, clothed themselves with the authority of the officers of the great fallen Empire.

Among the other Romanized nations of

Europe, the Britons clung fondly to Roman traditions long after the last Roman legion had departed. The roads, the mines, the cities, and the villas were left. And, above all, the Roman method of government was

left. While the Britons were struggling against the barbarians who poured into their country, they were engaged in a no less important struggle for the continuation of Roman unity and orderly government. The British leaders who fought against the Angle and Saxon invaders fought against each other for the succession to the departed power of the duke of the Britains or of the count of the Saxon shore.

Wales owes its characteristic desire for independence to the mountains, and to them it owes its ever-present division. Its second great characteristic, the desire for unity which seems to be inconsistent with its love of



ANCIENT BRITISH CROSS AT MARGAM. ROMAN MEMORIAL.
By E. Donovan, 1895.

independence, it owes to the discipline to which Rome subjected it. Rome destroyed the independence of its four or five great tribes, united it by means of roads, and gave it and its neighbouring mountains one powerful ruler. When the Romans left, Wales was not so greatly affected by the fall of the Roman Empire as some of the other parts of Britain were. The English invasion did not affect it except in the way of cutting it off from Cornwall and Strathclyde, and furthering its unity by being a menace to it. So, in Wales, we look for an extensive and a lasting influence exercised by the Roman.

To those who know Wales well, the Roman is still strangely present, though nearly fifteen hundred years have elapsed since the day of his power. The walls his hands built are still seen at Chester and Carnarvon and other places, his pits and smelting forges can still be seen in the lead and copper districts of Powys, his chisel marks are seen on the rocks of the gold mountains of Merioneth, even his candles can be found occasionally in the mines that have been silent since he left.

While writing these lines in the most mountainous and inaccessible parts of Wales, I can see a Roman villa,—standing on the level summit of a pleasant hill which juts out into the valley, facing the morning sun, and overlooking a beautiful lake. Yesterday I was shown a piece of a beautiful Samian vase, with its well known lustrous red colour; the day before I saw a Roman brick turned up by the plough. In a marshy part of the mountain behind the villa, piles of wood are still to be seen, and the road can be traced by names like Llechwedd Ystrad where it no longer exists. Not so very far away are thousands of Roman steps, still used by those who would have had to climb over boulders and through springing heather if it had not been for these Roman steps. If our forefathers used the Roman road, lived in the Roman villa, and spoke the Roman language to a great extent, it is very improbable that, of all things, the political institutions of the future should not be affected by Roman traditions. But, before passing to the "Sovereignty of Britain" and Arthur, I must stop to relate briefly

the story of the conquest of Wales by the Roman.

A short time before the birth of Christ, Britain was inhabited by tribes, some of them just come over from the continent, and others gradually coming. The conquest of Gaul by Julius Cæsar put an end to this migration; and the British tribes were left, for a short time, to themselves. The close connection between British tribes and those of the mainland had caused Julius Cæsar to appear on the British coast, with two legions, in the autumn of the year 55 before Christ, and with a much larger force in the following year. He found that one powerful tribe, the Cativelauni, under its king Cassivellaunus, was extending its dominion over the other tribes. Cæsar's interference did little more than show the weaker tribes they could appeal against an ambitious Briton to the all-conquering power of Rome.

When the Romans came again in the year 43, nearly a hundred years after Cæsar's departure, they found that the radiant Cymbeline and his sons exercised a great power over the other tribes. The Roman general Aulus Plautius defeated Caratacus, Cymbeline's son, and wrested from his family the power over the tribes of Britain east of the Severn. Caratacus retired beyond the Severn, and united the tribes of modern Wales against the invader. Somewhere on the eastern slopes of our mountains, the decisive battle between Caratacus and Ostorius Scapula, described in the vivid and picturesque pages of Tacitus, took place. Though Caratacus was taken to Rome to adorn a triumph, the spirit of the warlike mountain tribes remained unbroken. Suetonius Paulinus conquered Mon, and destroyed its druid groves, but was recalled by rebellions in his rear.

In the year 78, Agricola came to Wales, finished the conquest, and the settlement of the country is associated with his name. Under his firm but just and humane hand, the land became peaceful and wealthy, and the building of towns and making of roads took the place of vigorous war. On the borders of modern Wales, the cities of Carleon, Uriconium, and Chester rose; and more to the west were Segontium and

Moridunum, the beginnings of our Carnarvon and Carmarthen. From north to south two parallel roads ran, on each side of the mountains, connected by a number of cross roads,—not very unlike our modern railway system. The mineral resources of the country were more extensively drawn upon, and the Roman villas on the hill sides were centres of a unifying and of an enervating Roman civilization. Wales was rapidly becoming Roman, and the number of Latin words introduced into Welsh show how rapidly Roman ideas were permeating institutions and thought in Wales.

Even before Agricola had brought peace to Wales, there were signs of the coming dissolution of the great Empire of which Wales now formed a living part. The restless nations of the north were continually gathering, they attacked the Roman provinces by sea and land, and the Picts of the north and pirates of the west were continually pouring into Roman Britain. Two emperors, Hadrian and Severus, came to build walls and to turn back the tide of barbarian invasion, but in vain.

During these wars Britain was naturally divided into two parts for purposes of defence. The eastern portion, the flat lands of the south and east, is associated with the count of the Saxon shore. The western portion, the mountainous regions of the north and west, is associated with the duke of the Britains. His work it was to de-

fend the western coast against the pirates, and to march, with a grandeur that left indelible traces in Welsh imagination, along the northern wall.

As the barbarian invasions were making the connection between Britain and Rome less close, it was often difficult to know whether the governors of Britain were subjects or emperors. In 288, Carausius, connected with the western sea, ruled independently and successfully in Wales. A welcome by the people, probably, is the

meaning of the famous phrase on his coin,—“Come, thou long expected one.” It was in Britain that Constantine was crowned, before he conquered his rivals and ruled again over the whole world.

By the middle of the fifth century the hold of Rome on Wales had entirely gone. In 410, Alaric took Rome itself, and by the end of the sixth century Roman Wales was separated from Rome by the Teutonic barbarians who

had spread over the flat lands of Lloegr as far as Carleon and Chester.

Wales was part of the Roman diocese of Britain for more than three hundred and fifty years. During that time, the connection between it and the continent was closer than it had ever been before,—its people were brought in contact, either at home or while in service abroad, with all forms of religion and morality. The differences between its own tribes became less,



ANCIENT BRITISH CROSSES AT PYLE, GLAMORGANSHIRE.

By E. DONOVAN, 1805.

owing to the Roman roads which crossed boundaries that had once been impassable. The tribal system was slowly being assimilated to the villa system, and the old family bonds were consequently loosened. Everything was changing,—and the minds of the people were ready to receive new impressions. As everywhere, Rome destroyed old political and religious systems, and Wales found many of those ideas which are part of its thought to-day. The druid disappeared, and the Christian saint,—ever in danger however of degenerating into a well deity,—took his place.

Leaving for the present the influence of Rome in other directions, let us pay special attention to one characteristic of Rome that colours the whole of later Welsh history,—the love of unity. In Welsh literature this love of unity found early expression in Arthur. He was the emperor of the Britons, conquering the world in war, uniting the chiefs of his people around him, and under more than one Welsh mountain is he said still to sleep,—waiting for the time of salvation of his united people. In Welsh history the Roman desire for unity found expression in the existence of the *gwledig*. The *gwledig*, the ruler of the Welsh *gwlad*, is simply the supreme Roman officer, the duke of the Britains. Long after the fall of the Roman Empire, Cunedda Wledig and his family ruled the west as the Roman *dux* had done. Throughout the middle ages the Welsh king's bard sang a song in his presence about the supremacy of Britain, and Edward the First found Arthur's crown at Carnarvon in 1282.

Though divided by mountains, though without a capital, Welsh history is characterised by a strong yearning for the unity of the Welsh folk. In spite of all attempts at preventing the realisation of such a unity, by friend and foe, it is to-day as strong as ever,—and it has already found expression in the Eisteddfod and in the University of Wales.

It carries with it a belief in the state as against the individual. Individualism came with the Teutonic conqueror of Rome; it was Rome that showed the world that tribal and family and individual interests must give way before the interests of the state.

Welsh unity can be traced back step by step to Roman times. It may be that the spirit of sacrifice for the general good, which happily characterises our country also, might be traced back, through many chastening periods, to the time when the Roman brutally forced the Welshman to forget his own interest and to serve Rome.

In another chapter I tried to show that the mountains of Wales are ever declaring that Wales must be independent of outsiders, and divided. The Roman roads, and the tenacity of Roman political ideals, we have now seen, militated against this local independence and disunion.

I do not write these chapters in order to boast of the geographical accident that has given Welshmen peculiar and ineradicable national characteristics; I simply state the indisputable fact, from the ignoring of which many political mistakes have been committed in the past.

On the other hand, there is nothing further from my mind than the purpose to repeat the blind praise of Rome which our school books instil into us. I believe that whatever good Rome did to the world,—and about it there are grave doubts,—that good was very dearly bought at the cost of the destruction of Athens and of the destruction of Jerusalem.

It is true that the Roman destroyed religions and nationalities, and prepared the way for the Christianity which knew no difference between the Jew and Gentile, or between bond and free. But, on the other hand, he gave Christianity a form which drove it to walk hand in hand with political tyranny, and to sympathise with the master even when he oppressed.

The feeling of unity that Rome bequeathed to the world was not an unmixed good. It was a unity that presupposed the subjection of the people to officials. That is the reason why it appealed so powerfully to Wales, in spite of the mountains; it tightened the grip of the dominant aristocracy on the people they had conquered. But, by our time, political unity has another source. It is the doctrine of the French Revolution, the revolution which meant the destruction of the aristocracy.

A BALLAD OF CONWAY.

The incidents on which this ballad is founded are taken from "Tales and Sketches of Wales," by Charles Wilkins.

I.

TWO lovers left their homes to meet,
One lovely May-day morning.
When thorns were white in every hedge
And flowers the fields adorning.

John started forth by Penmaemawr,
Anne by the Conway merry;
His way across the mountains lay
And hers across the Ferry.

Folk left their work untouched that day
The flowery country over;
And some went out to meet a friend,
And some to meet a lover.

And crowds had to the ferry come
When Annie reached the river,
Which flowed that day between its banks
More strong and bright than ever.

The ferryman looked round amazed,—
He was a poor old sinner
Who often found it hard enough
To get himself a dinner;

And when he saw that nigh four score
Were waiting for his carrying,
He whistled softly to himself,
And made a little tarrying.

Quoth he, aside,—“ My boat is old,
But an she'll hold together,
I'll have a lucky run to-day,
And bless this May-day weather.”

So forth they went across the stream
Which sped that day so gladly;
But though they were a merry crew
The boat went slow and sadly.

Yet had they blithely gained the shore,
The boatman safely steering,
But when they reached the middle stream
The strongest current nearing;

Some from their seats sprang reckless up
In foolish jest unthinking,
And ere the cheek had time to pale
They knew the boat was sinking.

Oh, woeful hour! in midst of mirth,
Without one word of warning
To face cold death in coldest form,
And leave the bright May morning.

In vain, in vain they cried for help,—
It came too late to save them,
And Conway's waters rushing fast
Tumultuous burial gave them.

And loud the wail upon the shore,
And bitter was the grieving,
For seventy-nine that day were drowned
And only one was living.

Oh, bring her in, the rescued one,
And is she dead or dying?
And rest her here upon the grass,
Like one in slumber lying.

Oh Annie, Annie, wake again,
Let not your heart stop beating;
Is this the face to welcome John?
Is this your May-day greeting?

II.

John started forth by Penmaenmawr,
And dreamed of no disaster,
But love and pleasure in his heart
Came faster on and faster.

By many an awesome precipice,
By rock and slope and cranny,
But one thing clear he quite forgot
In thinking of his Annie,—

That he who walks o'er Penmaenmawr,
His heart with love aglowing,
Had best forget it for a while
And look to where he's going.

Alas the day! for down he goes,
One slip, and then another,
And now no human aid can save
Though near were friend or brother.

For helpless on the fatal slope
No hold can he recover,
The precipice below him yawns,
One moan, and oh, he's over!

Yet faint not o'er that peril great!
While death so near beholding,
He fell upon an ash-tree branch
And to its aid he's holding.

It fails to bear him,—down he goes,—
A friendly bush receives him,
And bush and hedge and branch in turn
Its timely succour gives him;

Till bruised and giddy, but unhurt
On softest turf he's lying,
And quickly springs he to his feet,
Nor dead, nor near to dying.

Above the precipice soars high,
Bush, tree, and flower enwreath it,
While by God's providence preserved
He stands unhurt beneath it.

Now on he speeds to meet his love,
The day may yet be merry ;
When lo ! they meet him with the grief
That has overwhelmed the Ferry.

" But Annie, if 'tis her you seek,
In yonder cot she's lying,
And none could say when her I left
If dead she were or dying."

He enters in with pallid face,
A paler yet receives him,
When as they watch around her bed
A sudden smile she gives him.

And opening wide at last her eyes,
She cries, remembrance dawning,
" Oh, John, I know not how I'm here,
But 'tis a lovely morning !"

Oh, bitter tears on Conway's shore
Were shed that day by many,
But some were mixed with grateful joy
That fell from John and Annie.

And this fond pair so strangely held
From parting, death, and sorrow,
Were met in church and wedded there
Upon no distant morrow.

And long they lived to tell the tale,
Though now in churchyard lying,
One hundred and sixteen years old
Was Annie at her dying.

And many love to hear them give,
In mingled mirth and warning,
This story true of by-gone years
About a May-day morning.

MORAL.

Now every John that reads my song,
And likewise every Annie,—
There is a moral to this tale
Must not be skipped by any.

If lovers wish their faith to keep,
And have a meeting merry,
Then John must start by Penmaenmawr,
And Annie by the Ferry.

For if they choose to stay at home
When May brings lovely weather,
The world has something else to do
Than bring sweethearts together.

And if that plighted love of theirs
Be strong and true and holy,
Though pride may feign and anger frown
There's nought can part them wholly.

Though John o'er-hasty move too fast
And found a precipice ready,
He'll gain once more a foothold sure
And go on safe and steady.

And though as cold as Conway's tide
Distrust and grief betide her,
Yet Annie must revive again
Should John arrive beside her.

And so, God bless you every one,
All lovers true and merry,
And bring you safe o'er Penmaenmawr
And safe across the Ferry.

KATE PRICE.

ASTRONOMICAL PHOTOGRAPHY.

Now that the winter session is approaching, I hope that the young men and women of our innumerable literary clubs will turn their attention, among other things, to the delightful study of astronomy. The following article will undoubtedly tempt many to watch the heavens. It is written by an Anglesey banker, who has just been made a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society.—*ERRON*.

THE application of photography to astronomy marks a new era in the history of the science. Those who are accustomed to draw the appearances of objects as seen through the telescope know the difficulty of reproducing the views on paper. Yet this was the only means available up to fifty years ago, and marvellous have been the results obtained thereby, due to the acute eye and skilful hand of the observer.

No two persons however draw a bunch of flowers exactly alike, and no two persons can give exactly the same picture of a

cluster of stars. But another difficulty is encountered when drawing celestial pictures. The old castle on the hill has been sketched by many an artist, and from personal acquaintance with its features we are able to criticize the drawings, but in astronomy the case is quite different, as many of the movements and changes in the heavenly bodies are transient, and do not allow of being studied at leisure from day to day. Hence there arose a great need for a more reliable method of recording these varying phenomena, which has recently been so fully supplied by the art of photography.

In tracing the development of photography it is interesting to record one incident which serves to illustrate the strides it has made in so short a time. In the year 1825,—fourteen years before Daguerre had perfected his process,—a lady came up to Dumas, the distinguished French chemist and statesman, at the close of one of his lectures, and said,—

"I have to ask you, sir, a question of vital importance to myself. I am the wife of Daguerre the painter. He has for some time let the idea possess his mind that he can fix the images of the camera. Do you as a man of science think it can ever be done, or is my husband mad?"

"In the present state of our knowledge we are unable to do it," replied Dumas, "but I cannot say it will always remain impossible, or set down as mad the man who seeks to do it."

In astronomical photography the ordinary camera is dispensed with, and the telescope resorted to,—either reflectors or refractors being applicable. With a reflector, however, a special adjustment of lenses is necessary before the telescope can be used for photography, but a reflector needs no correction, being as suitable for taking photographs as for making general observations with the eye. In taking a celestial photograph the negative is placed at the prime focus of the telescope, a sufficient exposure allowed, and the plate developed in the ordinary way.

The first who actually photographed a celestial body was an American astronomer, Dr. J. W. Draper, who in 1840 obtained a photograph of the moon. It was taken after an exposure of the silver plate for twenty minutes to the lunar rays, and it

was a fair representation of the surface of the moon, which measured about an inch in diameter. It was only the previous year that Daguerre had invented this new method of taking pictures, but these daguerreotypes, as they were called after the inventor, gave very encouraging results, and ushered in the day of small things in the now mighty art of photography.

Ten years later Professor W. C. Bond, another American astronomer, succeeded in taking some fine daguerreotypes of the moon, which were exhibited at the great London Exhibition of 1851, creating universal astonishment.

In 1851, Archer invented the collodion

process, and with this discovery astronomical photography advanced apace. In the following year Warren De la Rue photographed the moon with the new process; while Professor Phillips at York, Hartnup at Liverpool, and Father Secchi at Rome engaged in the same work.

It was not long however before the collodion wet plates were in their turn supplanted by the dry plate process, which was patented by Norris

in 1856; and ever since, this method of photography has been adopted by astronomers in general. On February 14th, 1891, I photographed the moon at midnight with an exposure of one second, using a 16 inch Newtonian reflector, and the photograph obtained is here reproduced.

Some highly satisfactory photographs of the moon have recently been obtained at the Lick Observatory, California, by aid of the 36 inch telescope of that institution, the most powerful telescope in the world. The image of the moon measures about 5½ inches in diameter on the Lick negatives,



THE MOON.

From a photograph by G. P. Jenkins, F.R.A.S.

which of course can be enlarged to a considerable extent. Every detail of the lunar surface is brought out with unerring fidelity on these photographs, and the question whether any change is going on at present upon our satellite is much more likely to be settled by this method than with years of eye observations.

To obtain a good sharp negative we all know how essential it is when being photographed to keep perfectly still. This condition is also absolutely necessary in celestial photography, but the sun, moon, and stars are all in motion; and whether it is to have their photographs taken or not, we cannot stop them in their courses; while, to make matters still worse, the earth is ever revolving upon its axis. In order to counteract these movements and to keep the instrument steadily fixed upon the object being photographed, the telescope is made to move in the opposite direction of the earth, and as this motion is regulated by clock-work the object is kept in the field of view and its image is impressed upon the photographic plate without a blur.

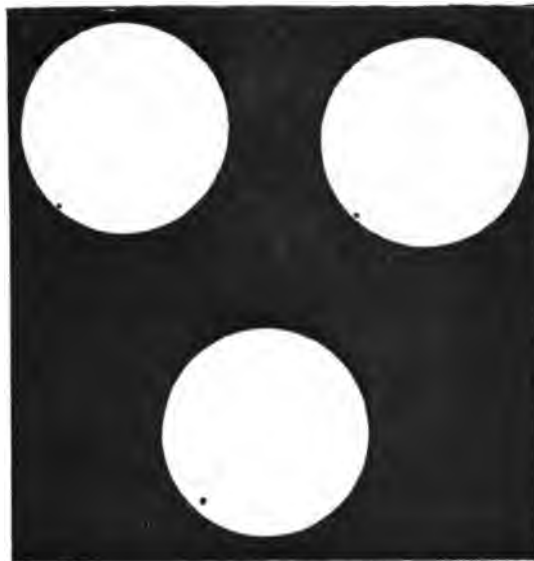
In photographing the sun an instantaneous exposure is absolutely necessary, or the picture will be burnt out by the great amount of light and heat collected at the focus of the telescope. Eye observations are always attended with a certain amount of risk when looking at the sun through a powerful telescope. Sir William Herschel lost the sight of one eye in this way. Happily for modern astronomers, however, the negative has no eye to be blinded, and an exposure of only a fraction of a second suffices to produce a picture which for accuracy no drawing can equal.

About thirty years ago an instrument for obtaining photographs of the sun was erected by Sir John Herschel's advice at Kew. The daily appearance of the face of the sun is now photographed at Greenwich, Paris, Melbourne, Mauritius, and other places; so that hardly an hour passes without a photograph of the sun being obtained. At Greenwich photographs of the sun were secured on 230 days during the past year. The gaps in the series are filled up by Indian and Mauritius photographs, which together show that the increase in the solar activity still continued through 1893 as evidenced by the great number of sun-spots on these photographs.

One of the greatest problems presented by astronomy is the distance of the sun, for upon its solution depends the size, weight, and density of the sun, the distances, magnitudes, and weight of all the planets, and even the distances and masses of the fixed stars. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that modern science has utilized every possible means to arrive at this important truth.

Photography has

been called in with marvellous results here. The transits of Venus across the sun's face afford one of the best methods for determining the distance of the sun. The occurrences are very rare, and consequently the utmost was made of the opportunity presented by the last transit on the 6th of December, 1882. No less than seven hundred photographs of this phenomenon were obtained at various French stations, while at different American stations one thousand four hundred and seventy five photographs were secured. In England and other countries the transit was also



TRANSIT OF VENUS. December 6th, 1882.
From photographs by S. Cooper, Chelmsford.

successfully photographed. A friend of mine, Mr. Samuel Cooper of Charminster, succeeded in taking some excellent photographs of this transit with a telescope of $12\frac{1}{2}$ inches aperture, and the photographs here reproduced are from three of the actual negatives now in my possession. ^(see opposite page.) The first shews the planet just entering the sun's disc at 2-15 p.m., the second its position at 2-30 p.m., and then its appearance at 2-45 p.m., by which time you will observe the little round black spot representing Venus had made considerable progress in its apparent journey across the sun. The next transit of Venus does not occur until the 7th of June, 2004, so that it will be 110 years before similar photographs can be obtained.

At the Aberdeen meeting of the British Association in 1859, De la Rue exhibited photographs of Jupiter showing its four moons and traces of its belts. The brothers Henry of Paris Observatory have succeeded in obtaining excellent photographs of the different planets. A few years ago Professor G. H. Darwin, referring to the advantages now enjoyed by astronomers from the application of photography, said that we might reasonably hope to obtain some information as to the process of development of the planets by its aid.

With regard to comets, the great comet of 1858 known as Donati's was successfully photographed, but this was found impossible with the less beautiful but in some respects more impressive comet of 1861, owing no doubt to a difference in their chemical composition. Holmes' famous comet of 1892 was photographed a number of times; and Gale's comet, recently visible, has imprinted its image on the photographic plate. Many of the changes in the form of these visitors of ours have thus been detected which would otherwise have entirely escaped our attention. To Professor Barnard of Lick Observatory, the discoverer of Jupiter's fifth satellite, belongs the honour of having also discovered the first comet by means of photography, —this occurred in 1892.

Another great advantage which photography possesses over eye observations is in the measurement of position and distance of double stars where the com-

ponents are of very unequal size, for it frequently happens that the light from a large star makes it extremely difficult to keep in view a faint star in its immediate neighbourhood. Unlike the eye in such cases the negative is not dazzled, and a sufficient exposure is certain to reveal the true position of the minute companion which is lurking in the rays of the larger star.

The Great Bear, or Charles' Wain as it is called in the country, is the most familiar of all the constellations. Close to Mizar, one of the principal stars in this constellation, is a small companion star known as Alcor, or Jack by the side of the middle horse. I have often tested the sight of some of my young friends with it. It used to be a severe naked eye test in the clear sky of Arabia, although it can now be detected by anyone with ordinary sight in our hazy skies. Mizar and its minute companion are doubly interesting as being the first pair of stars ever photographed. This was accomplished by Professor Bond.

It may appear incredible at first that the telescope, which reveals so many millions of stars to the eye, is capable of photographing many more, so that it becomes possible to photograph the invisible. The late Professor Pritchard, of Oxford, expressed the opinion that no amount of time during which a normal eye could endure to gaze on a field of view in his 15 inch telescope would disclose all the traces of feeble lights brought into sight on photographs taken by the aid of such an instrument. The explanation lies in the fact that the impressions made on a photographic plate are cumulative, while those on the retina of the eye are only transient.

In view of the progress made in celestial photography a congress of astronomers was held in Paris in April, 1887, for the purpose of arranging the details for carrying out a photographic survey of the whole heavens. It was decided that nineteen observatories situated in different parts of the world should take part in this immense undertaking. The telescopes to be used were to be identical,—the aperture of the object glasses being 13 inches and the focal length 11 feet. Stars are to be photographed to the 14th magnitude. Two series of plates

of the whole sky are to be taken, so that about 10,000 plates altogether will be required. Each plate is to be exposed 40 minutes, and when it is remembered that the available nights at most stations will rarely exceed 100 in the year, the work is expected to occupy about 10 years.

During the year 1887, Sir Howard Grubb, the celebrated Dublin optician, devoted considerable attention to the production of instruments suitable for the International Photographic Survey of the Heavens, and afterwards constructed telescopes to take part in this great photographic scheme for the British, Colonial and Mexican governments and for the University of Oxford and Queen's College of Ireland. I had the privilege of going over the Rathmines Astronomical Works in the autumn of 1889, when the various processes of manufacture were explained to me by Sir Howard Grubb. The chief peculiarities of these instruments are (a) a specially corrected object glass for photographic rays, (b) a new system of balance by which the entire weight of the moving parts is transferred to the base of the stand, and (c) an entirely new arrangement of clock-work and electric control by which the error of the driving gear is reduced to $\frac{1}{25}$ of a second for an exposure of one hour. These telescopes cost £1400 each, but when we take into account the extraordinary accuracy required in their construction, we are not so much astonished at their price.

With the Greenwich telescope mounted for work on the chart of the heavens, as

many as 923 plates with 2,143 exposures were taken on 183 nights last year, 220 of the photographs being used for the Chart, and other observatories have been equally industrious with the immense task which they have undertaken.

No review of astronomical photography, however brief, would be complete without some reference to the work done at the present day by Dr. Arthur Common of Ealing, and Dr. Isaac Roberts of Crowborough Hill, two of our foremost celestial photographers. Dr. Common uses a 5 foot reflector constructed by himself, while Dr.

Roberts works with a 20 inch reflector, and with these instruments they have obtained some of the finest photographs hitherto secured of the wonderful objects met with in the starry heavens.

A magnificent work, entitled "A selection of photographs of Stars, Star-clusters, and Nebulæ," has just been completed by Dr. Roberts, and should be examined by all interested in the pursuit



THE STAR CLUSTER PRAESEPE, OR BEE-HIVE.

From a photograph by Dr. A. A. Rambaut, Astronomer Royal of Ireland.

of celestial photography.

A few years ago Dr. Isaac Roberts presented to Dunsink Observatory a telescope of 15 inches aperture, with a view of its being devoted to photography, and herewith is a specimen of the work produced by it, the photograph of which was kindly given to me by the Astronomer Royal of Ireland. It represents the famous cluster of stars in the Crab known as Praesepe or the Bee-hive. All the specks of light shown here represent real stars shining by their own light, and

whose existence is revealed to us by the fact that they have each impressed their own likeness on the negative. Each of these stars is a sun,—some of them probably much larger than our own, with, no doubt, their retinue of planets revolving around them, although these, of course shining only by borrowed light, are invisible to us. It must have been a spectacle like this that Tennyson had in mind when he wrote,—

“ Many a planet by many a sun
May roll with the dust of a vanished race;
Raving politics never at rest,
As this poor earth's pale history runs—
What is it all, but a trouble of ants,
In the gleam of a million million of suns ? ”

It is only those who realize the necessity

for some reliable method of comparing the relative position of the stars in the past with their position at present who thoroughly appreciate the importance of astronomical photography. If the old Chaldean astronomers had been able to hand down to us accurate charts of the constellations as seen by them, our knowledge of the heavenly bodies would have been infinitely increased. In handing forward such a record to the ages yet to come, the astronomers of to-day are undoubtedly furnishing materials for disclosing some of the profoundest mysteries of the universe.

G. P. JENKINS.

Llangefni.

A RADNORSHIRE RAMBLE.



O those who live near the sea coast, travelling inland must mostly be a pleasure and a recreation, because of the twofold change of air and scenery. To us, upon the occasion of this ramble, it was found especially delightful, because we had left the comparatively barren hills of the most south western shire in Wales for the loftier mountains and thickly wooded valleys of the border county of Radnor.

After a journey of between three and four hours in the cool of a September evening, we alighted at a small station on the Central Wales section of the London and North Western line of railway, from whence we took the road leading to the village of Llandewy, in the parish of Llandewy Ystradennau, where we rested comfortably for the night at a homely hostel called after the noble family name of

Walsh. In the morning we had a walk before breakfast. Leaving the village in the valley we ascended some vantage-ground to the south east, and found that we were amply repaid for the exertion of the short walk, but sharp ascent, by a charming prospect.

There lay Llandewy at our feet, and on the other side of it was that celebrated trout stream, the Ithon, meandering slowly along its tortuous way towards the winding Wye, which it joins many miles further down.

The peaceful spot was almost entirely encircled by mountains, some of which shot up precipitously, assuming the sugar loaf shape, while others rose gradually by less acute slopes to broad and wind-swept summits. Very far away to the south, through the morning haze there loomed just a faint suggestion of the Black Mountains, from whence the villagers sometimes hear, borne upon a favouring wind, the boom of the cannon fired by the artillery forces, who use the district for target practice. With the aid of a glass, the towers of Hereford Cathedral also may be seen.

Sheltering the country to the north stands the hill of Melenydd. On the west rise Cefn Nantmel and Bryn Camillo, while

to the south Cefnlllys Castle rears its head, looking over that famous health resort, Llandrindod.

To the eastward are some very high mountains, with rugged tops. These are known as Llandegley Rocks, and they serve to lead the eye on to the great stretch of mountain land called Radnor Forest. This may truly be described as mountainous, for we find that it has an elevation of 2,163 feet above sea level, which height it would appear to maintain over a most extensive, wild, bleak, and plateau-like summit. It is only 300 feet lower than Plynlimmon, which is fourth in order of altitude among the mountains of the Cambrian range. Doubtless thousands of the famous breed of sheep called Radnors are reared annually on these great heights. Looking in another direction, we saw Baxter's Bank and a hill of which the name is Beddugre. After making inquiries about this curious name, we were told by the wife of a mountaineer that a giant had been buried there, whose tomb could be seen. This tempted us to account for the name Beddugre thus,—Bedd is the Welsh for a grave or tomb, and Ugre seemed to be a corruption of the word ogre, a monster; Beddugre therefore meaning the grave of the monster, and corroborating the truth of the tradition.

The next thing, after the beauty of the scenery, that strikes visitors from western Wales, is the fact that not a word of Welsh is spoken or understood by these people. They speak with an unmistakably English accent, which differs even from that of the English speaking descendants of the Flemish colonists in the south of the counties of Pembroke and Carmarthen, and on the Gower coast. Again, their family names do not appear to be Welsh at first sight; for instance, we find in the neighbourhoods of Llandewy, Llanbister, and Llanbadarn Fynydd, the following,—Palfrey, Alman, Mainwaring, Haig, Greenwood, Kinsey, Deakins, Dyke, Bufton, Bore, Brick, Hamer, Wilding, Moseley, Goodwin, Newman, Swancott, Woodward, Boundford, Layton, Woolley, and Yapp. To show how little they know of the Welsh language, I may say that an old inhabitant informed us gravely that

"Llandewy, you see, be properly pronounced Klandewy," his tongue clacking like a mill-wheel over his emphatic enunciation of "Klandewy." We thanked him for enlightening us, as he thought, on the point, and suppressed the wonderment we felt at the inability to utter correctly the Welsh *Ll* in a man who had been living in a Welsh county for nearly a quarter of a century.

The place-names are all Welsh, with a few exceptions, such as "Boot and slipper," "The flying tailors," and others. This latter name has, perhaps, a tale of its own. In our imagination we painted a picture of an undignified retreat, under some stress or another, on the part of some old knights of the needle. An elderly farmer recited for our benefit the following stanza from a poem composed by a local rhymester, which I think we gathered was intended to chronicle the squanderings of some spendthrift,—

" Nimble spent, the Poor Man's Tent,
New House, and the Holly,
Rider's Hall, the Cobbler's Stall,
And all upon Rhosllawddy."

The reciter of the rhyme said of the places named in it that Rider's Hall and the Cobbler's Stall were holdings so denominated because a jockey lived in the former and a shoemaker in the latter.

Another remarkable fact is the number of women to be seen on horseback going to the great sheep fairs or to market. We noticed a large number thus attending a funeral. I suppose horses are used by these people as many of their farm-houses on the mountain sides are inaccessible as far as vehicles are concerned. It was very pretty to see the farmers' wives thus mounted, attired in their long blue cloth riding skirts, and it only wanted the tall Welsh beaver hat to make their appearance an intensely picturesque one. The peasant women are oddly dressed. We observed one going to work in the fields, wearing a coat, short skirt, and leggings. Seen from a distance they look like men.

The country folk are a guileless, unsophisticated, homely people, who express their appreciation of character in a candid ingenuous manner. We could not but admire the filial affection displayed by a

fine yeoman of between forty-five and fifty summers, who was our cicerone at Llanbister, when he brought us to see the last resting-place of his parent, as he pointed reverentially to "the grave of my puir fayther," while his eyes filled with moisture; and for a moment we forbore to break a silence which seemed sacred.

The respect shown to the parson and the squire is uncommon. These innocent folk seem to be exactly like those we hear and read of at the beginning of this century, so quaint are their manners.

In some localities, a man who is held in high estimation by his fellows is spoken of as a "verra gude mon," in others as a "wonderfully nice man," but here, if you are not dubbed an "uncommon tidy man," you may draw the uncomfoting inference that you lack the quality of "tidiness."

The next day we left Llandewy. The road to Llanbister, and beyond, follows the Ithon's course, and for eight miles or more is almost level. We found the mother church at Llanbister to be an ancient unpretentious pile, built on the side of a steep hill. It is noteworthy that the belfry tower stands at the east end of the building, and bears upon it the figures 1701, presumably the date of its restoration. There is an old rood screen, there are square box-like old-fashioned pews facing all ways, and a gallery at the west end. Both here and at Llanbadarn are very interesting relics of the times when the clergy were the sole parochial almoners, viz., two oaken coffers or poor boxes. The following day the harvest festival was to be held, so among other decorations there were two neatly made stacks of corn, an oblong one on the rood screen, and a circular one intended to grace the altar. On either side of the south porch were remains of buildings which we were informed had been skull houses. There are few ruins of these charnel houses now to be seen in Wales, sanitary science having razed them to the ground.

From tombstones and mural tablets we copied the following curious and interesting, though often ungrammatical, epitaphs,—

The time of our abode on earth
Is threescore years and ten;

And if we come to fourscore years,
Our lives is grievous then.

1816. ON A YOUNG MAN TWENTY YEARS OF AGE,—

You that are young behold and see
How quickly death hath conquered me;
Repent in time, make no delay,
For no-one knows his dying day.

1838. ON A WIFE,—

Farewell dear husband and children,
Whom I have left behind;
Be to each other in your state,
Both dutiful and kind.

ANOTHER, ON A HUSBAND,—

Dear wife, adieu I bid to you,
While life did last my love was true;
Since I am gone, no sorrow take,
But love my children for my sake.

1845. ON THREE CHILDREN,—

O parents dear, pray for content,
For God hath took but what he lent.
Our time with you was short, you see,
Therefore prepare to follow we.

On the way to Llanbadarn we passed near a place much talked of by those with whom we had conversed, called Castle Twmpath. They call it Castle Timbo. We lacked the time to see this ruin. Llananno Church, near the roadside, is said to possess one of the finest of rood screens. Arriving at Llanbadarn we inspected the church, another extremely ancient place, of which the nave only is standing. We saw the foundation walls of the old chancel, which were discovered by the present incumbent. We observed an oaken hand bier here, which is still in use and good condition, bearing the date 1700.

We could not help thinking that even in such an out of the world village as Llanbadarn, that bier had borne a great number to the grave during the last 193 years. Here are some more epitaphs,—

1827. ON A HUSBAND,—

Dear wife, forbear to mourn and weep,
For in the dust I sweetly sleep;
Pray love my children for my sake,
And ever on them pity take.

No doctor's skill, nor friend's good-will,
On earth my life could save;
God said I must return to dust
Within my silent grave.

Before some of the cottages there were
piled up large stacks of turf to be used as

firing. This turf, not to be confounded with peat, is cut from off the common land by those who live within the manor, by the right of turbary.

In these neighbourhoods there are several ancient encampments, Roman roads, tumuli, and druidical circles to be seen.

The people are kind hearted and superstitious, and well versed in weird tales. Radnorshire is an excellent place for holiday rambles.

FRED J. WARREN
(*Gwynfurdol Dyfed*).

Haverfordwest.

IN FEAR OF A GHOST.

A TRUE STORY.

THE City of Z— was situated on the sea shore, and was just the right kind of place for students to live in and work; for in that city there was a college, having on its books a hundred and thirty students of both sexes, which latter fact, in those early days, was somewhat strange and of doubtful moment.

The college still exists, and is, I believe, a remarkably successful one in every way. But the story I am going to relate concerns its early days, when even the building was not yet completed, the north wing being boarded up, but inhabited by doves and jackdaws. It was always believed, also, that if anyone wished to enter the building to do a little plundering on his own account, he might easily do so through this partially exposed north wing.

Part of the building was reserved for resident students, who, at this time, only numbered about thirty. Three corridors were allotted to them, each corridor containing rooms for ten students. These corridors ran from the unfinished north wing to the central tower, which was also unfinished. South of this tower stood the immense Entrance Hall, from which the grand staircase led up to the corridors and class-rooms. The latter faced the sea, and the former faced the road which ran along the whole length of the building. And south again of the Entrance Hall stood the Principal's house, in which he and his family lived. This preliminary explanation will be sufficient for the clear understanding of what follows.

On one afternoon early in the week,— on a Monday or Tuesday,—a most unearthly sound was heard in the inhabited

part of the building. Many heard it even from the class-rooms, which, by the way, were separated from the corridors by a 'quad.' Still no very great curiosity was aroused then, the students just raising their heads, looking at each other, and, with a smile, turning to their work again. The classes dispersed, the 'residents' returning to their rooms, the 'outsiders' to their apartments in the city, everyone making a passing remark upon the extraordinary sound, and probably thinking they should hear no more of it. It, however, was heard once again the same day, about seven o'clock in the evening, just as it was getting dusk. Most of the 'residents' were in their rooms at the time, and again curiosity was not sufficiently roused to do more than cause a slight break of a few seconds either in work or in conversation, according to the then occupation of the 'men.' These were the comparatively insignificant incidents of the first day's presence of that which soon came to be called the ghost. The night was passed in peace.

The second day appeared, which was to be disturbed three times by the unearthly sound. On this day it was first heard about twelve o'clock mid-day; then at four, and again at half-past eight. And by that time curiosity was indeed sufficiently roused to even cast anxiety and fear into the hearts of several of the inmates. And the following morning it became the common topic of conversation throughout the whole college. Speculation and surmise began to run wild and high. Suspicion had been cast upon every possible or probable man; and every

suspicion was cleared up quickly, inasmuch as everyone could account for everybody else. It was not L. C., because he was in F. W.'s room at the time of its occurrence along with several other men. So and So was out in the city, and had been seen by another So and So who had only just come in. And in one way or another everyone's whereabouts were known at the time of the noise. The senior student had, it was averred, turned pale from fright when the sound was heard near him.

Not much work was done on the second day, and on the third still less, for on that day the sound was heard more frequently; and each time it was heard, every man rushed out of his room into the corridors and towards the place where he thought the sound came from. Sometimes it sounded shrill in the middle corridor, and the men from the third or top corridor would rush down to the middle, and those on the first or bottom one up, and those in the middle corridor rushed out to its entrance, and all met and held consultation together there. Little scratch meetings of this kind became common in various parts of the building, the place depending upon where the sound came from, as everyone was on the alert to catch the ghost if he possibly could. Towards the afternoon of the third day the belief gained ground amongst the 'insiders' that it was either an 'outsider' who was playing a practical joke upon the residents, or that it was someone from the city who knew the building very well, and had got in through the unfinished north wing. But catch the culprit they could not, with all their rushing about. They therefore decided to go on guard throughout the building as soon as the doors were locked at ten o'clock. Groups of three or four were therefore stationed here and there,—some down in the large Entrance Hall, others in the bend of the grand staircase, others in the middle, and others at the tops, whilst the three corridors were also well looked after. Some of the men looked upon it more as a joke than as anything else, whilst the majority were becoming more and more terrified. But those who treated it lightly tried to imitate the original sound, and managed it fairly well. They

had bought tin horns during the day, and began experimenting with them when on guard. These false sounds drew all to one spot, and after two or three attempts, their true source was discovered, but everyone knew they were not the right one; and some ventured to think that the right one would not be heard that night, as they were on guard. At half-past eleven it had not yet been heard, and it was suggested that everyone should retire to their rooms, which suggestion was cordially received, and forthwith carried out. But the men did not retire to their beds, but congregated to discuss further particulars in each other's rooms. From such discussion conversation drifted on and on until it reached the relating of what were termed true and genuine ghost stories, which many present earnestly and sincerely believed in; indeed so much so, that three or four were so terror-stricken as to refuse point blank to leave the room they were in, and they insisted upon sleeping on the couch and in the chairs for the remainder of the morning, rather than walk to their own rooms along the pitch dark corridors. These were the few who were convinced it could be nothing other than a ghost, for if it had been a human being they felt sure that he would have been caught by them; they would have surrounded him as they all rushed to the imagined spot from all quarters. During this third evening, however, the term ghost yielded to a new one—'Horn,' which was suggested by the false sounds of the previously mentioned tin horns. But this change of terms could not dispel the belief in the ghost which had seized the said men, who, by the way, happened to be the most stalwart of the company, and the best football players as well.

The fourth day arrived. Work was completely paralysed. No one could think of anything but the horrid shrill sounds of the 'horn,' and again it was agreed, after the 'horn' had been winded several times during the day, that all the residents should go on guard from ten to twelve o'clock at night. Ten o'clock came. The men were stationed as on the previous night, and, as before, the false sounds were again heard, and as every one recognised

them no one stirred. The immense building, with its lofty and long corridors, and high and capacious landing and halls, was silent as death when at a quarter to twelve the right note was once more heard. There was darkness everywhere, and the two shrill, and by no means uncertain, blasts resounded and echoed through every corner of the place, and struck such terror into the men, that for a few seconds they had to recover their breath and summon up courage before anyone moved. When the first footstep was heard all made a rush, but this time not to the same spot, as their judgments differed upon the matter, owing to the repeated echoing through the building. But the noise of the rush also echoed so loudly that it managed to penetrate the many closed doors that shut off the Principal's house, and it reached him in his study, where he was burning his midnight oil.

The Principal consequently rang for the college porter, who was sent to summon all the students to his study. At midnight, as the hour was being struck, all filed in, and stood in a row round the room, the senior student bringing up the rear.

The first who entered was first questioned, and was asked if he knew anything of the horn that had been winded. An answer in the negative at once relieved him of further anxiety, and he was allowed to make his exit. Number two was asked the same question, to which the same reply was made, with the same result. All were dismissed in a similar manner until the question was put to the senior and second senior students, who, when in their turn asked the same question, replied with a smile of assent.

Having explained the affair to the Principal, and promising to end it after that night, they asked if they might end it

by being allowed to give one strong blast from the top of the unfinished tower, in order to test the courage of the rest, and see who would venture up into that gruesome place. This request, however, having been refused, they left the study and joined the others, all of whom had assembled in the senior's rooms waiting his arrival anxiously, as the affair was still to them the greatest of mysteries, and they had not the faintest clue to the true explanation. They were there waiting to learn what the Principal had said about it, and what further they had better do, when the senior, acting as spokesman for himself and his partner in the secret, said,—

"As the Principal has requested us to explain matters to you, and to put an end to the present turbulence, we have decided to reveal to you the secret. This is the horn, gentlemen."

At the same time he took a fox-hunting horn from under his arm, and hidden by his jacket, and showed it to the company.

Some laughed heartily, and others said they knew, of course, it couldn't be a ghost, whilst the really terrified collapsed into chairs speechless and in blank astonishment. It seemed that the Principal's son had been playing with another little boy outside the senior's rooms, and had been trying to wind the horn, much to the annoyance and disturbance of the senior student, who eventually took it away from him on his way for a walk into the country. After getting into the fields and away from the haunts of men, the senior and his friend tried their skill, and succeeded in blowing the proper blast; and on their return they thought they would experiment within the walls, which they did with the results given above.

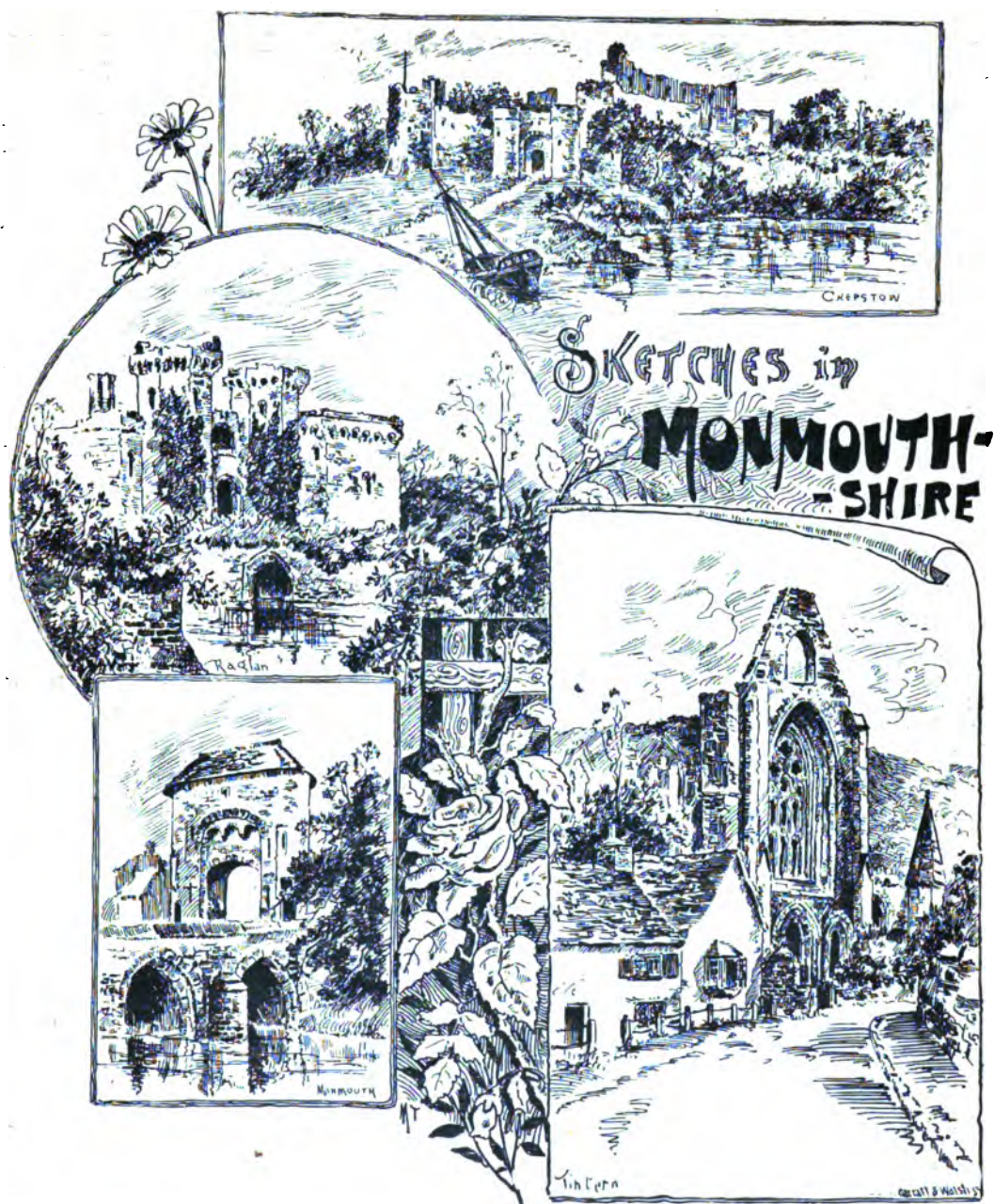
E. D. P.

NEW BOOKS.

"*Llyfr yr Aneur*,"—on which Mr. J. Morris Jones, of the University College of North Wales, has spent so much time,—has made its appearance. It has been most carefully printed at the Clarendon Press. At last, books and documents relating to Welsh history are edited with the ability and care which they demand. Within a few years it is pro-

bable that the most important original authorities on Welsh history will be accessible to the student.

"*Cofiant Williams o'r Wern*," by the Rev. D. S. Jones, is published by W. Hughes, of Dolgellau. It is well written, well illustrated, and well printed.



ABERGAVENNY has just claims to be considered the most beautiful place, as far as situation is concerned, in the thirteen shires of Wales. Those who will not admit these claims must at least confess that, as a centre for rambles, it has few places to surpass it. It stands between the picturesque mountains of the east of Breconshire and the pleasant plains of the

north east of Monmouth,—in the heart of the country where Vaughan the Silurist discovered the first traces of the wild beauty of nature.

Some years ago I was in search of a quiet place; I wanted to read Welsh history in seclusion. By the merest chance I was led to Abergavenny. I thought of going further north, but was so charmed

by the view from the train at Abergavenny station,—the dark clump of trees on the castle hill, and the exquisitely beautiful Vale of Usk beyond it,—that I determined to get out there and then.

It was a hot August day, but the mid-day heat could not give a parched appearance to the scene,—with its wealth of flowers and fruit. The only man at the station in that oppressive heat, except the railway officials, was one whose appearance gave no clue whatever to his age. He was of very slight build, with an undying smile on his lean but pleasant face. He smoked a short clay pipe contentedly in the shade, with his legs crossed, in the deepest unconcern about everything. I crossed over to him, and asked him about hotels and lodging houses. He gave me much curious information, for he looked at everything from a queer point of view; and he gave every place he mentioned unstinted praise. By means of a severe cross-examination I found that he also had rooms to let, and that, of all rooms in the world, they were the rooms that best suited my purpose. They were in the castle of Abergavenny, the very rooms in which the Welsh princes were murdered, from the windows of which I could have seen the Welsh storming parties climbing the steep rock with their ladders had I come seven centuries sooner, and from the windows of which I could now see the lovely valley and rich plains for which so much blood was shed around this castle, and for which such terrible treachery was contrived within its guilty walls.

By the time we had passed through the old town and reached the castle gate, a thunderstorm was rapidly travelling towards us from the mountains through the sultry oppressive air, and sending its cooling breath before it over the dust-covered flowers. We passed through the gate into a spacious courtyard, and the trees which bent over it sheltered us from the big rain-drops which were now falling on the thirsty land. My host told me in his usual imperturbable manner that we were now passing over the spot where the betrayed and murdered Welsh princes were buried. We came to an old harpist who sat in solitude in one of the wall corners,—the

thunderstorm having frightened all his dancers away. I asked him for "Pen Rhaw" and "Serch Hudol;" he had not forgotten them though he had left Carnarvon half a century since, and his withered fingers seemed to get new life from the thrills of the triple strings.

I found the hostess most motherly; her husband handed me over to her care, and then assumed, if possible, a more unconcerned air than before. The court room of the old castle had been turned into a spacious dining room,—and there I found the hostess and her two daughters making a picnic party merry in spite of the thunder that rolled over the ruins. The hostess did all the talking; the host smoked calmly, and smiled the smile of perfect inward happiness. Before very long the picnic party disappeared, the vast room was made tidy, and work for the day was clearly over. Then the host began to talk,—in Welsh. He had been born,—how long ago I could not guess,—in Cardiganshire. Of anecdotes and witticisms he had an inexhaustible store,—and he quietly puffed away at the little clay pipe when our laughter was too uproarious for him to proceed. His recitations of some of Evan Harris' sermons were among the best things of their kind I ever heard.

I will not trouble the reader here with my thoughts when I found myself in my own room, overlooking the Vale of Usk, in the most impregnable part of the castle. My meditations upon Welsh history, the appearance of the ghosts of the murdered princes dragging De Braose to the castle walls, as well as sundry guesses at odd truths, are unrecorded here. But I must say it was easy to discover that Abergavenny is the centre of rambles that cannot fail to interest every student of nature and of man. To the student of human industry, the valleys of the Ebbw, the Sirhowy, and the Rhymney,—with their teeming population of coal and iron workers,—are close by. To the student of history,—Raglan of Civil War times, some of the grandest abbeys and castles of mediæval times, and the *Caer Lleon ar Wysg* of Roman times and of legend,—all these are in the neighbourhood. To the lover of scenery and of solitude, there lies between him the glorious choice

of the valleys of the Usk, the Honddu, and the Wye. Or he can wander along the pleasant plains watered by the Trothi,—undisturbed by railway or revolution, brooded over by a spirit of sleep and of calm, where English is now spoken, but where the names of places are Llanddewyrhydderch and Llanfairkilgidin and Llangattockvilenavel and Llanfihangel-ysternllewern.

It would be difficult to find on the continent a place with half so many attractions within such easy reach. Heidelberg, standing between the Odenwald and the Rhine valley, always reminds me of Abergavenny. The Neckar reminds me of the Usk, Worms of Tintern, and Roman Cologne of Roman Carleon. But to a Briton, the faded glory of Tintern and the storming of Abergavenny should be as interesting as the stirring story of the Diet of Worms and of the taking of Heidelberg. As for the scenery, apart from historic associations, I consider Abergavenny the richer. Why is it, proud and patriotic Briton, that thou turnest thy broad back upon scenes like these, braving the unutterable woes of sea sickness and tedious railway journeys and the jargon of foreign languages and the thousand ill odours of Cologne, in order to laboriously climb Heidelberg hills or to bear the monotony of the trimmed scenes of Wiesbaden? When I mention the perfection of French cooking, the coffee they can make in any German village, and the comforts of Rhine hotels,—wilt thou confess thou art partially found out?

My first outing was to the valley of the Honddu, the repose of which was so enthusiastically described by Giraldus Cambrensis seven centuries ago. I drove most of the way. I took the Hereford road as far as Llanfihangel Crucorney, passing between the Skirrid Fawr and Mynydd Pen y Fal,—the latter rising, in sugar loaf shape, nearly two thousand feet high. At Llanfihangel I turned along a country lane, and followed the brawling Honddu through its narrow glen, until at last Llanthony Abbey, surrounded by its eternal hills, burst upon my sight. Away from the turmoil of the world, though within a short distance of one of the busiest districts in Britain, the valley of the Honddu, closed

in by mountains so high that the shadows of morning and evening meet, is as quiet as it was in Norman times, before the first load of coal was carried from Glamorgan and before the first tiny bellows was used for smelting iron. From the ruins of the abbey and the adjoining comfortable hotel, I partly walked and partly climbed to Father Ignatius' new monastery high up in the Black Forest, almost where the counties of Monmouth and Brecknock and Hereford meet.

My second outing was along the Usk to Crickhowell and Henry Vaughan's country. As I followed the Usk, stopping occasionally to have a conversation in Welsh with anyone I met, some poem or other of Henry Vaughan's came unconsciously to my mind. And whenever I looked back I could see the castle rock rising abruptly from the alluvial soil of the vale. It was not often I met one who could speak Welsh within the first three or four miles after leaving Abergavenny. The first I found was the old grave-digger at Llanwenarth church. He was full of curiosity and of translated Welsh idioms. His tone and accent made me forget for a moment that he was talking English,—“Where be you coming from, sir, if I may be so bold as to ask?” He spoke Welsh glibly, but with many Welsh idioms, and without a single *ll*; and he seemed to be half ashamed of it. “O yes,” he told me, “there's a show of Welsh on the hill. Welsh we all are, but we do not speak it right; the men who speak it right come from sir Gâr (Carmarthenshire) and sir Forgannwg (Glamorganshire). Are you taking the dimensions of the country, sir?”

He seemed to be very proud of a few big words he had, especially the word ‘dimensions,’ and I could see he had a mean opinion of me when I tried to get him to tell me the haunts of the scented white violet, the blue meadow geranium, and the butterfly orchis. I had been told that the kite and the raven and the buzzard still inhabit these mountains, but could get no information; neither did I see anyone who had seen a white owl; but I saw a heron making his way up the river,—a sure sign of bad weather in the farmer's mind. The sunset I saw from the Crickhowell churchyard,—gloriously golden on the Brecon mountains,—I shall never forget.

My third ramble was a long one. I had walked a good two hours before the morning dew disappeared, and it was still early morning when I found myself coming across a beautiful undulating country to Raglan. Raglan is right in the centre of Monmouthshire; from a distance it looks as if it were in a valley, but as one nears it the site of the noble castle seems to rise above the surrounding knolls. Built by the earls of Pembroke, it passed by marriage to the house of Worcester; and the marquis of Worcester,—one of the last of the magnificent nobles of the Middle Ages type,—made it the home of Charles the First's last hopes. The beautiful windows from which Charles looked wistfully over the pleasant plain of Gwent towards the Welsh mountains, expecting the appearance of his last army, are there still; and many other delightful nooks are there in this still magnificent pile. In it the Jesuit missionaries of later times found a home during a period of bitter and brutal persecution.

There was a fête at Raglan castle on that day, but before the first arrival I was following the Trothi to Monmouth, near which it joins the united waters of the Monnow and the Wye. I was too tired to see much of Monmouth, though I knew its history is as eventful and as interesting as that of any town in Wales. The birthplace of Geoffrey of Monmouth, stormed by Simon de Montfort, owned by John of Gaunt, the birthplace of Henry V, taken in the Great Civil War three times by Sir William Waller and Massey and Morgan,—either by valour or by guile,—its bits of old walls are eloquent to any student of history.

And now the lower Wye lay below me. Few valleys in our islands are so well known; no valley has been more frequently described than this "British Tempe" of eighteenth century travellers. In my journey along it, I strove to drive out of my mind the many descriptions I had read of it in English literature, especially by those admirers of Pope who patronisingly praise Providence for arranging scenes like those of Pope's garden and grotto at Twickenham. The scenery of the Wye must be seen,—no descriptive writing can do it justice. In

legend, has it not its druid stones and Arthur's cave? And in history, has it not Tintern Abbey and Chepstow Castle?

I saw the west window of Tintern Abbey and the mountains which surround the beautiful ruin. I had come from Monmouth in a break. We had to stop opposite the abbey because, fortunately, something broke. I tried to interest the Monmouthshire lads and lasses in Gothic architecture and the Cistercian order; but they would not come into the abbey,—they danced merrily opposite the abbey door. They did not care a brass button, they said, whether Strongbow was buried there or not; and they were not at all willing to discuss the question how they brought to this resting place the severed head and body of the earl of Pembroke caught at the battle of Banbury.

The rosy-cheeked girls were hushed into wondering silence, however, by some of the scenes between Tintern and Chepstow. Some of the young men had been rowing down the river, they said, and they tried to terrify the girls by describing the dizzy heights of the precipices above them. The views from the cliffs above the Wye have been described by travellers whose language, though not too strong, cloy by excess. All I can say is that the view from some of the cliffs,—embracing the Bristol Channel and Somersetshire,—when under the golden haze of a summer afternoon, explains why the Welsh call the district beyond the Severn, the "land of summer."

Chepstow Castle stands on a rock where the Wye falls into the Severn, above the bridge between England and Wales. In the first stages of its history it commanded the passage of the Wye,—and the rich lands of nether Gwent. In the Great Civil War it was of the greatest importance, connecting royalist Wales with the king's army in the west. It was taken and retaken, besieged by Oliver Cromwell, and dismantled by Monk when the inhabitants of the town had drunk a hogshead of wine and another of beer, to "encourage them in their joy" at the restoration of the king. It was in Chepstow Castle that one of the most striking characters of Puritan times,—Henry Martin, who shocked Cromwell and who was the first to suggest that they

could carry government on without a king,—was imprisoned.

I had tried to do too much in one day. As my train was rushing towards Newport along Caldicott level, I knew I was passing the pleasant spot where Harold thought he would have peace to hunt after his conquest of Wales. And as we were travelling rapidly between Newport and Abergavenny, I knew that the lovely country on our left is associated with the two greatest Welsh poets,—it was the favourite haunt of Dafydd ab Gwilym and the home of Islwyn.

Interesting as Monmouthshire is, it has no more interesting place than Abergavenny. In St. Mary's Church many famous Welshmen are buried. There lies an effigy of Margaret,—sister of Sir Rhys ab Thomas, side by side with her valiant husband,—with hands uplifted in prayer. I thought how handsome and noble-looking she must have been; her beautiful face seems severely unconscious of the letters which vandals have cut on her cheeks. There is also a recumbent effigy of Gladys, daughter of David Gam, whose husband fell at Agincourt; hers is a poorer face than that of Margaret erch Thomas,—but her family, the Herberts, have a poet in Lewis Glyn Cothi. Eva de Braose, daughter of the great William Marshall, lies there also; she fell from the walls while trying to catch a squirrel.

My stay at Abergavenny Castle has been one of the most pleasant holidays I have ever had. Sometimes, when all the kind

members of the family had retired to the scattered rooms, and when the moon shone on the valley beneath me, I could not help thinking of some of the strange doings that had taken place in the castle. I thought of the giant who, according to fable, had built it. I thought of the leprous sons who were driven from the castle by their nephew Henry when their father Bryan had been killed in the Holy Land. I thought of the festival made at Christmas, 1177, by William de Braose, the nephew of that Henry, to which he invited Seisyllt and the princes of Powys, and he murdered them on that day and buried them in the castle. Then he went to Castle Arnold and murdered Seisyllt's wife and child. Then Seisyllt's sons and nephews stormed and burnt the castle, but the murderer fled from their vengeance, sorely wounded, in order to reach the gallows later on. I thought of the midnight after the battle of Bryn Glas, when a woman opened the gate to Owen Glendower, whose furious army of peasants rushed into the courtyard. And then I thought of the trial of five Parliamentarians for their life by Charles himself,—perhaps Sir Trevor Williams begged for his life in this very room.

Giant, Roman, Saxon, Norman, Welsh chieftain haunted my room; but the sun rose gloriously every morning of my stay, making the foxgloves on the Blorengie like a purple flame, and the most beautiful scenes tempted me to wander in search of pleasure and health.

CELTIC WOMEN IN SHAKESPEARE.

THE value of historical accuracy in the portrayal of racial characteristics is with Shakespeare a thing of slight importance compared to dramatic truth. It matters as little that Italians, Venetians, and Greeks should think and act like Englishmen as that they should go clad in the garb of the Englishman of the seventeenth century. The characters are, above all, living men; racial peculiarities are sunk in the broad features of humanity.

Yet in one case, whether consciously or

unconsciously, dramatic and historic consistency have to a considerable extent been combined by Shakespeare. The impulsiveness, the lack of self-control, the poetic sensibility, the childish vanity, the capacity for the loftiest flights of heroism which we are wont to associate with the Celtic race, are essentially characteristic of the male portion of it as represented in Shakespeare. With the women it is otherwise.

The ungovernable passion of Lear, the credulity of Posthumus, the vanity and

superstition of Glendower, the pompousness of Sir Hugh Evans,—cases in which the impressionable temperament is seen at its weakest and worst,—might be enlarged upon as illustrations of Matthew Arnold's epigrammatic text concerning them,—

"They went forth to the war, but they always fell."

But over against these children of impulse, charming in their simplicity, in their susceptibility to noble and beautiful impressions, are set the strong and tender women,—Imogen, Cordelia, and perhaps the faintly drawn Lady Mortimer.

The Celtic conception of woman, expressed in the old bardic literature, was of the tenderness without the strength. Nature's own charm of mystery, the delicate beauty of sunrise and sunset, the pearly tints of the half opened flower, were blended for them in the fascination of a woman. This is one description,—

"More yellow was her hair than the flower of the broom, and her skin was whiter than the foam of the wave, and fairer were her hands and her fingers than the blossoms of the wood-anemone amidst the spray of the meadow fountains."

In only one case,—and that a very shadowy one,—do we find anything approaching the ideal of fragile beauty among Shakespeare's Celtic pictures; and that is in Lady Mortimer singing her native songs to her husband, entreating him to lay his head upon her lap and listen to her,—

"Making such difference twixt wake and sleep
As is the difference betwixt day and night."

Elsewhere, behind the tenderness lies a wealth of strength awaiting the touch of necessity to call it forth. Dramatic exigencies require this power in the woman to regulate and hold in check the impulsiveness of the natural Celt.

It is no less curious than striking to observe the emphasis laid upon the superior strength of heart and will attributed to the women of these few Celtic plays. In them are no victims of circumstance such as Ophelia and Desdemona, but women capable of moulding circumstance to their will, and redeeming the errors which have brought about the tragic complication.

The tragedy of Lear turns upon the weakness of the king, shown first in his impulsive surrender of his kingdom to his daughters; later, in the passion passing into madness, which results from their ill-usage of him. The solution of the tragedy, and the restoration of Lear to his true self, lies with Cordelia. Her marvellous powers of self-control and silent suffering are apparent from the first. The old king, childishly measuring the affection of the heart by the words of the mouth, calls upon his daughters to show the extent of their love. The two elder daughters, vying in the art of rhetoric, obtain a noble portion. Cordelia, from whom the most is expected, and for whom the most is prepared, is prevented from speech by the depth of her feelings. Perhaps a little perversity mingles with her scorn of her sisters' loquacious hypocrisy; she refuses to say a word,—

"Unhappy that I am. I cannot heave my heart into my mouth."

Insult and scorn are heaped upon her. She is flung over to the only man capable of appreciating her,—

"Unfriended, dowered with a curse, and strangered with an oath."

Yet, with quiet dignity, she insists upon the declaration of the real nature of her offence, and then departs with the advantage of the superiority that self-control gives to its possessor over unbridled passion in any dispute.

At the climax of the tragedy we learn how deep are the feelings suppressed by this force of will. On hearing the news of her father's sufferings,—

"She shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamour moistened; then away she started
To deal with grief alone."

"It seemed she was a queen
Over her passion, who, most rebel like,
Sought to be king o'er her."

"Dealing with grief alone" is one of the most marvellous touches in the portrait, containing in itself the key to Cordelia's nature. Yet any impression of hardness is removed by the pathos of that final scene, where Cordelia kneels beside the weak and wandering father,—

LEAR,—

"I am a very foolish fond old man,
And, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have none."

CORDELIA,—

"No cause, no cause."

And again, when Lear is hanging over her dead body, seeking to convince himself that some spark of life still lingers in it, could words surpass that last pathetic epitaph,—

"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low; an excellent thing in woman."

In Imogen we have a character yet more complex than Cordelia. In the first scene of her parting with Posthumus, her few short utterances are overcharged with emotion,—

"There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is,"—

but no word does she utter of complaint or lamentation. In her interview with Pisanio, who has seen the last of her husband, there is more freedom given to passion,—

"I would have broke mine eyestrings, cracked them, but to look upon him."

The poetic imagination, too, appears in her account of the farewell,—

"Betwixt two charming words comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the North,
Shakes all our buds from growing."

Her dignity and strength of character begin to appear in her reception of Iachimo's story of her husband's unfaithfulness,—

"Away! I do condemn mine ears that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st."

There is something of the passion of Juliet revealed in her feverish impatience to get to Milford Haven to join her husband when the false letter arrives,—

"O for a horse with wings! Hear'st thou, Pisanio,
He is at Milford Haven; read and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day?"

Then, in the crisis of her life, when she first discovers the real falseness of Posthumus, and his attempt upon her life, she passes quickly from the extremity of grief,—*"The paper hath cut her throat already,"* says Pisanio of the fatal letter,—to the firmness of resolution. She will bear the risks of wearing man's disguise. This attempt

"I'm soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage."

But the softness of her nature is never more clearly seen than under these new conditions. "I see a man's life is a tedious one," is her reflection after sleeping two nights upon the hard ground. When entering the cave she gathers up all her remaining strength to affect a brave demeanour, one of the most charming touches occurs,—

"Ho! no answer? Then I'll enter.
Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarce look on it."

It is one of the cases in which her sense of humour seems to flash out, a trait rare in Shakespeare's women. Throughout the time of disguise the self-control is remarkable.

"Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh,"

says Arviragus of the pretended youth so dear to them, and Guiderius answers,—

"I do note
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs together."

And still the impression of delicacy and womanliness remains with it,—

ARVIRAGUS,—

"How angel like he sings!"

GUIDERIUS,—

[characters;

"But his neat cookery! He cut our roots in
And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter."

The passionate lament over the headless body of the supposed Posthumus,—in which no touch of bitterness or anger for his cruelty occurs,—prepares us for the perfect forgiveness of the last scene,—

"Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think that you are upon a rock; and now
Throw me again."

Even for the death of the wicked queen

she is sorry. And the tragedy closes most fitly with the picture of

"Posthumus anchored upon Imogen;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master;
Hitting each object with a joy."

Cymbeline's exclamation on the revelation of the queen's real character,—

"O most delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman?"

brings us to the cases which yet remain wherein this divine guiding power has been perverted and used for selfish aims. In the work of these,—the Queen of Cymbeline, the daughters of Lear, Regan, and Goneril,—wide spreading ruin has been the consequence.

"Mine eyes were not in fault, for she was beautiful,
Mine ears that heard her flattery; nor my heart
That thought her like her seeming; it had been vicious
To have mistrusted her."

All three are monsters capable of murder, intrigue, diabolical scheming,—“serpents under feminitee,” in Chaucer's phrase. Yet the intensity of their wickedness shows by inversion the power for good which they might have used, and serves, too, as a background for the fairness of the rightly developed self-sacrificing woman, such as Cordelia and Imogen.

Neither, alone, and neither, self-sufficient, would seem to be Shakespeare's solution of the problem of the relation of the Celtic warrior to the Celtic woman. The physical strength is his; and the spiritual, hers. Either without the other must fail. Strength of impulse and passion must be curbed by will and devotion to duty. “They went forth to the war, but they always fell,”—is it not true, in a more general sense than of the Celtic race, of every character that is inspired by no loftier impulse than the gratification of self?

BEATRICE E. BOONE.

THE THIRD MEETING OF THE UNIVERSITY COURT.

THE third meeting of the University Court was held on Friday, the twentieth of July last, at the Westminster Palace Hotel. There was a good gathering, and the anthropologist would have found the crowd of faces a very agreeable study. There were old noblemen and young professors, patriarchal looking seers from South Wales and keen young educationalists from the North; theologians who spoke in calm and measured accents, and logicians who spoke with feverish convictions about shades of difference between sundry adjectives and adverbs; the lawyer who despised the ignorance of the uninitiated, and the sturdy layman who despised the hair-splitting legal bent of mind; the man of enthusiasm who wanted to carry his point while the minds of the members of the Court were fresh, and the man of wisdom who quietly waited until everybody

was jaded and hungry and willing to pass anything in order to go away.

The chair was taken, until Lord Aberdare came, by Alderman Grove. It is clear that the Court has no lack of excellently trained chairmen. He reminded us, to begin with, that the room in which we sat was a very noisy one. A ready speaker said that we would have to choose between being deafened by opening the window and being suffocated if we did not,—but gradually, as we threw ourselves into our work, we forgot the roar of London traffic and the vitiated air. Our fears had been almost entirely imaginary.

If anyone thinks that a Court meeting, called for the purpose of discussing committee reports, is uninteresting, —he is mistaken. The Glamorganshire sage is a study,—he sits near the chairman and secretary; he listens to a long and



EDWIN GROVE.
Chairman of Monmouthshire
County Council.

foolish speech, gathering passion as a stone gathers speed in rolling down hill, with unmoved face; he then rises slowly and, in a few minutes, shows the eloquent member that he knows nothing about the state of theology in Wales. The excitable member is a study also; he generally makes long speeches which would have been entirely unnecessary if he had read the paragraph to the end, he jumps up when a speaker has only made the first part of his statement, and is extinguished by the second part; he modestly sits near the door, but gradually works his way up to the chairman's table, gesticulating and emphasising as he goes, until he is told peremptorily to stand where he is. There is the speaker who is accustomed to be monarch of all he



D. P. WILLIAMS.
Chairman of Carmarthen
County Council.

surveys in the pulpit, and who loses his head when interrupted in the middle of every other sentence. There is the hesitating and timid learned man, who gets himself into all kinds of difficult positions, and wonders what a fool he can make of himself among business men. The important work of the third meeting of the Court was to receive the theologians' reports. Those who are always believing that the *odium theologicum* is inseparable from theology must have been pleasantly surprised. There was no quarrelling, not even over the constitution of the Theological Board. The report of the committee,—or rather the shortened form of their first report,—was piloted through by the Rev. J. Douglas Watters of Cardiff, who represented the majority of the theological committee. The most important discussion took place over the method of approving theological colleges. The committee proposed that the nine theological colleges of Wales be accepted as approved theological colleges. Professor Powel objected and said each theological

college should apply for admission, as Bala College had already done, and that the Court should see that every such college was properly equipped. Professor Ellis Edwards,—one of the few members of the Court whose appearance is always accompanied by an immediate hush,—rose to support Professor Powel. With a red rose in his morning coat, he spoke pleasantly and forcibly, advocating the greatest caution in order to ensure a high status for Theology and the pulpit, and he was evidently carrying the meeting with him. I was converted.

Mr. Watters made a powerful speech in answer. "What," he asked, "if a theological college chose not to apply, would it not be a great injustice to the students of that college who wished to take their University degree?" Sir George Osborne Morgan, Principal Jones, and Professor Phillips followed, with speeches excellently to the point. "Do not ask those colleges," said Dr. Isambard Owen, "to come cap in hand to some committee or other. They are old institutions, they have existed before the University Colleges, without grants and without privileges."



REV. L. L. EDWARDS, M.A.
Cardiganshire County Council.



REV. AARON DAVIES.
Glamorganshire County
Council.

The argument that appealed most strongly to me was this,—we know, from the history of other institutions, that the colleges thus admitted will strive to give education of University character. And, after all, they do not examine for degrees.

The committee's proposal was carried

by 23 to 22. I was among the 23, having been reconverted. I have thought much about it since, and I am sure I voted in the right way. In spite of the efforts of some members to explain what there was no need of explaining,—who were generally put down by Lewis Morris or the Rev. Aaron Davies,—the theologians' report was considered and altered with much happy expedition.

The University Senate, though it had spent a week at Oxford, did not bring any report to this meeting. The further report from the Draft Statutes Committee was introduced, and expeditiously piloted by Brynmôr Jones. Necessary standing orders were passed,—with many generalities talked and some witticisms,—and the excellent work of the day was concluded with the election of an executive committee.



BANGOR CATHEDRAL. (*Drawn and engraved by H. Hughes, 1805.*)

THE DIOCESE OF BANGOR IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

WE must be on our guard against taking Nonconformist records as the only material of our history during the last century. Much light can be thrown on the political, social, religious, and economic condition of the country from vestry books, reports of rural deans, accounts of episcopal visitations, and such sources. To begin with, I give the answers given by clergymen in the bishopric of Bangor to the following four questions, handed in at the episcopal visitation of 1776,—

1. What number of communicants have you, generally, in your parish? In particular, what

was the number which communicated at Easter last? Was it greater or less than usual?

2. Are there any persons in your parish or chapelry who are Papists, or reputed to be such? Have they any priest, or any place there where they assemble for divine worship?

3. Are there any Presbyterians, Independents, Anabaptists, or Quakers in your parish or chapelry? And of what rank? Are there any other places made use of for divine worship than such as are used by the above mentioned sects? What are the names of their teachers; and are they, and the houses wherein they assemble,

licensed as the law directs? Is their number greater or less of late years than formerly, according to your observation, and by what means?

4. Are there any who call themselves Method-

ists in your parish or chapelry? How many are there, and who are their teachers? Do their number increase or decrease, and to what do you impute the alteration?

DEANERY OF ARVON.

BANGOR.

1. In the monthly English service from 12 to 20. In the Welsh from 80 to 100. At Easter last there communicated about 640, more or less, very near the same number as usual.

2. None.

3. None.

4. There are a few Methodists in this parish, but their number is inconsiderable. Their preachers are strangers, and unknown to me.

J. ELLIS.

CLYNOG.

1. The number of communicants at the monthly sacraments is generally, I believe, from forty to sixty. The number at Easter last was, as far as I can learn, about four hundred, but I cannot be very exact, and is thought to be somewhat greater than usual.

2. There are neither Papists, nor persons reputed to be such, nor priest, nor any place where they assemble for divine worship, within the parish.

3. There are neither Presbyterians, Independents, Anabaptists, or Quakers in the parish.

4. There are many who are reckoned Methodists in the parish, but I cannot ascertain their number; for all of them, one or two excepted, attend divine service in church pretty regularly of the Lord's day in the morning. There was a house built in the parish about fifteen years ago, by a general contribution amongst those of that opinion, where they usually assemble, but, I believe, at no stated times; and that house is not licensed, nor have they any regular teacher. I cannot say positively whether their numbers increase or decrease, but am inclined to believe that they decrease, and that they are not so warm and zealous in their opinions as they were some years ago.

RICHARD ELLIS,
Vicar of Clynog.

LLANAEHLHAIARN.

1. Generally about twelve score; last Easter were thirteen score and five.

2. To the best of my knowledge there are none; as for places of assembly to perform divine service, they have none.

3. I am confident there are none.

4. There are people who are called Methodists, but attend divine service very regularly in the church. I am not able to ascertain the number of them. Their preachers are itinerants. I believe they decrease.

JOHN JONES,
Curate of Llanaelhaiarn.

LLANBERIS.

1. Six score in general; and at Easter last one thousand, and no more than usual at that time.

2. No.

3. No.

4. Yes, only fourteen in number. Their general teachers are the Rev. Mr. Daniel Rowland's disciplined teachers from South Wales, and some from these counties.

JOHN MORGAN,
Curate of Llanberis.

LLANWNDA.

1. Above four hundred. Less than usual.

2. No.

3. No.

4. No.

LLOYD FOXWIST,
Perpetual Curate of Llanwnda.

LLANFAGLEN.

1. Above a hundred persons of age to communicate. Nearly fifty communicated at Easter last, less than usual.

2. No.

3. No.

4. No.

LLOYD FOXWIST,
Perpetual Curate of Llanfaglan.

LLANLLYFNI.

1. Last Easter we had two hundred and fifty communicants, rather greater in number than other years; on Whit Sunday about a hundred, and at other times we have about fifty or sixty, sometimes more or less.

2. No.

3. I do not know of any.

4. When I first came here I found a great many Methodists in this parish, and still there are many, but I cannot ascertain the number. They have no fixed or resident preachers, but mostly such itinerant ones as come from South Wales and other places; and when they have not those, there are two or three in the neighbourhood that presume to take that authority upon them. I believe they do not increase; two or three have forsaken them lately, as I have been credibly informed, being made sensible of their errors. The house that they meet in is not licensed.

ELLIS THOMAS,
Rector of Llanllyfni.

LLANDWROG.

1. The number of communicants at Easter is about 500, at Whit Sunday about 100, and at Christmas about 100, and at the monthly sacrament about 50.

2, 3. There are no sectaries of any denomination.

4. There are no professed ones that I know of, they attend morning and evening service regularly.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS, *Curate.*

LLANBEBLIG.

1. We have in this parish in general about 1200 communicants. The number which communicated at Easter last was about 1270, being an increase of seventy.

2. No.

3. No.

4. Here are not many Methodists. As they increase and decrease even in a short space of time, their number can't be nicely determined. They have no particular teachers. They've greatly decreased of late years, the which alteration I impute

to the constant residence of the late incumbent.

RICHARD OWEN,
Curate of Llanbeblig.

LLANFAIR IS GAER.

1. I have had last year about 100, being much the same as usual.

2. No.

3. No.

4. Not above four or five. I know of none. I think they rather decrease, that I cannot account for.

HENRY WILLIAMS,
Minister of Llanfair is Gaer.

BETWS GARMON.

1. About sixty,—much the same.

2. No.

3. No.

4. Yes a few, about four or five. One Thomas Evans. Much the same since I remember them.

DAVID WMS.,
Curate of Betws Garmon.

LLANRUG.

1. There are in the parish about 222 communicants. All communicate at Easter, and about sixty at other times. 222 communicated at Easter last.

2. None.

3. None.

4. There are some who are called Methodists. They constantly attend divine service, and afterwards go in quest of itinerant preachers unknown to me out of the parish. Their number neither increase nor diminish.

OWEN WILLIAMS,
Rector of Llanrug.

LLANDDEINIOLEN.

1. From 120 to 200. About 450 at Easter, about the same number as usual.

2. We have no Papists, or any reputed to be such.

3. We have none.

4. There are a few cottagers that are said to be Methodists. There are no teachers. Their numbers decrease, owing to their having been convinced of their folly.

OWEN PARRY, LL.B.,
Curate of Llanddeiniolen.



CLYNOG CHURCH. (Drawn and engraved by *H. Hughes*, 1805).

THE DIARY OF A BARD.—(EBEN FARDD).

IV.—OCCURRENCES OF A QUIET LIFE.

1836.

September 3.—Better part offended for petulance and moroseness.

4th.—Sunday. Read Bible studiously and prayed, &c. Endeavoured to regain the good favour of w—, but she indignantly repulsed me in my two attempts.

5th.—Resolved not to trouble her for a reconciliation till she of her own accord sue for it. On this very evening the desired reconciliation took place with extraordinary endearments.

8th.—Having been requested by father in law to go to Sportsman in the evening, to assist them in attending strangers coming from the Association, I went about seven p.m.; the house was full; I was very busy for three hours. Mr. Lewis gave one P. of A.; had about one P. of A. otherwise. I do not feel satisfied with my conduct somehow; I wish I could more effectually control some mischievous propensity. O Lord of my salvation, grant me thy gracious pardon for my manifold transgressions against thy law, and re-

plenish my soul with thy heavenly treasures of grace and blessings, for Jesus' sake,—Amen.

9th.—Mr. Hugh Jones, of Carnarvon, gave me a call at my house and school-room; promised him the loan of the "Evidences of Christianity."

13th.—A person appears to be angry with me, I know not why; Harry of the C—ch H—st—by; he had, in a drunken fit, some altercation with my wife the other day, sequently he never talked to me nor looked upon me kindly; but he is below my notice; I shall not mind him.

16th.—Is it impossible to keep good resolutions? I will be moderate; O Lord aid me.

20th.—The Bishop of Bangor held a confirmation meeting at Clynog; I attended. Mr. Williams called me to the Vicarage; met him upstairs on the landing; requested me to bring a class of my school to Llandwrog for examination by Mr. Cotton on the 3rd of October next; by Mr. Hughes' direction I promised to go. Mr.

Williams called me aside to the front door, and deposited a sovereign in my hand. O Lord, I thank thee, for thou art the prime mover of men's hearts; I thank thee for the gift, and pray thee to bless the kind donor with ten times more in this world, and in that to come with everlasting life,—Amen.

24th.—Set out about a quarter past eight a.m. for Llangybi and Chwillog, &c., to bring home some books I had bound for John Thomas and others. Reached Llangybi over the mountains at about a quarter past ten a.m.; took one P. of best A. there; saw Robert Thomas and wife, O., Ty'nrhos, and Mary; went thence to Capel helyg to deliver a book, thence to Ty'nrhos; ate bread and butter there; got some small apples of Ellen, thence to Ty'nrhos, Chwillog; talked a little with Robert in the cowhouse; thence to Chwillog; John Thomas there as usual, and the family; thence, after eating a mackerel to dinner, I went along with John Robert, Ffriddlwyd, to Pwllheli; he took me to the Bull, at 'Berch to drink half a P. It was very rainy; my companion and the rain prevented my indulging in any retrospective contemplation as I was passing Bryn y gwynt and other old haunts of love, &c. Reached Pwllheli half-past three p.m.; called at William Williams, Pentrepoeth, for a book to bind; he not being in the house I went to the street, met my Chwillog companion, J. R., treated him to P. of A. at the Star, which I only tasted and left on the table, it being so bad we could make nothing of it. In coming out met the said William Williams, went with him to his house, saw his brother's copies; drank tea there, went with Mr. W. after tea to the G. Sh. to take a G. 6d. each of whiskey; came back to the house in fifteen minutes. I set off with the book for Clynog instantly; W. W. came to send me as far as turnpike; arrived home quarter past eight p.m. Saw very few of the old acquaintances at Pwllheli; they were all gone, some under the weight of business, some poor, some dead, some present, but so differently engaged that I considered myself a stranger.

30th.—J. W., B—ng—a—n, having requested me the other day to make a bill

for some walling he had done at the mountain, I wrote the same, which he presented to Mr. Williams, Tywyn, who, on learning who had written it, said,—*"Tell him to go to school."* I consider such a haughty observation injurious to my character as a public teacher; and if opportunity occur I intend making enquiries about this conceited gentleman's temper and manners.

October 2nd.—Sunday. Mr. Jones, Llanllyfni, officiating at Clynog at nine a.m.; spoke to the Nazareth schoolmaster at Sportsman in the evening.

3rd.—Went with eight children, a part of my first class, to Llandwrog to the examination; took one P. of A. before Mr. Cotton arrived, where the Carnarvon schoolmaster also sat; my children waited in the schoolhouse, where I attended them occasionally,—a neat warm schoolroom. My children were not so quick to answer as the Llandwrog scholars, and had not studied the chapter (4th of St. John) half so closely as they had; chapter all analysed in a catechetical order, and written in a book. One of my children got the first reward of 3d.; another the 2nd reward of 2d.; and four others $\frac{1}{2}$ d. each; to the remaining two I gave a $\frac{1}{2}$ d. each, and gave four pennyworth of bread and a quart of ale between them on my own expense, as well as some butter; took $\frac{1}{2}$ P. myself.

4th.—Mr. Cotton called at my house, gave 6d. towards my expenses with the children yesterday; said he would hold his examination at Clynog next year, and that he should expect to see a new schoolhouse completed by that time here.

5th.—Removed some benches from St. Beuno's,—which, from its dilapidated state, had been declared unfit and dangerous to be occupied as a schoolroom,—to the vestry loft. After endeavouring to get seated there we found it too small a room. Besides being close and badly lighted, I smelled some noxious stagnant air there, which made me rather sick in fifteen minutes. I fancied it to have remained there ever after a dead body was kept there previous to its being buried.

7th.—Major Nanney asked me at Clynog Church if I expected his answer to a circular I had addressed to him in common

with other landowners, by order of the vestry. I said no answer was expected, as the parish had nothing to do with the matter further than to inform the landowners of the receipt of certain directions from the Tithe Commissioners. He asked if I had informed all landowners. I said not all, but more than two-thirds. He observed that such information was quite unnecessary, that the tenants would settle it among themselves, and that the landowners in the parish only were to be informed. I asked if he meant landowners resident in the parish exclusive of non-residents. He said yes. I said I didn't know it, nor knew anybody else at the vestry who thought that such was the course to pursue.

11th.—I was this evening at the Sportsman with Mr. Pughe and Mr. J. Pughe, previous to the latter's departure for London to pursue his medical studies at St. Thomas' Hospital; drank one P. of A. each. Very rainy.

15th.—Forwarded a letter per father in law to Mr. H. Hughes, editor of the *Papyr Newydd Cymraeg*, telling him I should not subscribe to his paper, and that my name was given to him surreptitiously. I was rather hard upon him, and *begged not to be further annoyed in such a manner*, which sentence some friend deems to convey an insult. I must beware in writing in future; his wife, who opened the letter, black-guarded me and called me a *fool*, &c., &c.

21st.—The Parrys of Llannerch y Medd called at my house, sent for me from school, and requested to see my medals, &c.

26th.—At the request of Wm. Williams, Penrallt, wrote some character for Wm. H. and brothers of Cwmgia; it cast not a shadow of reflection on the other contending party; I could not, notwithstanding, acquit myself for writing it; shall remember to beware in future.

November 1st.—* I hereby vow to take no more than half P. of A. in any period of not exceeding 6 hours, and not more than 2 G. of P. if that be taken instead of A.

3rd.—A day of thanksgiving among the Methodist body for the mercy and blessing

of harvest; attended chapel at night, where Hugh Owen preached; Mary had been at a prayer meeting held the previous afternoon at same chapel, viz: Gyrn Goch.

7th.—Clynog fair. I was throughout the day temperate in the most strict manner.

12th.—At Carnarvon; Lord Newbro' was at Mr. Prichard's same time with me; started home 3 p.m.; very great rain, wet to the skin long before reaching home; extra 6d. good dinner; was not a bit tired; temperance gives vigour to the mind and body.

17th.—Mary had a fit; very distressing; but recovered in about fifteen minutes.

December 3rd.—Lent to William Ellis of Tanygraig, Llanaelhaiarn, the sum of three pounds, which he engaged to pay this day fortnight, or at farthest this day three weeks; his rent day came sooner than usual, and he had not sold his pigs; he wanted eight pounds. My wife was shockingly abusive on account of this doing. I pray God all may come well.

5th.—Carnarvon fair; a great many carts and people on foot and horses going throughout the night. At 8 a.m., went to Sportsman to get barm; met Robert Hughes going to the fair; he announced his intention of becoming a teetotaller; had some dispute with him on the merits of teetotalry and temperance comparatively considered. I, for scriptural reasons as well as general propriety and utility, prefer the latter; but I have equal respect for the other party, providing they do not act compulsorily, but leave every man to the exercise of his own discretion in becoming either a teetotaller or a temperate man. There are different habits adapted to different tastes and constitutions, and they are equally virtuous and lawful.

7th.—Went with Robert Hughes to the annual meeting of the Carnarvonshire Sunday Schools among the Calvinistic Methodists held at Capel Ucha; heard many speakers there, and took notes from memory of what they said.

8th.—Attended the same meeting, which was held this day in conjunction with the Monthly Meeting, the speakers this day was much superior to those of yesterday, and amongst them Mr. E. Owen, Cefn-

* This was changed later on into.—This resolution must be remodelled and otherwise qualified so as to become more practicable in all its bearings, and yet not to favour intemperance.

meusydd, delivered a written lecture on the utility of learning and cultivating the Welsh language, with some pretty remarks on its superior merit as a language as well as its pre-eminence in point of elegance, fluency, copiousness, and originality, &c.

9th.—Edward Jones, an Anglesey man, who has an agency for some Liverpool gentleman, requested the landlady of the N. Inn to send for me to write some letters for him to his employers, who threatened to dismiss him on account of his getting drunk on his way to Wales; he was indeed very drunk this night.

12th.—Sent a copy of my englynion to temperance to Mr. James Rees for insertion in his next paper, of which I also ordered a copy.

13th.—Mr. Hughes had copies of my englynion "Cymedroldeb," which he read to Jones, Llanillyfni, and Parry, Bangor.

16th.—My little Nell shewing symptoms of moral terpitude which grieved her mother and myself much. Oh God, have mercy upon her and deliver her from her evil inclinations, reign for ever in her heart, and wash away her sins, through the merits of Jesus Christ; Amen. At night attended the Temperance Meeting at Zion Chapel, where Griffith Hughes and Robert Hughes spoke. I was pressed to speak, but I refused, considering myself unworthy and incapable of speaking properly in public, from want of more exercise. I assisted as writer. Subscribed my name at the above meeting as a temperate, and I pray God to assist me with abundance of

grace to keep my vow through Jesus Christ. Amen.

17th.—At Sportsman in the evening,—half P. of A. and ditto of Mr. D. W., Druggist. My stanza did not appear in the *Herald* as I anticipated; gave a copy of them to Thomas Owen, Velin Penllech.

20th.—Broke the school.

21st.—Went to Chwillog and Pwllheli; expenses for A., 4½d.; came home half-past eight; twelve hours from home,—met with no interesting incident in this ramble.

22nd.—Went to Cae Doctor; found the family at home; gave them a dozen eggs; dined there. Mr. Williams has much palaver about road-making, current politics, &c.; had no pleasure there more than my food and drink afford me. L. N.'s secret. G. J., Cwmgwara's letter.

26th.—Went to Carnarvon to transact business; expenses rather too considerable; plead cold for excuse; not much affected.

29th.—The editor of the *Gwladgarwr* called, gave him my englynion to temperance and "Meditations at going to Bed;" he requested me to take a glass of whiskey at Plas, which I did; he also gave me a petition to both Houses of Parliament to procure subscribers, which I, in conjunction with Rev. William Roberts, who was at the time at the inn door, engaged to do; he desired me to write frequently to the *Gwladgarwr* by the Pwllheli carrier.

30th.—David Parry of Tydweiliog, sailor, called and lodged here for the night; saw a purse he had bought in Greece, being of Grecian manufacture entirely.

A SONNET.

BEAUTIFUL star! I gaze e'er charmed at thee,
Sparkling and fair, so happy and content;
To deck the Heavens, to light the gloom thou'rt sent,
Thou bid'st us from our morbid thoughts be free,
And in thy beauty God's great love to see,
A look to thee, and evil thoughts are spent;
Away doth fleet the sad, unkind intent.
The hardened heart, the mind depraved is free,
And pure, devoid of wrong. There now remains
A higher aim. A kindlier thought retains
The mind and cheers the heart. Beloved star!
Thy shining light doth give the fancies flight.
It leads the mind from worldly things afar;
Like love to life, thou art, sweet star, to night.

Clydach.

GLYN-FERCH.

ENOCH HUGHES.

BY DANIEL OWEN,

Author of *The Autobiography of Rhys Lewis, Gwen Tomos, &c.*

Translated from the Welsh by the HON. CLAUD VIVIAN.

CHAPTER VIII.

CAPTAIN TREVOR LIGHTENING HIS CONSCIENCE.

"WHEN I started Pwllgwynt," said the Captain, "heaven knows I *hoped* that it would turn out well, and the most experienced miners believed that it would do so. There was an excellent 'look' about the mine. I had no trouble, as you know, in forming a company. With the assistance of Mr. Fox of London, I persuaded several rich people to join the company; and you know, Sarah, how many of our neighbours, such as Hugh Bryan and others, made themselves quite poor in order to get shares in the mine, and I made them understand that I was doing them a favour in letting them have shares at any price. How lucky I was, in the eyes of the people, and in my own eyes! How quickly those who used to call me Richard began 'sirring' me and calling me 'Captain.' So to speak, I went to bed one night a common miner and slept; and I woke up the next morning 'Captain' Trevor, a man to be respected and honoured, one into whose good favour people were trying to get, one with many favours in his hands to be distributed to whom he liked, one who was considered to be conferring a kindness by receiving valuable presents from people! There was scarcely a man in the town who would have refused anything I asked of him. You remember, Sarah, that on my merely saying to Mr. Nott, the ironmonger, that I liked his horse, he made me a present of it the next day,—for Mr. Nott knew very well that I could put many a horse in his way if I chose to. That gift paid Mr. Nott well. I had only to look at a gun or a silver teapot in Mr. Nott's shop, and it would be here next day 'with Mr. Nott's compliments,' and many others were the same. When Ty'nyrardd was empty, many wanted it,—but Captain Trevor got it. Sarah, could you tell how much of this furniture was given us, and why? Because I had discovered the 'big lode' in Pwllgwynt, and because I, through my craftiness in getting a 'take note' quite quietly, had made myself Captain of the mine. Everyone thought that it was a most excellent discovery. But I feared from the com-

mencement that it would turn out to be a false one,—but I kept that to myself and hoped for the best.

"I had known Mr. Fox, of London, for years. I knew the length of his conscience; and that he knew very well how to work the oracle. I dropped him a line to come down here. Mr. Fox was here at once, without loss of time, like a good man of business. I took him to see Pwllgwynt. He almost fainted when he saw the 'look' of it, and if his heart had not been like a nether millstone he would have cried like a child. He was half crazed, and shouted and jumped about like a madman. He was so proud and glad, that, I'll take my oath, he would have carried me on his back for ten miles. I knew exactly what sort of a man I had to deal with, but he knew nothing about me. He had found out at the hotel, before we started for Pwllgwynt, that I was a methodist, and he didn't exactly know in what style to talk to me. At the commencement he was very particular as to what he said. Mr. Fox was his name, and he answered to his name to a T. He was a great 'believer,' in his own way, on that day; and after having been to see Pwllgwynt, when we were having dinner, and after he had said grace, he asked a lot about the history of religion in Wales, and took a whole lot of trouble to demonstrate that Scotch Presbyterianism and Calvinist Methodism were the same thing. I knew very well that he and I were 'the same thing,' and said to him,—

"Mr. Fox, that is not the point we have to deal with to-day. I have known about you for years, but you know nothing about me. I know that, when there is a question of a mine, religion will not stand in the way, with you, or hinder you from making it a success. Your experience,—I do not mean your religious experience,—is great. Our point to-day is how to get Pwllgwynt known and talked of, so as to form a powerful company, and get plenty of money into our hands. You know that the mine has an excellent 'look.' You are the man in London, and I am the man here; whatever the capacity of your conscience in London is like, so will the capacity of mine be, exactly, down here.

"After I had spoken in this way, Mr. Fox shook

me by the hand, called for a bottle of champagne, and from that day to this never a word or a syllable about religion has passed between us. You know Mr. Fox, don't you, Sarah? He has been here more than once to dinner, and he talked about religion to you, didn't he? And he would be crying with the eye next you, and be winking at me with the other one. Mr. Fox is a Scotchman, and the most infernal humbug,—except myself,—that I have ever known. Sarah, if I were to go through the whole story in detail, half of it would be Latin to you; and the only thing that you would see clearly would be what a conscientious husband you have. But there was no Latin between Mr. Fox and me. We understood each other to a T. We both hoped from the bottom of our hearts that Pwllgwynt would turn out well, and believed from the bottom of our hearts that it would turn out otherwise,—but, like true miners, our belief was never breathed to a living soul.

“Do you follow me, Sarah? We formed, as you know, a strong company, and thousands of pounds were paid down. We made it a point to open out as little of the mine as possible, so that its poverty should not be discovered, and we took care to spend as much money as we could on the place in buildings and machinery and so forth. For, when people have spent a lot of money on a mine, it is a harder task for them to give it up. And the water came in and helped us to keep the mine going, and was an excuse for all the hindrances and delay. The water was a great friend to Mr. Fox and me. Several thousands of pounds were sunk in the water. We changed the machinery three times in order to meet the wishes of our faithful friend Mr. Water. Every time new machinery was got, it emptied the pockets of the company to a considerable extent, and put a little more into Mr. Fox's and my pockets; for the company trusted to Mr. Fox's and my judgment as buyers, and it was only fair and just for us to be paid for our judgment. But it was not the company, you must understand, that paid us; but the people who made the machinery, for it was necessary that the books should show that everything had been carried on straightforwardly, and that no deceit had been used. ‘Commission,’ you know, is what the makers call it, a word that was invented in order to quiet the consciences of mine Captains. But nowadays the word is found in the dictionary of candlemakers, ironmongers, timber merchants, the man who sells powder, and hundreds and thousands of others.”

At this point, the Captain appealed to the bottle for assistance.

“Do you understand me, Sarah? I know you won't get me scragged. Well, as I was saying,

we took care not to open out the mine quicker than we could. When we were quite sure that there was a little lead in a particular part of the mine, we used to leave it alone there like so much money in a bank, and keep it until the company had nearly broken its heart; and then, when we realized that they were about to give the mine up, we used to go to the bank and raise enough lead to put new life in the company to go on for a spell longer. After getting the company into real good spirits, we used to begin to economise again, and so things went on; went on for years, and I had to report this and report that,—make up one lie this week and another lie the next week,—to keep things going, until now I have got to such a pass that I am without any new lie to tell, and it won't pay for me to hark back to the old ones, for the company remember them too well. The heaviest shareholders are utterly disgusted and enraged, and have determined that they will not go one step further. Still Mr. Fox and I can say that we have done our duty, and that we have done our best to keep the mine going.”

“Well, Richard,” said Mrs. Trevor, who had been rendered quite dazed, and was unable to make out whether the Captain had gone out of his mind, or had taken a drop too much, “well, Richard,” you surely don't mean to say that there is no lead in Pwllgwynt? I have heard you tell Mr. Denman hundreds of times that there was a whole heap of lead there, and that you would be sure to get to it some day.”

“Between you and myself, Sarah,” said the Captain, “I'll take my oath that there is not my hatful of lead in Pwllgwynt. But it won't do, you know, for everyone to get to know that. It doesn't much matter about the people in London, but I am very sorry about Denman. He is a neighbour and has impoverished himself very much. Indeed I am afraid that Denman will be as poor as I, one of these next days.”

“As poor as you, Richard? You don't mean to say that you are poor,” said Mrs. Trevor, in a considerable fright.

“As poor, Sarah, as a church mouse,—with only just the things you see round you. I was afraid that you and Susie,—Susie, how can you go to sleep whilst your mother and I are talking about our circumstances?” said the Captain furiously.

“You know, father,” said Susie, rubbing her eyes, “that I never like hearing anything about business.”

“You will have, my good girl,” said the Captain, “to look out for a business for yourself one of these days. Yes, Sarah, I was afraid that you and Susie were living in a fool's paradise. We are poor, understand that fact. A heap of money has

passed through my hands, but there has been no luck with it, it has gone somewhere, and you two know where a lot of it has gone. We must look the fact in the face. We are poor, and it will be all over with Pwllgywynt before the end of the month."

"Oh, mother," cried Miss Trevor.

"Mother as much as you like," said the Captain, "and between you and me, miss, you ought to have been a mother yourself before this, instead of giving yourself such airs as you do. You'll have to come down a peg or two; and take whoever you can get hold of, even if he is only a common miner."

"The idea, father," said Miss Trevor.

"The idea be blown! Don't you realize your position? Isn't it possible to drive anything into your silly head?" said the Captain, again losing his temper.

"Richard," said Mrs. Trevor, coaxingly, "keep your temper. If that is our position,—if we are poor, after all these years of carrying on,—what do *you* mean to do?"

"There, *now* Sarah," said the Captain, "you are talking like a sensible woman. That is the question, Sarah. Well this is what I intend to do,—to keep up appearances as long as I can, and start a new mine as soon as I am able to."

At this point someone knocked at the door, and Mr. Denman subsequently made his appearance.

one of the neighbours who have stuck to his belief in Pwllgywynt,—some day, a rich gentleman. You deserve it, Mr. Denman, I'll take my oath, if anyone ever deserved it."

"If that doesn't happen very soon," said Mr. Denman, "I am much more likely to end my days in the workhouse. Have you any fresh news about Pwllgywynt? What sort of a 'look' has it now?"

"Well," said the Captain, "I have only the same old story to tell you, Mr. Denman, and yet not quite the same old story either. There is a better 'look' there now than I have seen for some time, and yet I am afraid to say too much for fear that we should be disappointed. I always prefer saying too little to saying too much. But, as



"You'll have to come down a peg or two."

CHAPTER IX.

CONFIDENTIAL.

"WELL here's Mr. Denman!" said the Captain. "Talk of the d—l and he is sure to appear. We were talking of you."

"What made you talk of me?" asked Mr. Denman.

"Well," said the Captain, "I was saying,—but look here Mr. Denman, we will go to the smoking-room, these women will be glad to be rid of us."

After the two had gone to the smoking-room, the Captain added,—“Yes, this is what I was saying, Mr. Denman, before you came in, that it would be an excellent thing to see you,—the only

you know, we are always having to fight the water,—the elements are against us,—and if the directors had taken my advice, viz., had sufficiently strong machinery at the beginning, we should have got the better of it long ago. But a man doesn't always get his own way, especially when he is only a servant. I will say this much,—and of course I don't claim to be infallible,—but so far as human knowledge can go, and I have had a bit of experience by this time,—so far, I say, as human knowledge can go, there is a better 'look' there now than I have ever seen before. Perhaps,—I don't think it will be so,—but perhaps we shall have to be a little patient. You yourself know that the lead we have got,—it wasn't much I will admit,—but you know that the lead we have got

shows clearly that there is more of it there. The question,—and the only question,—is, will the company have the patience, the faith, the perseverance to hold on till the treasure is found. If all the company were like you, Mr. Denman,—that is, men who knew something about the working of a mine,—there would be some hope of their holding on. But what sort of men are they? I will tell you,—men who have made their money in a short time, merchants and such like, and so they expect a mine to return a big profit in a short time,—people who have no patience if everything does not pay at once. But a mine is not a thing like that. It is necessary sometimes to wait for years,—and there have been a lot of people, as you know, who, after spending thousands, have given up the job because they have not had the patience to wait. And then others come forward, and with next to nothing of expenditure, take the treasure that was deserted. We have been a bit unlucky in Pwllgywynt, and I know that it is a very provoking thing to be expecting and expecting, and be disappointed,—especially when there is so much hard money being paid away all the time. I greatly hope that the company will see their way to carry on the mine for a little bit longer at all events,—if only for the sake of my character, and to show that I spoke the truth. But, between you and me, I should not be at all surprised if these English chaps gave the mine up, and that too at a time when we are almost within reach of the lead,—and that would be very wrong. If such a thing happened to Pwllgywynt, I should take an oath never to go under a Board of Directors or anything else again, and I would take care for the future to have my own way in working a mine."

"Do you know what, Captain," said Mr. Denman, "if those English chaps, as you call them, were to give up the mine to-morrow, I should not be sorry, so to say. Not because I don't believe there is lead there,—no, I have believed in Pwllgywynt from the beginning. But if I had known that I should have had to spend so much money, I would never have joined the company. I never thought that I should have to spend more than one or two hundred pounds, but now nearly all I possess has gone, and it will be necessary for me,—whatever the English chaps do,—to give it up,—my pocket won't hold out."

"I hope, however," said the Captain, "that you don't think that I intentionally misled you. And as to your pocket, I know pretty well about that. If Captain Trevor only had Mr. Denman's pocket, he would sleep a good deal sounder to-night. You have houses and lands, Mr. Denman, and if you give up your interest in the mine, you will repent

doing so to the extent of every hair that is on your head. It is sheer folly to talk of giving up now when we have almost got the better of all our difficulties. You know that I have shares in the mine, and before I would give up now I should sell the shirt off my back."

"I have every confidence in you, Captain," said Mr. Denman. "Indeed I should never have thought of taking shares in the mine if I had not known *you*, and that both of us are members of the same chapel. No,—whatever happens to Pwllgywynt, I shall always say that *you* were honest. But it will be a matter of necessity for me to give up. I may as well tell the truth. I have mortgaged my houses and lands almost to their full value, with the exception of the house I live in,—and my wife knows nothing about it,—if she knew she would break her heart. She knows, by the scarcity of money at home, that I have spent a wonderful lot on Pwllgywynt, and she is always grumbling and groaning; but if she knew all, I should have to pack out."

"I am very sorry to hear you speak like that," said the Captain, "but, though perhaps you will scarcely credit it, I have spent many a sleepless night, as Sarah knows, in thinking of the great sacrifices you have made. But I hope, *and I believe*, that I shall see the day when you will tell Mrs. Denman all, and she will praise you. But everything depends upon whether the company will have the faith and the patience to go on."

"If the company gave up the mine, what would *you* do, Captain,—would you live on your money?" asked Mr. Denman.

"Not quite so, Mr. Denman,—but I'd start again."

"Pwllgywynt?" asked Mr. Denman.

"Yes, Pwllgywynt," said the Captain, "if I had enough money. If I had the means, I would buy Pwllgywynt. But as I have not got *quite* enough for that,—indeed not nearly enough,—I should start in some other place. My eye has been on a spot for some time, in case of anything happening to Pwllgywynt. It is a great thing, Mr. Denman, to be ready for the worst. And this mine shall be my own,—with just a few friends,—and the London people sha'n't put their finger in this pie. It *will* be a mine, on a small scale, without much expense, and will soon pay. But it will be necessary for me to get a few friends, near home, to take shares. One of these friends will be Mr. Denman. Between you and me, I have already got the take note, and indeed your benefit was in my eye, as much as my own. You have spent so much, Mr. Denman, that I puzzled myself many a time how to put something in your way."

"What have you got your eye on, Captain, may

"I be so bold as to ask?" said Mr. Denman, greatly interested.

"Well," said the Captain, "you and I are old friends, and I know you will not let the thing go further, for the present, at all events. Remember that now is not the first time that the place has come into my mind. No, it has been in my mind for years,—I have dreamt a lot about it. So far as my thoughts are concerned the matter is quite old,—the puddling is going on briskly, the engine is puffing, trolleys are carrying the lead to Llannerch y Môr,—and yet the grass is green on the face of the soil. You understand what I mean, Mr. Denman? In my *mind* the mine is old, but in reality the turf is uncut. In my *mind* (and the Captain shut his eyes for a minute) I see it all in full work,—it is old, old, in my mind; but to the world it is new,—indeed unknown,—a perfect secret."

"Perhaps I am too bold," said Mr. Denman, "but you have not yet mentioned—"

"Mr. Denman," said the Captain, turning round,—“do not make use of words such as those. It is not possible for you to be too bold with me. As I said, we are old friends, and I need not keep anything back from you,—nothing, nothing. I would not talk like this with anyone else. If there is anyone more than another who knows my secrets, it is Mr. Denman. I will say more,—I have never even thought of the mine I have spoken about,—I call it a mine, though it has not yet been commenced, for that is merely a matter of time,—I have never even thought of the venture that my eyes are set on, without your being in my thoughts at the same time. I would say to myself,—‘Richard Trevor, no one else knows, but you know, that there is a lot of lead in such and such a place,—who shall share the treasure with you? Well, if anyone shall, Mr. Denman shall,’ I say to myself."

"I am very much obliged, Captain," said Mr. Denman, "but I am afraid I can't venture any more. I have not another ten pounds to spend without doing a wrong to my family."

"That consideration chiefly, though not entirely," said the Captain, "obliged me to put you on the same ground as myself in this new venture. Remember there will be no English to rule us in this case,—you and I up to the present time have spent our money to please ignorant English people, and as I have said it would not be a surprise if they were in the end to throw up the mine and all its cost; and it is time for you and me to turn our eyes to some other place where we can get our money back. The mine will be,—stop though,—I have not yet told you the name of the place I have my eye on, have I, not yet? Well the place is,—it won't go further for the present will it, Mr.

Denman? Well the name of the place is,—*Coed Madog! Coed Madog!! Coed Madog!!!*" (said the Captain, repeating the name in a whisper and confidentially, when he saw, from Mr. Denman's face, signs that every letter in the name was as it were trickling down his back between his flesh and his skin). "Yes, Coed Madog will be a mine for making money and not for throwing it away on every wilderness. You and I, Mr. Denman, have *spent* enough, and it is time for us to begin *making* something. Between you and me, I have not ten pounds to throw away either, but I don't want everybody to know that. Of course it will be necessary to spend something before the mine will pay, and that is why I said we must have a few friends with us. Now Mr. Denman, we will look at the matter in this way. You and I, so to speak, own the mine of Coed Madog. We are on the same footing. We neither of us have any money to throw away. Some money must be spent. Therefore it is necessary to get someone or some people to take shares. You know more people than I do, and know all about their circumstances. If we can benefit the folk of our chapel, all the better, but if we must go to the others,—well,—there is no help for it. Who shall they be, Mr. Denman?"

"Well, Captain," said Mr. Denman, "of our own people I can't think of any one more likely than Mr. Enoch Hughes of the Cross Shop, and Mr. Lloyd the attorney."

"Wonderful!" said the Captain. "How our thoughts coincide! I thought of Mr. Hughes first of anybody, I don't know anything about Mr. Lloyd; but Mr. Hughes, it is said, is a man who has made a lot of money. He is a respectable young man, and in a high position as a tradesman, and he beyond doubt is religious; and if we can put anything in his way by the mine, we shall at the same time be doing good to the cause of religion, because I myself reckon that Mr. Hughes is the best man we have in the chapel,—that is, the best young man. The question is whether we can get him to see the thing in the same light as we do. Mining, no doubt, is strange to him, and with that sort of people it is not easy to put things in their proper light. Will you see him, Mr. Denman?"

"I think," said Mr. Denman, "that the best plan will be for you to send for him here now."

"You have the art of hitting the nail on the head," said the Captain; and sitting down at the table, he wrote a courteous letter to Enoch Hughes, asking him to come as far as Ty'nyrardd. Whilst the Captain is writing the note, and the maid subsequently taking it to the Cross Shop, perhaps it will be as well for me to give the reader a glimpse of the surroundings and thoughts of Enoch, poor fellow.

THE RISE OF TENBY, 1804.

TENBY, including the old and new town, is of no small extent. The former, a place of considerable trade and wealth in the sixteenth century, is now the least respectable. Its streets are narrow, steep, and rugged, and the habitations very indifferent. This is the part chiefly occupied by petty shop-keepers, mariners, and the labouring part of the community. In the upper town, if it may so be named, are many genteel houses, fitted up for the reception of strangers, who resort hither in great numbers during the summer season for the benefit of sea bathing, or to enjoy the company of their friends, and the amusements of the place. The best houses are situated upon the brow of an abrupt precipice, the windows of which command the prospect of the bay in an admirable point of view.

I was rather fortunate in surveying the enchanting scenery of this bay, for the first time in my life, under the favour of a glorious autumnal sky, whose radiance, tempered with light fleecy clouds, richly harmonized with the prospect stretched below. The situation is peculiar. I paused for some few moments in silent rapture with it, fearless of being disturbed in my meditations, and enjoyed in tranquillity that calm serenity of pleasure with which the soul dilates in the contemplation of nature. A more lovely prospect I have seldom seen. Nor were these impressions of a transitory kind; often as I have gazed from the cliffs upon it, I have experienced the same pleasure, and indulged the same sentiments. Never have I been weary of admiring the majestic simplicity of the scenery it commands, the outline of which I shall attempt to trace. From a conviction that the original, in all its beauties, would defy the powers of verbal description, I dare not presume to offer a more finished picture.

Every desirable feature of a romantic sea coast is embraced within the range of the spectator's observation from different points of the cliffs contiguous to the town. The bay is spacious, and forms an area

amidst the wildest assemblage of rocks the imagination can conceive. These are lofty, affording security and shelter to the bay they enclose. The dilapidated ruin of an old castle emerges upon the hill above the pier that skirts the south side of the bay and below it are seen a little fort, and harbour crowded with shipping employed in the coasting trade, or fisheries of the Severn sea. The sands and bay adjacent present a busy spectacle of bathers and bathing machines, with the fishing boats of the town, near the water's edge, pursuing their customary occupations. Numerous vessels, skimming the surface of the translucent sea, enliven the remoter view, while the closing distance, half lost in hazy uncertainty, includes the pale features of the Worms Head; those three gigantic rocky eminences that form the extremity of the rude promontory of Rosilly, about nine leagues distant from the Tenby shore.

It must excite some little astonishment that a situation which boasts such a variety of attractions, and so many advantages for sea bathing in comfort and security, should have remained neglected till within the last twenty years; and further still, that at a period much later the elevated spot, on which the new town has partly risen, should be only occupied by the cottages of a few fishermen.

The circumstances that conspired in the outset to exalt Tenby to consideration as a bathing place, are rather extraordinary, and may be best explained by the recital of a local anecdote that came to our knowledge while we remained for a few days in the town. It appears from this relation that the ancient Welsh custom, of reading prayers for the success of the fishery before the men ventured to cast their nets into the sea, was observed at this port, with much religious scruple, till about five and twenty, or at most thirty years ago. There was a small chapel, stationed on a rocky projection of the shore, that was appropriated solely to the performance of this singular service. Thither the parish priest repaired before the fishery

began, to invoke a benediction on the draught, and there his deputy remained to receive the tithe of the capture when the fishery was over. This custom, which had prevailed in monastic times throughout the Principality, had been sensibly on the decline for the last sixty years. In most of the fishing towns it became extinct by degrees, till at length, about the time before mentioned, it only remained in force at Tenby. The worthy incumbent, aware of this, conceived it might as well be laid aside in his district. To this the fishermen had no objection, provided he should waive his tithe with the ceremony. But, if the tongue of rumour reports true, he tenaciously insisted this could not be right. Although the prayers were deemed superfluous, he seems to have considered it as a matter both of conscience and of duty to demand his share of the capture as before. At last the altercation was happily terminated by mutual compromise, the clergyman consented to receive a moderate compensation in lieu of his tithe of fish; and, the custom being abolished, the chapel was no longer useful to either party.

Thus the building remained deserted for some years, till an intelligent apothecary of Haverfordwest, Mr. Esau Jones, struck with its admirable situation for a bathing house, applied for leave to fit it up to his

mind, for the accommodation of a few patients, to whom he had prescribed the use of the sea waters. This permission was no sooner obtained than put in execution, and thus the *ci-devant* chapel was transformed into a bathing house; the first regular establishment of that kind ever projected at this fashionable watering place.

This event took place rather better than twenty years ago. In the first season the adventurer so far succeeded to his wishes that, on the summer following, he enlarged his scheme, and was able to accommodate a greater number of patients than in the year preceding. Other speculative strangers, encouraged by his example, erected two or three houses on the cliffs for the use of the summer visitors; then the hotel arose, and speedily after the new range of lodging houses began to assume a more important figure. The inference is natural; some of the adventurers have already retired in easy circumstances, acquired by their judicious and well-timed speculations, the place has increased in respectability, and, rising every year into higher consideration, promises, at no very distant period, to become a spot of greater resort in the summer season than perhaps any other bathing place on the coast of Wales.

OUR TRADITIONS.

V. Y GARROG.

Gwilym Cowlyd wrote the following tradition in a letter to a friend in 1885.

THE old tradition about the beast that went by the name "Y Garrog" is widely credited as gospel in the neighbourhood of Llanrwst up to this day. According to the folk lore of the parish, the "Garrog" appears to be the last of the dragon species. It used to take its flight from Bryn Garrog,—close to the church of Eglwysbach,—and to cross the river Conway nearly opposite to the old Abbey House of Maenan or Aberllechog, and it alighted on Dôl y Garrog, just where the river Cowlyd winds its angular course across the vale to the Conwy.

A man living at Dôl y Garrog had dreamt a very ugly dream,—that he was killed by the "Garrog." There was a general hunt day to take place on the morrow,—with the intention of exterminating the Garrog, and thereby putting an effectual stop to the ravages it used to make. People from all parts had gathered together for the event, armed with all kinds of weapons, from a club to a spear, and from a bill-hook to a cross bow.

They met together at early dawn, and started on their perilous expedition with trembling hearts and a mixture of courage

and bravado. The "Garrog" was known to be a terrible and dangerous customer to deal with. His bite was as poisonous as that of the cobra, and his courage and savageness in a fight were simply indescribable. The dreamer took the very wise precaution, on that eventful day, of locking himself up in the house all day. He had placed strong pieces of wood across the flue of the chimney,—inside,—for fear the "Garrog," wounded and exasperated, should happen to fly and fall down through the chimney into his house; and so, falling upon him, make short work of him. He went to bed, having barricaded every access to his house, wrapped the bed clothes over his head, and remained there all day. This he did because his dream had such a mysterious effect upon him, and because he had such ugly forebodings of some coming evil.

However, on the evening of that day, the huntsmen returned, and they had been very fortunate. They had succeeded in

slaying the last "Garrog" in existence, and they had dragged the dead body down with them to Dôl y Garrog,—dead as a milestone!

The glorious news soon spread throughout the neighbourhood, and the terrified dreamer heard that the "Garrog" was really dead, and that its dead body was inspected by the amazed populace on the meadow nigh, which, from that event, took its everlasting name of Dôl y Garrog. He ventured out of bed and out of his house, and joined the throng which inspected the dead body. Feeling now entirely relieved from his fears, he ventured near the dead monster, and gave it a kick with all his might. But in doing so he gave it a kick in the mouth, and, as doom would have it, one of the teeth penetrated his shoe, and into his big toe, and he died instantaneously from the effect of the poison. So ends the story of the "Garrog," and my yarn,—Yours truly,

W. J. ROBERTS.

EDITOR'S NOTES.

THE Rev. John Morgan, rector of Llanilid and Llanharan in Glamorgan, sends me a copy of his little book of restful thoughts,—*"My Welsh Home."* It is published by Elliot Stock, and contains 196 pages in a blue wrapper. The theme is described in the following stanza,—

"On a bleak and barren coast,
Beside a town remote, unknown,
Stood what awakes these strains alone,
The Cambrian Home, my theme and boast."

The Welsh literary awakening has reached Welshmen in America. W. D. Davies' *America* gives many glimpses of our countrymen's homes in the Far West. With this month's packet of Welsh periodicals from America comes a new one,—*Yr Ymdrechydd*,—beautifully printed, well illustrated, and smartly bright.

The danger of most Welsh magazines is dulness. Bright, chatty descriptions of existing conditions are regarded as shallow and superficial; while articles on theology and philosophy,—often as dull as they are uncritical and devoid of originality,—are welcomed. In the old Welsh magazines the dead part consists of disquisitions on theology and philosophy,—now antiquated,—and one looks in vain for graphic descriptions of contemporary persons and scenes. The "new journalism" strikes many as being too personal and too shallow, but its pages will be regarded as of the greatest

interest and of the greatest historical value in years to come. Most people can write an interesting diary; it is only a few of the greatest and freshest thinkers that can hope to find posterity taking an interest in their mental exercises.

As a general rule, anything that appears in WALES is at the service of anyone who desires to reprint it in any other paper. One of the few exceptions is Miss Kate Price's "Ballad of Conway" in this number.

Old Aberystwythians will be grateful to the Rev. E. D. Priestly Evans for bringing up old memories by means of his "In fear of a ghost." I remember those evenings well, for I was there. The bugle was a lovely harrier bugle, emitting a most powerful sound. It was the Nanteos bugle, and had been bequeathed to the college with other treasures by G. E. Powell. A mischievous child,—now a grave professional man,—had got hold of it while the magnificent bequest was being arranged in the college museum.

The queries and replies promise to be interesting and valuable. The last page of WALES is in type before the fifteenth of each month,—perhaps contributors will kindly remember this. Replies concerning Mr. Law's "Little England beyond Wales," and by Mr. Hamer Jones, will appear,

QUESTIONS ON WELSH HISTORY.

At the request of several schoolmasters, who use WALES in their pupil teachers' classes, I begin a series of questions on Welsh history. If desired, skeleton answers to these questions will be given.

I.

1. WRITE a short essay on the relations between Geography and History, with special reference to Wales.
2. What are the chief elements of the Welsh people? Do any of these elements preponderate in any special part of the country?
3. Explain *dux Britanniarum*, *gwledig*, *bretwalda*.
4. Write any comments on the following names of places,—Rhos y Bol, Carmarthen, Cardigan, Swansea, Anglesey, Niwbwrch, Rossett, Constitution Hill.

II.

1. "Urbem fecisti orbem terrarum" ("Thou hast made the world a city state"). What is meant by saying that this line is an epitome of the history of Rome?
2. Describe, as minutely as you can, the Britain seen by Julius Cæsar.
3. What strike you as being the chief characteristics of Tacitus' descriptions of Britain?

4. Write a brief account of the work of Julius Agricola.

III.

1. What was Druidism?
2. Do we find any traces of human sacrifice in Wales?
3. What are the chief theories about the introduction of Christianity into this country?
4. Give the chief characteristics of the early British Church?

IV.

1. Describe the Welsh tribal system. Did it cease with the Roman occupation?
2. What did the Romans do (a) for agriculture, (b) for the building of towns, (c) for road making, (d) for mining in Wales?
3. Why are the battles of Deorham (597) and Chester (613) important in our history?
4. What are the chief authorities for Welsh history before 613?

QUERIES AND REPLIES.

QUERIES.

VII. ROMAN ROADS.

WHAT were the purposes of the Roman roads in Wales? Were they entirely military? When and why did they fall into disuse?

Cardiff.

R.R.

VIII. RADNORSHIRE.

When did Radnorshire become English-speaking? I have been told it lost its Welsh on account of the influence of Hereford. But why should Hereford have a greater influence on Radnor than Chester on Flint? There must be some other causes.

Rhayadr.

GWYN.

IX. WELSH TOWNS.

What is the origin of Welsh towns? In old Welsh histories I find few, if any, towns mentioned. None of our old national heroes, as far as I am aware, are connected with towns.

HISTORICUS.

X. GEOLOGY OF WALES.

Are there any books or articles, on the geology of Wales, that will help me to understand the distribution of Welsh industries?

A. RHYMNEY.

REPLIES.

1. ALL the feudal taxes were commuted after the Restoration for £100,000, this sum being paid out of the "Hereditary Excise" and other sources. The *firma comitatûs* was, I believe, included in the taxes

commuted; so were purveyance and pre-emption. I have no books by me, but I believe that the mise paid by Wales for the prince's progress was embraced in the same commutation.

3. Catholicism had greatly declined in Wales by the end of the last century, owing to the rigour of the fearful persecution which continued so long after the trials of the "Popish plot," and owing to the strengthening of Protestant zeal by patriotic hatred of France. Catholicism had completely died out of the bishopric of Bangor, I doubt whether one Catholic was left in it. The Jesuit Residence of St. Winefrid,—with missions at Holywell, Plowden Hall, Powis Castle, and Welshpool,—made Catholicism die more hardly in the diocese of St. Asaph. In South Wales Catholicism had the powerful help of the Jesuit College of St. Francis Xavier. Many of the missions lingered on to this century, and some, I believe, flourish still.

About the connection between Catholicism and the Revival, I know nothing; but I believe that Peter Williams' family are partly Jesuit and partly Calvinistic,—receiving the persecution that was meted out to both.

There is much interesting information in Henry Foley's "Records of the English Province of the Society of Jesus," series IX, X, XI, XIII. I hope to be able to give, from time to time, Catholic and Protestant versions of the history of Catholicism in Wales during the eighteenth century.

4. WELSH AMERICANS.—In answer to J. J., I may say that no less than seventeen Welshmen signed the Declaration of Independence. These I briefly enumerate. First and certainly foremost

was Thomas Jefferson, whose ancestors lived at the foot of Snowdon, whence they came to Virginia. He was very proud of his British descent. Benjamin Harrison of Virginia, whose ancestors also came from Wales, was chairman of the committee which reported the Declaration of Independence. John Penn was born in Virginia, of a Welsh family. Stephen Hopkins, the representative of Rhode Island at the convention, came of a Welsh family; and John and Samuel Adams were of Welsh birth. William Williams, the delegate of Connecticut at the convention, was a Welshman. Francis Hopkins, the author of "Hail Columbia," "The Battle of the Keggs," and various other patriotic pamphlets, was a Welshman, and represented New Jersey at the Continental Congress. Robert Morris, the delegate of Pennsylvania, was born in Wales, in 1733. He was an able financier, and for a long time his individual credit was superior to that of the Congress itself. He died comparatively poor, having lost a great fortune in the war. Francis Henry Lightfoot Lee was a signer from Virginia, and of Welsh birth. Arthur Middleton was of Welsh origin, born in South Carolina. He, like Robert Morris, lost a great portion of his fortune in the cause. John Morton of Pennsylvania, a native of Delaware, was descended from a Welsh family, by his mother. He was one of the committee which reported the articles of confederation. Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, was also a Welshman. He had the honour to offer the resolution declaring the colonies free and independent. Button Guinness, a delegate from Georgia to the Continental Congress, was born in 1732, and was a native of Wales. He was instrumental in forming the State Constitution of Georgia, and was president of the State. Of the four delegates who were sent by New York to the Continental Congress in 1766, three were Welshmen,—William Floyd, Francis Lewis, and Lewis Morris. Floyd was born on Long Island, in 1734; Francis Lewis was born in South Wales, in 1713, Lewis Morris was born in 1726, of a Welsh family. He lost a large amount of property by the war.

Newport.

G. A. TUDOR DAVIES.

5. The first Welsh political paper was edited by the Rev. Roger Edwards of Mold. It was called "Cronicle yr Oes."

There is much interesting information about the Welsh press in the Rev. T. M. Jones' "Llenyddiaeth fy Ngwlad,"—to be obtained of the author at Penmachno. Full lists of Welsh newspapers and periodicals were given in the sixth volume of "Cymru."

6. There is a good history of the Dolgellau district of Merioneth, in Welsh, by the late R. Prys Morris,—*"Cantref Meirionnydd,"*—a carefully written book of 600 pages, published by E. W. Evans, Dolgellau. Dafydd Morgannwg has a Welsh history of Glamorganshire.

The old county histories, all written in English,—Rowland's *"Mona Antiqua,"* Meyrick's *"Cardiganshire,"* Jones' *"Breconsire,"* and Walton's

"Pembrokeshire,"—are very vague and unsatisfactory compared with the work of men who went before them and with that of men like A. N. Palmer, G. T. Clarke, and Henry Taylor in our days. It is impossible to write good county histories before antiquarians have done for every Welsh county what Mr. Clarke is doing for Glamorganshire, Mr. Taylor for Flintshire, and Mr. Palmer for portions of Denbighshire. There are many serviceable county biographical dictionaries.

George Owen's *"Description of Pembrokeshire,"* dated 1603, and lately published for the Cymmrodorion by Henry Owen, is still, perhaps, our best county history. George Owen wrote a short account of all the shires of Wales in 1602. I copied his description of Merioneth from his MS. at the Bodleian library.

J. M. EDWARDS.

MERIONETHSHIRE HATH IN IT

Hundreds 6, Castles 2, Parish Churches 37.

Chieffe Lordships .. . 5	Mowddwy Edelrion Glyndoverdwy Gweddellwern Kymer
Market Towns .. . 3	Dolgelley Harlech Bala
Forestes and Wooddes .. .	Berwyn Yr Ennig Fawr Cader Edris Aran
Chieffe Mountaines and Hills 7	Bwlch y Groes Clawedog Kadair y Vorwyn Bwlch Carreg y Vran
Parkes .. .	Aberdyvy Bermo
Chieffe Rivers .. . 8	Dyvi Dywynny Mowthay Dyverdwy Trowerlin Afan Ceiriog Arthro
Monastries .. .	Kymer
Priories .. .	None

GENEROSE.	MANSIONES.	UXORES.
Robert Salsbrie, milles)	Rhug	Alia Henri Bagnoll Miltis
Edward Meyrick ..	Ycheldre	Kath: fil: Ieuan Lloid, Miltis
Kydwalader Price ..	Rhiwlas	f: Willm Gr: de Caernarfon
Griffith Vychan ..	Corsygedol	f: Io: Gr: de Caernarfon
Hugo Nanney ..	Nanney	f: Ricle Vychan
Robertus Lloid ..	Rhiwgoch	f: Hugonis Nanney
Humphr. Hughes ..	Maes y Pandy	f: Io ab Hugh ab Ieuan
Jacobus Price ..	Maes y Maengwyn	f: et her: Humphr: Io ap Hugh
Eliz. ab Wm. Lloid ..	Rywedock	..Iana f: Hugh Nanney
Johannes Lewis Owen ..	Y Llwyn	..Ursula Mytton
Edward Price ..	Pennal	..Gwen
Ednyset Griffith ..	Tywyn	..f: Io: Wogam Miltis
Hugo Owen ..	Talyllyn	f: Io: ap Hugh ap Ieuan
Edmund Price, Archite.	Cae y Berllan	..Iana f: Morg. Vychan
Roland ab Elissa ..	Maentwrog	..Kath: f: Io Powys
Piers Lloid ..	Rywedogg	..f: Doct Ellis Price
Richr. Thelodee ..	Dol	..Iana f: Elissa ap Owen
Humphr. Hughes ..	Branes	..f: Johannis ap Edward
	Gwerchlys	

Thelwall

Johannes Vychan ..	Caerney	..f: Hugonis Nanney
David Morgan ..	Crogen	..Kath: f: Joh. Wynn
Humfr: ap Hugh	Hendwr	{ f. Rydd: David Mredd.
Watkin ab Edward ..	Llanfawr	..Grace Edwards
Moris ap Io: ap Elys..	Paley	..Gwen Morgan
Moris Lewis ..	Festiniog	{ f: Robt Vychan ap
		{ Ieuan Goch
Griffith Nanney ..	Dolychowgryd	{ f: Io, Wyn ap
		{ Kadwaladr
Robt. ab Edward ..	Llanbedr	..
Robt. ap Ieuan ap	M'gan	..
Henrie Salisbury ..	Dolygelynem	{ Elys: Vaugh: f: Rice
		{ Vychan
Johannes Lloid ..	Kelswell	..
Ludowicus Gwynn ..	Dolegwynion	..

Patria The soil,—

The country is mountainous, and little corn land.

The people,—

Ta l men, well governed and theafs hated.

Villae No good town in the shire.

Merioneth { longe { from } Aberdovey } to Llananfrede
 { broade { from } Berthkeleert } .. Mar Lloyd .. 25 } miles

6. WELSH COUNTY HISTORIES.—Undoubtedly the best and most thorough of the histories of Welsh counties is that on the county of Brecknock, in three large quarto volumes, which was published by Messrs. W. and G. North, of Brecon, 1805-9. The author was Theophilus Jones, attorney and deputy-registrar of the Archdeaconry of Brecon, grandson of the quaint Theophilus Evans.

Meyrick's "History of the County of Cardigan" is a large quarto, of pretentious promise, but it is very disappointing in fulfilment. Jones' "Breconshire" has very important pedigrees of all the chief county families (though by no means always correct). Meyrick's "Cardigan" was published in London, in 1808.

Next in importance, we may class Coxe's "History of Monmouthshire," 2 volumes, quarto, (1801); an inferior work (demy quarto) is Williams' "Monmouthshire" (1796), and Fenton's "Pembrokeshire," thick demy quarto, published in 1811. For a very complete "Bibliography of Local and County Histories relating to Wales and Monmouth" see a very scarce volume, "Old Welsh Chips," published and edited in 1888, by Mr. Edwin Poole of Brecon, author of "The Illustrated History and Biography of the County of Brecknock," and publisher of other local topographical and biographical works.

Merioneth does not seem to have been so fortunate as some of the other Welsh counties. I only know of Evans' "History of the Counties of Montgomeryshire and Merionethshire," (1810), and some articles in "The Cambrian Register," as well, of course, as the modern guide-books.

EDWIN POOLE.

Caxton Buildings, Brecon.

Sept. 12th, 1894.

THE TERROR OF TWLL Y GARREG.

IT was a mysterious, hungry looking cave, gaping ominously over the north end of the quarry, and only reached by a natural flight of steps formed out of the ledges of the rock as they abutted over each other. No one entered the cave who did not fix his eyes to his left as he ascended the few yards of gravel which led into its opening. For the yawning gulf which deepened in front of it dizzied the steadiest of the Disreputables, with whom Twll Dafydd y Garreg was a favourite resort. Sometimes they climbed into it every evening, more especially in summer, and invariably on Sunday afternoons. There, lazily smoking their shag, and exchanging the tales which men like to tell and women love to hear, they gazed undisturbed into the distance, where the ivy mantled ruins of Castell Caledfryn overlooked the slated roofs of the small town. Not that the Disreputables appreciated the soft beauty and calmness of the scene, or the copper coloured moors of the hills surrounding the valley, or the richly varied hues of the fields in the lowlands. They

resorted hither because they were secure from the pestering attentions of the rich spinster, who sought to save souls when the quarrymen had finished work, particularly in the street where all the Disreputables lived. Again, there they escaped the noisy hilarity of the children at home, and the family music of the chapel-going bricklayer next door, who taught all his children to sing in unison, and also away from the scornful lordliness of the pious.

"Yes," said the Poacher, reticent, self-contained, "you may talk like a book, Tom, about your atheism, but you won't convince me that has no meaning."

As he spoke he directed his gaze to the blue sky, under which the glowing colours of the valley were toned with the soft shades of dusk.

"That ain't logic," answered Tom. He was an argumentative carpenter, fond of many things, but of nothing more than of discussing abstract theories which bore the least relation to saws and timber. "I tell you, chaps like Bradlaugh——"

"Ah, yes, you were talking of him at

the King's when your missus came in the other night," interjected Phil the impecunious, a blacksmith, who divided his leisure between bantering Tom and hammering out rhymes on the least provocation.

"People who believe in creeds," continued Tom, ignoring the reference to his better half, "will believe in ghosts if it's ever fashionable. They mould their beliefs into the shape of the time."

"I suppose you laugh at ghosts?" ventured Phil.

"So does every man of common sense," responded the philosophical carpenter, absently.

"But you didn't laugh when you found yourself a prisoner here," snapped Phil, with a nasty emphasis.

"I know I didn't," said Tom, in a changed tone. "I was but a kiddie then. But, after all, the experience taught me the hollowness of ghost-belief."

"How did it happen?" asked the Poacher, who was doing twelve months at the time when the incident furnished the latest gossip at the quarry.

"It was like this," answered the carpenter, as he filled his pipe, an example of comfort which was followed by the two other Disreputables. "You remember that burning August day about ten years ago, when the old well,—pointing to the quarry, —was dried up?"

"I dont," replied the Poacher brusquely. He never liked a reference to the last decade. One of his peculiarities was that he was always silent as to his gaol experience.

"Well," resumed Tom, "it was hot one Friday evening, and I came up here to sit down. I don't know whether it was in consequence of the air, but I fell asleep. How long I slept is a mystery. Anyway, when I woke it was pitch dark. For a moment I imagined I was dreaming, till I stretched out my arms and touched the cold, clammy rocks around me. When I realized where I was my hair stood almost on end, for it requires a cat to get out of here in the dark. Twenty summers had passed over my head then, but I felt as helpless as a child when I thought of the danger in front of me. I got up and felt

for my matchbox. I could find it nowhere. Then I searched for my pipe. It was not in my pockets, and in taking a step to the left I heard my heel crunch the clay to atoms. It must have dropped from my mouth to the floor when I fell asleep. I did not feel quite at ease I can tell you."

"Not so comfortable as at home, eh, Tom," interrupted Phil, who loved to harp on Tom's domesticity.

"Shut up," growled the Poacher. Tom's experiences were getting interesting; they reminded him of the weary hours he had passed in night sporting.

"I must have been awake about two hours, as time seemed to me, when I heard the clock of Llanfair strike three. Suddenly the air became stuffy and close. By and bye I heard the distant rumble of thunder, and then an occasional flash of lightning brightened the gloom. A few minutes after the rain came down in torrents, and for the next hour my spirits found companionship in the pattering raindrops, as they dashed upon the rock. Have you ever seen a storm at night?" broke off Tom.

"Don't want to," answered Phil, curtly.

"I have," said the Poacher, slowly. He had recollections of soaking clothes, empty nets, and pursuant gamekeepers.

"It's one of the grandest sights on earth," continued Tom. "What a relief that thunder, lightning, and rain brought to my solitude! However, there's an end to all things, and an end came to the storm. Then followed the most fearful experience I ever suffered. The rapid swishing of the rain ceased; for a moment or two even the shrieking sound of the gusty winds died away, and the solitude of Twll Dafydd y Garreg became as heavy as the sorrow of death. There I was bounded in a cave five feet high, with six inches of gravel on one side to take me into the land of safety, and, on the other, about six hundred yards of space merging its deadly shadows into the valley. Add to this a darkness as intense as that of hell——"

"Thought you didn't believe in hell?" exclaimed his critic.

"I do when I hear such fellows as you," snarled Tom, a jubilant ring in his tone at getting in an effective retort. "Then, my

courage well nigh spent, I thought of the famous ghost of Twll Dafydd y Garreg. Tradition has it that the apparition of Dafydd y Mwg, who broke his neck over the quarry, wanders about the cave at early dawn, about three o'clock, the hour when his body was found. As I listened to the half chime of the church clock, I thought of the ghost. At that age my nerves were very slack, for it never took much to frighten me. Forthwith mystic, dread shadows seemed to grow out of the darkness. I felt the folly of my childish fears; but as each minute tottered by my grim fancies grew. The most hideous illusions held my mind, and my misery was not mellowed by the melancholy music of the moaning blasts under which the clustered branches of the Coed groaned and sighed. As I lay on the ground, within three feet of an invisible yawning gulf, I caught a glimpse of the first streaks of dawn. At the same moment, just as the three quarter chime sounded across the valley, an awful fright seized me, for I became conscious of the presence of an unseen companion. All over me crept a chilling, deadly feeling; my nerves were strung to their highest tension, as I heard a stealthy tread behind me. I kept my eyes on the horizon whence the darkness was rising, afraid to turn round. The footsteps crept nearer and nearer, and I heard a panting breath. Great God, was I

going mad? Closer and closer came the stealthy tread, and I felt the hot breath of some mystic madman upon my neck. A pair of gleaming eyes were the first object I saw, as I turned round with a gasp. In doing so my hand brushed against the ground where the matchbox lay. I opened it with trembling fingers, and struck a match against its side. It was damp. I took out another lucifer, and struck it against my teeth. My panting breath almost extinguished the light. For a moment the small yellow flame flickered. Then it burst into a bright light, and I saw the ghost of Twll Dafydd y Garreg,—it was your mangy, dirty, ugly lurcher."

"Ha," laughed the Poacher,—it was a nasty laugh, for punishment had killed his sense of humour,—"you should have kept the secret. Whisk would never have split on you, for none can keep his counsel as my dog can."

"What do you think?" jeered Phil. "How could the poor devil keep his own counsel with the fear that he had on him when we saw him come down the rock in the morning?"

"I suppose he did look bad," admitted the Poacher.

"Bad d'ye call it? He looked just as he did on Saturday, when his missus caught him playing at pitch and toss."

ARTEMUS JONES.

PORTHKERRY BAY.

I WALKED on the shingly beach,
When the tide came rolling in,
And the cannonade of the bay's wide reach
Was a mighty muffled din;
Earth covered her panting breast
With a wavy shimmering sheen;
And my soul was filled with a strange unrest
As I gazed on the noon-day scene.
The sun shone fiercely down
On the ocean's feathery spray,
And I trudged on the shingly beach alone,
For what company were they!

And vague chaotic thought
Flitted across my mind,
It came unbid, went unbesought,
But left its shadow behind.
Each stone beneath me a grave,
Where once teemed life untold;

And ocean singeth a requiem stave
For the wreck of systems old.
And where is that life now?
Tell me, ye mighty wise!
Or before the mystery reverently bow,
And close your too-curious eyes.

I plucked a floweret sweet,
Of tender and modest hue,
That peeped o'er the pebbles' head, to greet
The stranger who nothing knew;
And it bade my spirit rest,
For it spoke of the Lord of all.
On the verge of the charnel-house in the west,
Where the pebbles rise and fall,
Where the battle rages long,
With the rattle of ceaseless strife,
The sweet little flower took up the song
Of worship, of love, and of life.

OWEN GEORGE.

GABRIEL YORETH.

A STORY ILLUSTRATIVE OF WELSH THOUGHT FIFTY YEARS AGO.

BY THE REV. E. CYNFFIG DAVIES, M.A., MENAI BRIDGE.

CHAPTER V.

THE MANSE.

THERE was no home in Baileyhill where Gabriel was more welcome, and where his good qualities were better understood, than at the Congregational manse. One evening, in accordance with the usual tenor of their varied discussions, their conversation turned upon the advantage of early religious convictions. Mr. Riley observed,—

"Many, these days, object to the attention paid to the religious profession of children. I esteem it a very high privilege that I was received into church fellowship when I was about thirteen years old. Of course I had been brought up in the church from infancy. I believe my prayers and devotions were as earnest at thirteen as at any subsequent period of my life. Our playing at prayer and preaching in childhood may have been as acceptable in the sight of our Heavenly Father as our grandest religious efforts of worship before the public."

"If so, father," said Mrs. Riley, "we should encourage children's prayer meetings."

"I do not go so far as that, but what I suggest is that there was in our child worship an element of spontaneous expression of love to God that must have been pleasing in His sight."

"I quite agree with you," said Gabriel, "that children's minds are capable of guileless religious earnestness."

"Youthful piety," continued Mr. Riley, "in my estimation is much like early rising of a day when you have a long journey to make before its close; and it gives me a species of pure satisfaction to have reason to think that the other members of my family,—that is, my wife and daughter,—were led to consecrate themselves to the love and the service of our Lord Jesus at the same early hour of life."

"We cannot go wrong," said Gabriel,

"when we follow in the footsteps of our Saviour, as to the claims of childhood and early life upon our attention and sympathy; for he was fond of the early rising we all approve."

At that point Miss Riley, with a fine perception of the fitness of things, gave a turn to the serious bent of their discussion by a remark touched with a tinge of mirth,—

"Then, father, we may designate ourselves in this house as a trio of early risers, which is not always or unexceptionally true of us;" and, turning to Gabriel, she added,—"early rising, also, we know to be the order of the day with you, when our schoolroom was being reared up."

But May Riley's playful observation, being intended to elicit Gabriel's religious experience on the subject, had its effect; and his reply came with a quiet, and yet spontaneous intensity that caused a thrill of feeling in the minds of the other three,—

"I live under a continual obligation to thank Jesus that the God of Samuel called me early to his service."

To create a further diversion in the solemn groove to which their conversation had run, Miss Riley pointed out that their trio of early risers was framing into a quartet, and that they had better take a Psalm tune to her accompaniment on the piano. They sang a favourite hymn with much taste and pathos; and ere Gabriel left, Mr. Riley read a portion of the Psalms and prayed.

The word quartet conveyed to Gabriel a significant meaning which May had not intended when causing a change of current in the strain of solemnity attending their discussion on that particular evening. His liking for May had been growing imperceptibly into a strong attachment and refined admiration, so that, during the following days, the remembrance of their quartet and the evening prayer of the good pastor only served to chrystalize and give form to the profound respect and pure pleasure he had felt centring in the

manse. When he became conscious what it all meant, a sense of painful recoil seized his mind,—a recoil from the possibility of asking Miss Riley to take for herself the changed name of an ex-convict. Still more was the attachment intensified when, calling one day at the manse, he discovered that John Venn, the missionary in South Africa, who went to his field of labour by the ship in which Gabriel was taken to exile, was cousin to May. A letter had arrived from the missionary detailing an encouraging account of the mission work in Africa, and referring to the young convict he met on board in going out to the Cape. The concluding part of the letter was penned as follows,—

“You may have read of a Welsh preacher of much promise who was sent to penal servitude to Van Dieman’s Land for a period of twelve years for causing the death of a policeman in a riot in one of the coal districts of Glamorganshire. I took down his name in a pocket book, which I lost on my way from the Cape to the interior; but his surname remains indelible in my memory. You will be able to find out upon enquiry his full name, which, I think, is Michael Yoreth. There can be no manner of doubt that he is the victim of a most wrongful miscarriage of justice. I had frequent opportunities of holding converse with him on deck; and I do not remember meeting a young man of such individuality in his vivid conviction of Christian truth, in quiet unassuming fortitude under wrong, and in the gift of mingling puritan severity of thought with kindly tolerance toward all who love the Lord Jesus. His originality in the conception and the expression of his ideas undoubtedly arose in part from his environment, training, and nationality, but, after making all due deductions, there remains too much of the real thing for him ever to be lost in the crowd. If you should at any time make a trip to Van Dieman’s Land, I should feel that you conferred a favour upon me by enquiring for him, and doing something to help him to continue to raise himself above his circumstances. Some of the things he told me, and the way in which they were told, took a hold upon me which will never loosen its grasp

as long as the visible remains undissolved. Dear uncle, remember our work in your prayers at the family altar and in the church.”

It is not difficult to imagine the amount of self-control required of Gabriel to listen imperturbably to the reading of this letter. But after setting the missive back in her father’s letter-box, according to a species of unconscious tact she assumed a lively bantering tone and said,—

“Really, Mr. John, your nation ought to be excommunicated for its devotion to angels, one of you being a Michael and another a Gabriel. To say the least, this is more than Puritan, it is angelic.”

Gabriel then knew only too well who was his angel, but dared not say; and he feared he could never give his thought expression of that fact. How fortunate it seemed that Mr. Venn had forgotten the full name, for if it were otherwise his position would be rendered more difficult than it really was.

At that moment Mr. Riley entered the house, having been making pastoral visits, which greatly interested and pleased him; the return from a fruitful visit being, no doubt, one of the bright and cheering experiences of a pastor’s life.

“Have you shown Mr. John your cousin’s letter, May?”

“Yes, father, and I told him that the dwellers of the mountains of Wales, climbing nearer the sky than we do, are becoming angelic with their Michaels and Gabriels.”

“It requires more than the mere name of a blissful being,” said Mr. Riley, “to be able to endure such wrong with fortitude and resignation, and without sometimes losing faith in the moral rectitude of the universe.”

The thoughts of Gabriel then ran to the reading of “Butler’s Analogy” in the settlement, and how he had fortified his faith by its contents.

“You are acquainted I presume, Mr. John, with many of the circumstances of the event to which my nephew refers.”

“I am, Mr. Riley, for I was in the neighbourhood at the time, and took the keenest cognizance of the issues of the affair, and I most decidedly form the same conclusion as Mr. Venn, that it is an instance of extreme miscarriage of justice.”

"The event," said May, in the spirit of sunny hopefulness, "will right itself sooner or later. A kindly Providence will surely intervene, and even now in the sight of clear minded persons no stigma can be really fastened upon the poor man's true character. I am so glad my cousin, in real missionary spirit, showed his sympathy with that Michael. What a pleasure it must give one to help any human being so situated!"

"You are performing the office," thought Gabriel within himself, "but you do not now receive your full reward of pleasure, for you do it unawares."

"What you say, my child, is undoubtedly correct. I visited a case just now, which forms an object lesson in the principle you enunciate concerning the beneficent overruling providence of our Father. A young clerk in the old country was accused of theft, and a shameful breach of trust. He had no means of rebutting the circumstantial evidence likely to be adduced against him, and being ashamed of facing a tribunal, he consequently fled from his home and country and came to the gold diggings. Then as the result of a more arduous mode of life here, he is now, I fear, at the door of death. But the threatening cloud overhanging him is dispersed; a letter came to him this morning from a friend who knew his whereabouts, informing him that the question of the theft was cleared; the lost bond and the money were found where they had been thoughtlessly placed by the head of the firm. The poor man may rally as he realizes the meaning of the message; yet in losing his home he came here to find his Saviour,—better than much gold!"

"Is it Bob Jackson, father? Mother and I called to see him yesterday."

"Yes, May, it is he; but his true surname is Jones. I intend to write to his friends at Cardiff after calling to see him later on this evening."

"You have given utterance to kindly sentiments as to the sad lot of those who fall under the ban of society, through false evidence or hasty conclusions; but suppose an ex-convict expressed a desire to become my partner in the building trade or in some great contract, would I be justified,

all else being satisfactory, in acceding to his wishes?" asked Gabriel.

"That puts our principles to the test pretty sharply; nevertheless I say yes, on the condition already specified, viz., that you are convinced that the said ex-convict is innocent of the crime for which he was exiled, other considerations being agreeable to the supposed partnership."

"Nevertheless, Mr. Riley, it places a man at a fearful disadvantage in the race of life to be stigmatised with the name convict."

"Possibly you are not aware," replied the pastor, "that there are some ex-convicts in our generous climate who have risen to positions of wide influence and usefulness; and there are some who were transported on clearly false issues. The undeniable instances I have seen of the perversion of penal justice, form, in my estimation, an insurmountable argument against capital punishment."

"The magnanimity of mind which your argument evinces must be much harder to practise than to expound and profess. Are you not sometimes tempted to lose faith in men, when you witness the seamy side of society such as is found in proximity to a penal settlement?"

"No, no; it would ill become my calling to fail to repose trust in man, especially when he is tried, tempted, and repentant. We came to Baileyhill ten years ago, having quitted the mother country for the sake of my health, which is now as good as ever. After our arrival, the first year was spent in founding a new cause here; and being the first minister to enter the field in what was then a small village, I had many advantages to make a good start. By the second year I had gathered around me some of the best men in the district,—men of sterling good character, most of whom you know yourself; and since then I have often thanked the invisible hand that took mine into its gentle grasp to lead me to this important post. During that time I have been guided by superhuman light to read hearts and to select the best Christian workers, hardly ever reposing trust in the wrong place."

EDUCATIONAL WORKS

PUBLISHED BY

Hughes & Son, Wrexham.

IN CLOTH. PRICE 4s. 6d.

Rowlands' Welsh Grammar: by the late Rev. Thomas Rowland.

A Grammar of the Welsh Language, written in English: based on the most approved systems, with copious examples from some of the best Authors.

Uniform with the above, PRICE 4s. 6d.

Welsh Exercises: adapted to the above Grammar, by the same Author, with copious Explanatory Notes.

IN CLOTH, Fcap. 8vo., 2s. 6d.

Cyfystyron y Gymraeg (Welsh Synonyms): by Griffith Jones (*Glan Menai*). Of this little volume

CANON SILVAN EVANS says:—

"He has not only compiled a copious list of words that are, in a general sense considered synonymous, but he has shewn, in most cases, the different shades of meaning conveyed by those words."

IN CLOTH, Fcap. 8vo., 2s.

Gramadeg Gymraeg: by the Rev. David Rowlands, B.A. (*Dewi Môn*), Brecon.

University College of North Wales, **BANGOR**

(A Constituent College of the University of Wales.)

PRINCIPAL: H. R. REICHEL, M.A.,

With Eight Professors, Four Lecturers, and Eleven other teachers. Next Session begins OCTOBER 2nd, 1894. The College courses include the subjects for the degrees of London University. Students intending to graduate in Medicine at the Universities of Edinburgh or Glasgow may take their first year's course at the College. There are special departments for Agriculture and Electrical Engineering.

At the Entrance Scholarship Examination (beginning SEPTEMBER 18th) more than 20 Scholarships and Exhibitions, ranging in value from £40 to £10, will be open for competition. One half the total amount offered is reserved for Welsh candidates.

For further information and copies of the Prospectus, apply to

JOHN EDWARD LLOYD, M.A.,

Secretary and Registrar.

For those who desire
To LEARN WELSH.

Ab Owen's Publications.

Welsh Classics.

HANES Y FFYDD YNG NGHYMRU
(History of the Faith in Wales.)

By Charles Edwards. Three Pence.

DINISTR JERUSALEM (Destruction of Jerusalem.)—Illustrated.

By Eben Fardd. Three Pence.



LUD'S CAVES. (From *Hanes Cymru*.)

HANES CYMRU (History of Wales.)
One Penny.

PLANT Y BEIRDD (Poet's Children.)
One Penny.

HANES JOHN PENRI. Three Pence.

CANEUON MOELWYN. One Shilling.

PENHILLION TELYN. First Series.
One Shilling.

To be obtained from Hughes and Son,
56, Tŷpŷ Street, Wrexham.

TIME TESTED TEA.

Pure Indian Souchong

(PRIZE MEDAL LIVERPOOL EXHIBITION)

At 1/7 per lb.

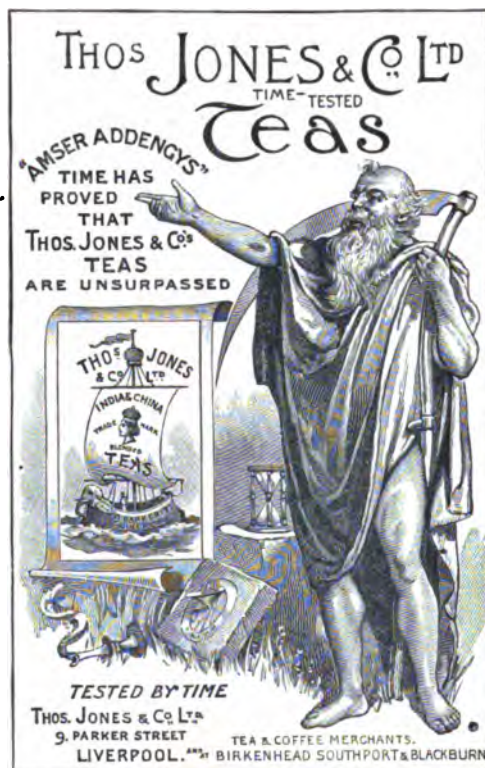


Superior
Blended

TEA

At 2/- per lb.

Specially
recommended



Choice
"Afternoon"

TEA

At 2/6 per lb.

rich delicate
flavour



Samples and Price List on application.

THOS. JONES & CO., LTD.
Tea and Coffee Importers,
9, PARKER STREET,
LIVERPOOL.

A NATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR THE ENGLISH SPEAKING PARTS OF WALES



SYR HUGH OWEN



WALES

EDITED BY

Owen M. Edwards, M.A.,

Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford.

Contents:

FRONTISPIECE.—*At the Furnace.*

OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS.—*Sketches in North Wales; H. Bulkeley Price, W. Ll. Williams, M.A., Miss E. P. Hughes, Miss Anna Rowlands, B.A., J. Gwenogfryn Evans, M.A.; Cuff Beuno; Conway Castle; &c.*

	PAGE.
OWEN, BY THE GRACE OF GOD PRINCE OF WALES. 289	
FOR COUNTRY OR FOR KING. By W. Ll. Williams, M.A., Cardiff	293
THE DIOCESE OF BANGOR IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY	294
SKETCHES IN NORTH WALES	297
A JESUIT'S DESCRIPTION OF WALES	299
THE WELSH BIBLE. By Z. H. Lewis	302
THE SONG OF THE NIGHTINGALE. By R. Drury, Liverpool	304
SOME MERIONETHSHIRE CHURCHES. By the late W. W. E. Wynne, of Penlarth	305
HOW MAURICE KYFFIN LED ME INTO TROUBLE	306
DERWELLION. The Legend of Llantrisant. By J. Craven Thomas	312
THE DIARY OF A BARD. V. A bard's wife	313
EDWARD, LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY'S POEMS. By R. Williams, F.R.H.S., Newtown	316
A LEGACY. By T. L. Owen, Carnarvon	319
WHEN COMES MY GWEN. By E. C. J., of Llanidloes	321
ENOCH HUGHES. Chapter X. From the Welsh of Daniel Owen by the Hon. Claud Vivian, Chester	322
CULTURE AND CHEEK	325
SOME AMERICAN LIGHT ON WELSH EDUCATIONAL PROBLEMS. By Millicent Hughes	328
GABRIEL YORETH. VI. Perplexity and Love. By the Rev. E. Cynffig Davies, M.A., Menai Bridge	333
MISCELLANEOUS.—Editor's Notes, 310; Queries and Replies, Questions on Welsh History, 332.	

Sixpence.



S.M.J.



PIANOS! PIANOS!! PIANOS!!

From 10/- Monthly.

— ON NEW HIRE SYSTEM. —

LARGEST STOCK IN THE KINGDOM.

Thompson & Shackell,

(LIMITED,)

QUEEN'S MUSIC WAREHOUSE, CARDIFF,

Also at Swansea, Newport, Bristol, Merthyr, Gloucester, Cheltenham, Pontypridd, Llanelly, &c., &c.

✦ Sole Agents for South Wales for the Estey Organs and the Neumeyer and Ibach Pianos.

Agents for Pianos by Collard & Collard, Broadwood, Brinsmead, Kirkman, & all Leading Makers.

Organs by Estey, Mason & Hamlin, and all best American Firms.

[Illustrated Catalogues FREE.]

PIANOS AND ORGANS

On the Easy Payment System; delivered Free on Payment of First Instalment.

THE BEST & CHEAPEST HOUSE IN WALES.

Full Value allowed for
OLD INSTRUMENTS TAKEN
IN EXCHANGE.



AMERICAN ORGAN, with
Pipe or Mirror Top, 6s. per Month.

10/6 per month, Walnut Cottage Pianoforte, Iron Frame, Check Action, Full Trichord, Brass Pinplate, Truss Supports, Panel Front with Gilt Inlaid or Marquetry, &c. Delivered on Payment of TEN SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE.

CRANE & SONS,

R. THORNTON JONES, MANAGER,

4, REGENT STREET, WREXHAM.

Tunings and Repairs in any part of Wales by experienced men. Estimates Free. Illustrated catalogue free on application.



AT THE FURNACE.

WALES.

VOL. I.]

NOVEMBER, 1894.

[No. 7.]

OWEN, BY THE GRACE OF GOD PRINCE OF WALES.

"And all the courses of my life do show
I am not in the roll of common men.
And bring him out, that is but woman's son,
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
And hold me pace in deep experiments."

SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV.*, I., iii., 1.

"OWENUS, dei gratiâ Princeps Walliæ,"—these are the words on a seal of yellow wax on the back of a letter in which Owen Glendower admits, on conditions, the spiritual sovereignty of the anti-pope Benedict XIII. over Wales. Two more striking figures than the rebel prince and the rebel pope,—Owen Glendower and Peter de Luna,—it would be difficult to find even in the full annals of the later Middle Ages. Their striking character, their daring plans, their vigour and ability, the gleams of good fortune that only threw into greater relief the hopelessness of their aims, the setting of their star,—all these win for them the sympathy of the historian who tries to detect their mistakes and to discover the causes of their fall.

In history, as in Shakespeare's play, the glimpses we get of Owen Glendower are not very many, but he is very majestic whenever he shows himself. In Welsh literature brilliance and mystery are his characteristics. Sometimes his star shines over great victories; at other times Owen disappears in the gloom of failure and defeat, and his poets summon him in vain from all parts of the world to save his people. The ease with which he united Wales, his many victories, his speedy re-appearance after a crushing defeat, the mystery connected with his life and with his death,—these made him the idol of the Welshman and the terror of the Englishman, leagued with the powers of light according to the one, and leagued with the powers of darkness according to the other.

As in his own lifetime, Owen Glendower has still his periods of appearing and of

disappearing. In the iron gloom of the Lancastrian reigns,—a period of persecution and of selfishness,—every attempt was made to destroy his work and to make his people forget his name. To the men who had followed him, and to their sons, he was asleep, not dead. But a series of repressive laws were passed to destroy the very vestiges of the freedom of which he was the champion.

Nearly two centuries after his death, in one of the plays of the greatest English poet, he suddenly re-appears, in his old majesty and grandeur. He stands shoulder high above the mean and selfish race of the politicians and warriors of his own time. I do not mean to say that Shakespeare read Glendower's history in any other than the chronicles of his time; and I am heartily tired of the ignorant eulogies of Shakespeare on account of his so-called many-sidedness, and of his "being true to the spirit of history." Shakespeare was a typical Englishman of the sixteenth century,—full of the patriotism and of the prejudices of those times, full of the sixteenth century indifference to religion and of the English love for truth and morality, full of adoration for the queen and intensely political,—and he is great because his plays are the expression of the great period in which he lived. In every great prince he saw the Tudor sovereign of his own time. As Spenser saw in Arthur the glory of the Welsh dynasty of his own time, so Shakespeare read into Welsh Glendower the glories of Welsh Elizabeth. To him Llywelyn and Glendower were great because the mighty queen, whose

presence colours all his thought, was of their race.

It happens that the Owen Glendower of Shakespeare is also the Owen Glendower of history. He stands as a giant among dwarfs. His definite plans, his churchmanship, his love of learning, his championship of the oppressed, his sense of justice and of honour,—all his characteristics raise him above the persecuting Arundels, the perjured Aunâles, and the selfish Greys of the time. But, by Elizabeth's time, even the most ardent lovers of Wales knew nothing about great Glendower's Welsh church and Welsh universities.

After Tudor times, during the three hundred years we spent under the government of the English aristocracy, Owen Glendower sank again into the position of a petty rebel leader. While Scotland was raising monuments to its Wallace and Bruce, while Scott was giving a fabled greatness to the Highlands, no Welshman thought of Glendower, and the tourist admired the beauty of Corwen and of the sacred Dee without knowing that he was in the country of the greatest statesman Wales has ever seen.

At last, there is a talk at Corwen of erecting a statue to Owen Glendower. Corwen and the Vale of Edeyrnion have plenty of men capable of securing a monument that will be an attraction to the stranger and a delight to the mightier generations of Welshmen that are to follow us. The valley of the Dee contains the historic homes,—Rhaggat, Rhug, Crogen, Pale, Rhiwlas, Rhiwaedog,—for which Glendower fought; it contains also the peasant homes in which the history of Glendower's struggles is read in these days with patriotic and ennobling pride. And it will not be a matter for Denbighshire and Merionethshire alone, the whole of Wales may be relied upon for assistance.

The divisions in Wales,—numerous enough in reality, though greatly magnified in the eyes of those standing at a distance,—need not stand in the way of honouring the memory of so great a man. Glendower lived before the time of our religious divisions and religious dissensions, he was the champion of the Church of Wales; and the radical Iolo and the bishop of St. Asaph

vied with each other in praising him in the Vale of Clwyd. Glendower lived before the rise of any modern political question. He championed the squire and tenant and labourer alike against the rapacity and the oppression of a race that has by this time disappeared. It is true that he was the champion of the independence of Wales, but the days of racial wars are at an end,—we are now in the days of rivalry between two different methods of government, both of them believed by their respective supporters to be the best for the governed. If one side can say that Glendower wished Wales to be independent, the other can say that he wished its government to be an aristocratic one. In Welsh history, in Welsh literature, in Welsh education, in Welsh religion, Glendower has an important place. Aristocracy, Labour, Church, University,—all should do justice to the memory of one neglected for so long. It is fortunate that there is a portrait, however imperfect, on Glendower's seal, and the sculptor can express in stone the character described by Iolo Goch or by Shakespeare,—

“ In faith, he is a worthy gentleman
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments, valiant as a lion,
And wondrous affable, and as bountiful
As mines of India.”

The aims of Owen Glendower I may briefly describe here.

First in order of importance come the independence and the union of Wales. At first sight, such an aim seems to have been a hopeless one,—more than a hundred years had gone since the death of the last Llywelyn, every insurrection had been beaten down with ease, and Wales was as divided against itself as ever. And at first sight, Owen Glendower was not a probable champion of Welsh independence,—for he had been educated at Westminster, he had been an honoured squire of the Henry IV. who sat on the English throne, and his prowess in arms, while in that service, is described by the English historians. Owen might have been alienated from Henry because he usurped the English throne. The Lancastrians had no hereditary right to the throne; and so, much against Henry's wish, they had to rule as

Parliamentary kings. Owen was probably displeased by the Lancastrian nobles, men who placed Henry on the throne in order that they might be allowed to do as they liked. The feelings of patriotism and justice and honour were dead, and each great noble robbed his neighbour as best he might. The English mediæval aristocracy, under the shadowy sceptre of the weak Lancastrian, began to rule. They ushered in a period that is still the disgrace of English history,—they burnt men alive because they believed doctrines that had been those of the best thinkers of the age before and of the age to come, they flayed men alive, they took advantage to the utmost of the trials and punishments for treason which now seem so terrible to us, they perjured themselves over and over again, and jeered at the church that was so ready to absolve them. Among these brutal and lascivious and blasphemous barons Owen Glendower stands as a gentleman and as a scholar. He was a munificent patron of a generation of great Welsh poets, and tradition has brought Dante on pilgrimage to his Montgomeryshire home at Sycharth.

It was as the champion of his country against the great nobles that Owen Glendower defied the English king. Ever since the fall of Llywelyn in 1282, Wales had been subjected to the law of the English king and to the unlaw of the barons. The vast lordships which covered more than seven modern counties,—including the Vale of Clwyd, the lower valley of the Dee, the valley of the Severn, the lower valleys of the Wye and Usk,—separated Wales from England and from what measures of justice the English kings were willing to give. Into these lordships the king's writ did not run, felons escaped from one lordship to the other and enjoyed a life-long immunity, private wars were continually raging. In many a glen and on many a river side hordes of brigands lived, and they often made raids upon the Welsh as if it were always time of war. The march lords looked upon the Welsh lands as their prey; and, by rigidly carrying out and abusing the great land statutes made in their interests a generation earlier, they were robbing the Welsh chiefs of bit after bit of

their family lands. Sometimes land would be confiscated by a self-imposed lord upon pretext of treason or non-attendance in the king's army; sometimes the lord would not add insult to injury by offering any reason at all. It was an attempt by Lord Grey of Ruthin to steal some of his land, and the knowledge how vain it would be to appeal to the king against the nobles that had placed him on the throne, that made Owen Glendower first determine on rebellion. He found that the Welsh gentry were everywhere suffering in the same way, they enthusiastically joined him, and we find the English quartering at least one gentle Welsh captive.

Success matured and widened his plans. He aimed at more than humbling the great march lords. He knew that the English king was too weak to keep them in check, he would become Prince of Wales and subject them to his own power. Once Prince of Wales he would be able to enter into negotiations with the king of France and with the Pope. To the French king, ever afraid of a revival of the English king's claims on his throne, Glendower would be a most valuable ally; for no English king could conquer France while Scotland and Wales were in a close alliance with the French king.

As the alliance with France would secure Welsh political independence, so an alliance with the anti-pope Benedict XIII would make the church of Wales independent of the church of England. Owen believed that St. David's had once been the metropolitan church of Wales and of its borders, and that twenty-four archbishops had succeeded St. David, as stated in the chronicles and books of the church of St. David's. It was specially stipulated that the higher ecclesiastics should know Welsh.

Closely allied to the independence of the church of Wales was the establishing of two Welsh Universities,—one in North Wales and one in South Wales. The students of Wales were a powerful element in Glendower's time. They begged their way to the Universities, and were the most turbulent section even of a mediæval University. Sometimes they got tired of their studies, they turned the Oxfordshire people out of their houses, and lived riotously

therein. They were among the worst of "vagabonds" of later times; at any rate, they got the blame for much of the evil done at Oxford. They flocked home to serve under Glendower's banner; and Adam of Usk, one of their leaders in the old faction frays, heard while at Rome of the fire and devastation Owen was carrying to the estates of his patron.

It was not his foreign allies,—a great French army and a Spanish pirate fleet,—that gave Owen his wonderful temporary success. It was the extension of the labour movement into Wales and the rise of patriotism. The feeling of patriotism reached even into parts that had been Norman for centuries,—and Owen was enthusiastically welcomed by the peasants of Morgannwg and Gwent. It was only towns like Carnarvon and Carmarthen,—at that time sheer English colonies,—that refused to throw in their lot with his. His bards praised the plough and made a hero of the ploughman, just as a Langland had done in England, and Owen's star was the wronged labourer's star of rest. The gentleman, the bishop, the friar, the student, the farmer, the labourer were all with Owen Glendower.

When one thinks of his church and of his Universities, it is easy to see that Owen Glendower aimed at raising Wales out of the condition of tyranny and unlaw in which he found it. He wished to rule it for its own good, through a parliament of the best men in the land. The contrast drawn by Shakespeare between him,—majestic, cultured, and courteous,—and the rough Hotspur is not entirely unhistorical.

His great ideas faded away. The spirit he aroused was used by Henry V.,—born at Monmouth,—for his own purposes, and it was spent on the useless battlefields of France. Glendower died peacefully, and is said to have been buried in what is now Monmouthshire; and the selfish barons from whom he had tried to save Wales for religion and learning, plunged into the Wars of the Roses which brought so many of them to an untimely end.

In Owen Glendower's history, there is found what is noblest and best in mediæval history. He had a Welshman's love of

learning, and he saw the revival of letters dimly from afar. He wished to do for us what the wisdom of long-delaying after ages has done.

If Scotland can honour Wallace without raising any of the old war spirit, surely we can honour Owen Glendower. If Protestant and Catholic can unite in bitterly-divided Bohemia to honour Hus, is it not time for us to honour the aims of one of the greatest men that ever gave his life to his country? Let us do it as a nation,—he belonged to no party and to no sect. Let our children, and let the strangers within our gates, know where our mighty ones are sleeping.

Every Welsh pulpit in Wales and America sounded the praises of John Penry,—the seer of the power of the Welsh pulpit, of freedom of conscience, and of the American Republic,—but his tercentenary went without the doing of anything to perpetuate his memory, and the stranger who travels through the Breconshire uplands looks in vain for a monument on the slopes of Mynydd Epynt. Many an attempt has been made to raise a monument to the last Llywelyn, but the Radnorshire farmer still comes to Builth market forgetful of the fact that the last native prince of Wales laid down his life for his country close by. And the stranger still passes up the weird valley of the Dee without anything to remind him of the dreams and deeds of Owen Glendower.

But it should be remembered that, if much remains undone, much has been done already. The generation which gave Wales its University, its University Colleges, and its Intermediate Schools, can not be blamed by posterity if it fell short of rearing monuments to our mighty dead. And even in this respect something has been done,—Bala has a statue of the organizer of the Welsh Sunday School and the originator of the Bible Society; Carnarvon has a statue of one of who devoted his life to elementary education and the University of Wales; Carmarthen has a statue of one of the heroes of the Napoleonic wars; Llangaitho has a statue of a prince of the Welsh pulpit. But we have only begun to do our duty towards the past and towards the future.

FOR COUNTRY OR FOR KING,—A BALLAD.

CANTO I.

COME list, ye gentles, to the tale
That I will tell to you,
Of David Gam, of Brecknock town,
And Vaughan of Ystrad Lliw.

Two kinsmen they of nearest blood,
In steadfast friendship bred,
Till gallant Glyndwr took the field,
And the Dragon reared his head.

Now David Gam was for the king,
And for him drew his sword;
But Owen Vaughan was for Glyn Dŵr,
And owned him as his lord.

Where'er the din of strife was heard
And the battle's line was drawn,
No nobler names, I ween, were found
Than the names of Gam and Vaughan.

In hostile ranks strange chance did call
Each his own part to play,
But their trusty swords did never cross
In the battle's bloody fray.

And now the Saxon foe is driven
By Glyndwr's mighty hand
Across the Severn's swollen flood,
A sorely stricken band.

The noblest chiefs of Cambria meet
In peaceful council hall,
At Glyndwr's side, on Dovey's banks,
Freed from fell Henry's thrall.

From Ystrad Tywi's lordly halls
Dinefwr's chieftains came;
And fair Glamorgan's smiling fields
Sent many a glorious name.

From wild Eryri's untamed steeps
From Denbigh's fertile plain,—
The men of Wales in council meet,
A Nation once again.

A traitor, Gam, came also there
Possessed by black intent
To lay his country's fair hopes low,
And rid stern Henry of his foe
In Cymru's Parliament.

Glyndyfrdwy sits in kingly state
Secure from thoughts of ill,
Nor dreams a form so gallant hides
A purpose base as hell that bides
To wreak king Henry's will.

The recreant knight draws near the throne,
And nearer still draws he,—
O Christ, forefend that Wales again
Should breed such treachery.

The traitor makes obeisance low
Before the royal throne,
And as he bends to humbly kneel,

His hellish glance and hidden steel
Are marked by one alone.

No word he spake; but stealthily
His dagger keen is drawn,
—The blow is struck,—but Glyndwr's life
Is saved by Owen Vaughan!

For Owen Vaughan had marked the man
And warded off the blow;—
Now Heaven send that some good friend
May e'er save brave men so.

"Off with the traitor!" Glyndwr cried,
"And hang him on a tree;
'Twas not his prince he thought to slay
But Cymru's liberty!"

"Ah, stay!" cried Vaughan, "I saved thy life
Let David Gam go free!
And never shalt thou rue the day
Thou gav'st his life to me."

But David Gam, he loudly cried,
"No mercy do I crave;
I came to take thy life away
And not mine own to save.

"Thou'st brought a curse upon the land
By thine apostasy;
'Twere better far that Wales should have
Sweet peace than liberty!"

Then up spake brave Glyndyfrdwy
"Let David Gam go free!
I reckon me more of friends like Vaughan
Than of such an enemy."

And David Gam returned unscathed,
But Vaughan a great oath swore,—
That David Gam he would not own
As kinsman any more.

CANTO II.

And now full ten long years have passed,
Fair Cymru's hopes are fled,
And merry Hal sits on the throne
In his stern father's stead.

But sobered now is merry Hal
And sad at heart is he;
For England's chivalry is lost
On the plains of Normandy.

Ten thousand English men at arms
Drew up at Agincourt;
Fifty thousand sons of France
Armed with halbert, sword, and lance
Upon their thin lines bore.

And when the battle's strife began
At the first peep of dawn,—
No one more thirsted for the fray,
More longed the English king to slay
Than exiled Owen Vaughan.

"O Holy Mary, grant me, pray"
He sighed with heart full sore,
"That I may meet the tyrant king
On the plain of Agincourt.

"'Twas easy work with countless troops,
With bribes and suborned men,
By traitorous craft and guile to crush
The hopes of Cymru Wen.

"Ah, let me meet him, man for man,
In this most welcome fight,
And the force he'll know of a Welshman's
When fighting for the right." [blow,

No more spake he, but onward pressed
Through paths o'errun with blood,
He stayed not till he came, I wis,
To where king Henry stood.

"At last I have thee, craven king!"
Sir Owen Vaughan cried out,
"Now I'll avenge my country's wrongs,
And Shrewsbury's fell rout."

"No craven I," the king replied,
As they engaged in strife,—
The knight he fought for Cymru Wen,
The king for very life.

The king's foot slipped, and at his head
Vaughan aimed a deadly blow,—
The English throne right speedily
Would vacant be, I trow.

Cardiff.

But David Gam was standing nigh
To guard his sov'reign lord,
He threw himself between the king
And Owen's fatal sword.

He recked not, as he dying lay,
What death to him might bring;
"My duty aye I've done," he cried,
"I die for my true king."

An English archer bent his bow
Made of a trusty tree,
An arrow of a clothyard long
Up to the head drew he;

Against the gallant Owen Vaughan
So right the shaft he set,
The grey goose-wing that was thereon
In his heart's blood was wet.

With his last breath brave Vaughan cried out,—
His words through Wales yet ring,—
"'Tis nobler that a knight should die
For country than for king."

In death the twain's set lips did meet
As if to plight their troth,
And at the morrow's break of day
One grave did hold them both.

God save the king, and bless this land
With plenty, joy, and peace;
And grant henceforth that foul debate
'Twixt king and people cease.

W. LLEWELYN WILLIAMS.

THE DIOCESE OF BANGOR IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY..

WE must be on our guard against taking Nonconformist records as the only material of our history during the last century. Much light can be thrown on the political, social, religious, and economic condition of the country from vestry books, reports of rural deans, accounts of episcopal visitations, and such sources. To begin with, I give the answers given by clergymen in the bishopric of Bangor to the following four questions, handed in at the episcopal visitation of 1776,—

1. What number of communicants have you, generally, in your parish? In particular, what was the number which communicated at Easter last? Was it greater or less than usual?

2. Are there any persons in your parish or chapelry who are Papists, or reputed to be such?

DEANERY OF ARLLECHWEDD.

DWYGIFYLCHI.

1. From a hundred to about six score; we had last Easter eve and Easter Sunday about a hundred and ten communicants, some few more than usual.

2. There is not a single reputed Papist in the parish.

Have they any priest, or any place there where they assemble for divine worship?

3. Are there any Presbyterians, Independents, Anabaptists, or Quakers in your parish or chapelry? And of what rank? Are there any other places made use of for divine worship than such as are used by the above mentioned sects? What are the names of their teachers; and are they, and the houses wherein they assemble, licensed as the law directs? Is their number greater or less of late years than formerly, according to your observation, and by what means?

4. Are there any who call themselves Methodists in your parish or chapelry? How many are there, and who are their teachers? Do their number increase or decrease, and to what do you impute the alteration?

3. There is neither a Presbyterian, Independent, Anabaptist, or Quaker in all the parish.

4. There are a good many that go by the name of Methodists. I have six or eight that are very staunch Methodists. Their teachers are strangers to me; a

tinker with a good pair of lungs and a good deal of confidence is to them a notable preacher. Their numbers are much the same since I served the curacy.

DAVID WILLIAMS,
Rector of Llanfairfechan.

ABER.

1. In general at Easter I have about eight score communicants, and always much about the same number.

2. We have no such persons as Papists, or any reputed to be such.

3. We have no Presbyterians, Independents, Anabaptists, Quakers in this parish.

4. We have neither Methodists in this parish, who, notwithstanding their frequent attempts at inserting their erroneous doctrine, have met with the greatest discouragement and contempt in this parish.

GRIFFITH ROBERTS,
Rector of Aber.

CONWAY.

1. From forty to fifty persons generally communicate, excepting on Easter day only, when from four to five hundred persons communicate; and that in general is the usual number.

2, 3, 4. We have neither Papists, nor Presbyterians, Independents, Anabaptists, or Quakers, or Methodists, or any other sect whatever.

ON. JONES,
Vicar of Conway.

LLANLLECHID.

1. I have near five hundred communicants, but the exact number at Easter last I cannot ascertain, and suppose they increase every year.

2. There are none.

3. There are neither Presbyterians, Independents, or Quakers in this parish.

4. There are no Methodists in this parish.

LEWIS OWEN,
Curate of Llanllechid.

LLANDEGAI.

1. Last Easter we had 320, which is about the usual number.

2. There are no Papists, or any reputed such.

3. There are no dissenters of any kind.

4. There are none.

R. OWEN,
Minister of Llandegai.

GYFFIN.

1. From 40 to 50 persons communicate every month, and upon Easter day about three hundred and fifty.

2, 3, 4. There are no Papists, Presbyterians, Independents, Anabaptists, Quakers, or Methodists in my parish.

EDWARD OWEN,
Curate of Gyffin.

CAERHUN.

1. I have generally about three score every month, and at Easter about four hundred. They were much the same as usual Easter last.

2. There are no Papists, or any reputed such in this parish.

3. There are no Presbyterians, Independents, Anabaptists, or Quakers in this parish.

4. There are some of late who go by the name of Methodists. I believe they do not increase. Their preachers are itinerant persons who go about the country for that purpose.

GRIFFITH ELLIS,
Curate of Caerhun.

LLANFAIRFECHAN.

1. The usual number of communicants are from forty to fifty. On Easter eve and Easter day last, including both days, there were nine score and ten communicants, which have been about the general number that received the sacrament since I have been curate.

2. We have no Papists in our parish.

3. There are none.

4. There are no Methodists.

HENRY WILLIAMS,
Curate of Llanfairfechan.

LLANGELYNIN.

1. The number of communicants in the whole parish may be estimated to be about a hundred and twenty. We had last Easter a hundred and ten communicants, a very few more than other years.

2. We have not a single Papist in the parish.

3. There is not a single Presbyterian, Independent, Anabaptist, or Quaker in the parish.

4. There are some that have itching ears, but not very many. They always attend the sacrament. Their teachers are always

strangers, and the last always the best of all. They do not multiply here.

DAVID WILLIAMS.

LLANBEDR.

1. I have from thirty to forty at the monthly communion, and at Easter two hundred; much the same as usual at Easter last.

2. There are none, nor any reputed such, in this parish.

3. There are none.

4. There are some of late who go by the name of Methodists. I believe they do not increase. Their teachers are itinerant persons that go about the country for that purpose.

GRIFFITH ELLIS,

Curate of Llanbedr.

DOLYDDDELAN.

1. We have generally in our parish between five and six score communicants. The number which communicated at Easter last were exactly seven score, rather more than usual.

2. We have no persons in our parish or chapel (Cyfyng) who are Papists or reputed as such.

3. We have no Presbyterians, Independents, Anabaptists, or Quakers in our parish or chapelry.

4. There are none in our parish or chapelry who call themselves Methodists at present, though they a few years ago frequented some private houses near our chapel. And their teachers,—I cannot recollect who they were.

MAURICE WILLIAMS,

Curate of Dolyddelan.

PENMACHNO.

1. There are about three hundred communicants in this parish. At Easter last, I had near that number, and about the same number every year; but at other times, I have not above 120.

2. There are no Papists in this parish.

3. There are no Presbyterians, Independents, Anabaptists, or Quakers in this parish.

4. There are no Methodists in this parish.

JOSEPH JONES.

TREFRHIW.

1. About 50 in general, at Easter last there were 140, formerly there were not many, there are more inhabitants now, and they don't follow the Methodists as they did some years ago.

2. No, not one.

3. No, not one dissenter of any kind.

4. There were many Methodists a few years ago, but they have been persuaded to leave them. And have done so some years ago.

N.B. This parish belongs to the Duke of Ancaster, I can command them to quit the Methodists, or—

JOHN ROYLE, *Curate.*

LLANRHOCHWYN.

1. About 40 in general, at Easter last there were 170, there's an increase of inhabitants—five years ago there were not so many by about 30.

2. No, not one.

3. There's not one dissenter of any denomination whatever within this parish.

4. There were many Methodists some years ago, but they have been persuaded to leave them, and have done so some years ago.

N.B. This parish belongs to the Duke of Ancaster, and I am Agt., and they dare not follow them now.—

JOHN ROYLE, *Curate.*

BETTWS Y COED.

1. I have generally from fifty to seventy. At last Easter 160, being about the usual number.

2. There are none.

3. There are no dissenters of any kind.

4. No, not one.

RICHARD PUGH, *Curate.*

LLANDUDNO.

1. About 70, 127 last Easter, and near the same number every Easter, unless the miners happen occasionally to be more numerous.

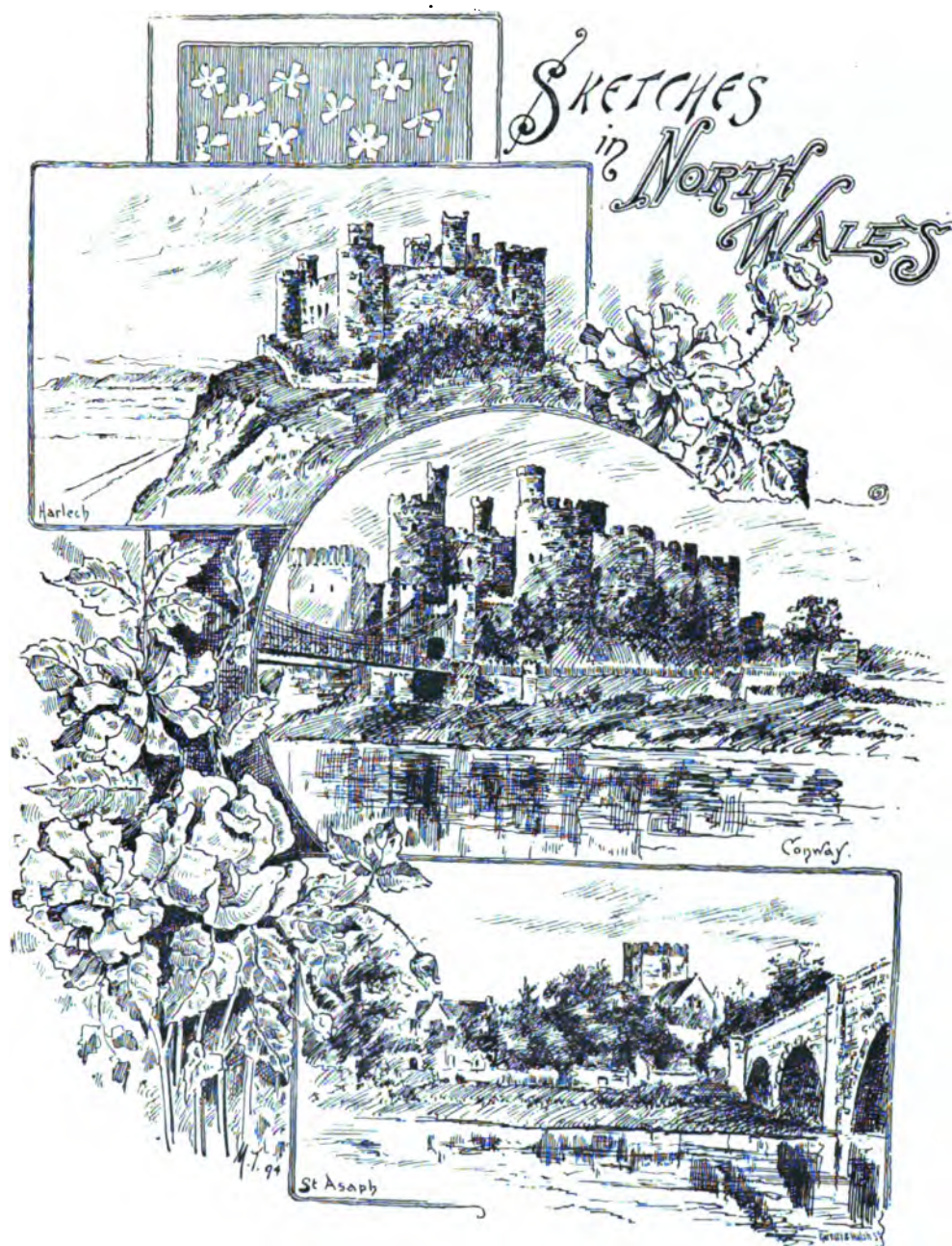
2. No.

3. No.

4. None.

EDWARD EDWARDS,

Curate of Llandudno.



ONE glorious summer morning, during last summer, I awoke at Harlech. I had come all the way from London the day before; and I had only a passing glimpse of the castle and of the sea,—the one so majestic and calm on its precipice, the other so full and restless under the last light of the evening,—before sleep came upon me with over-powering might. Even while asleep I knew I was in the heart of the

land of legend and story, and in my dreams I saw the mighty son of Llyr watching the Irish fleet as it neared the land, and the bard of sleep descrying lands beyond the bay and its encircling mountains.

And when the morning dawned, and when the sun rose over the furze-clad Merionethshire mountains, I beheld the land of sleep,—the land that gave Ellis Wynn his visions,—in all its splendour. Sand,

sea, mountain, and cloud,—it is no wonder that so many stirring stories are told about a country whose ever-varying colours make the imagination associate it with sleep and life rather than with dead earth. Far back in the twelfth century, before the castle was built, this scene was a delight to many a monk as he listened to the tale of the white-bosomed daughter of Llyr. On a summer afternoon, so runs the story, a great king and his court sat on the rock of Harlech, above the ocean. And they saw thirteen ships approaching them from the south of Ireland, borne swiftly and silently towards them by a fair wind. One ship sped on before the others, and a shield was raised with its boss towards the shore in token of peace. The Irish landed, and Branwen was given in marriage to their king,—and around this marriage are woven tales of magic and craft that have come down to us as the essence of the poetry of heathen Wales.

After the conquest of Wales, Edward the First built a castle at Harlech, the most southern of the castles that were built to guard the fortresses of Eryri. From the walls of all his castles,—Conway, Carnarvon, Cricieth, and Harlech,—the mountains he tried to conquer can be seen, a mighty and a glorious company. Harlech remained the furthest English colony in Wales, and it has been invariably the last castle to hold out in the defence of every lost cause.

In Glendower's time the castle was often in great danger; the little man Howel Vychan went over the mountains to Conway to say that, unless aid came speedily from Chester, the castle would be delivered over to Owen. In the Wars of the Roses, Harlech was the scene of more than one romantic episode. To it, footsore and robbed by her own servant, Queen Margaret came after the battle of Northampton. At Harlech she had many great gifts, and was greatly comforted. She departed, "riding behind a young poor gentleman of fourteen," and was conveyed secretly to Jasper Tudor, who ruled Wales almost as king in those days. The story of Dafydd ab Einion is well known,—how he said that he would defend the castle until every old woman in France would have heard of the siege of

Harlech just as he had defended a town in France until every old woman in Wales had heard of its siege. It is said that Sir Richard Herbert prevailed upon ab Einion to surrender the castle on condition of having his life and liberty. Edward IV. refused to observe the condition, until Sir Richard Herbert threatened to place ab Einion back in Harlech castle, telling the king he could send whom he liked to bring him out. The "March of the Men of Harlech" is, according to tradition, as old as this siege; but musical critics say that it does not date further back than the eighteenth century.* I once heard Professor Nichol of Glasgow lecture on war music. He had given the Marseillaise high praise, and he went on to say that there was only one finer march in the world.

"Scots whae hae," many ready Scots voices shouted.

"No," he said, "it is the March of the Men of Harlech."

I was told of many a delightful walk around Harlech, and I read glowing accounts in a Welsh book of the home of Ellis Wynn on the sea-shore and of the home of Edmund Prys far away in the mountains, of the Roman steps and plentiful bilberries, of the little deserted church on the very edge of the sands where the gulls hover round the grave of a Welsh poet who praised their beauty.

But I wished to see more of North Wales. I travelled along the lovely coast of Cardigan Bay as far as Avonwen, and then struck across a bleak country to Carnarvon. Thence, after seeing its princely castle, I passed through several exquisite little watering-places, all full, and stopped at the quiet old town of Conway. Its walls are complete, bits of architecture everywhere reminds one of its old importance, the bones of those hurriedly buried in the time of the plague lie beneath the pavements, and at least one ghost visits the scenes of its old delights. The Plas Mawr, the glory of the town in Elizabethan times, has been again made by the Association of Cambrian Artists into one of the most interesting places in North Wales. Something con-

* Ernest David, in his *Etudes Historiques sur la poésie et la musique dans la Cambrie*, p. 196, while calling this air "fort beau et d'une allure grandiose," gives it as his opinion,—"je ne pense pas que cet air soit antérieur au XVIII^e siècle."

tinually reminds one that the town has a history. The mayor of Hereford lately demanded a dish of fish which he declared to be his due when he passed through the town. It was found, however, that the dish is due to the marquis of Hertford, when he passes through the town, and that it is due from the tenant of the dismantled castle as part of his rent.

Leaving Conway and its historic remains behind me, I found myself in a stream of holiday seekers from Liverpool and Manchester. Llandudno and Rhyl, and all the little watering places between, were full of them. I sought rest, and turned at Rhyl into the Vale of Clwyd. I stopped at St.

Asaph. I found myself in a very comfortable old-fashioned hotel, and in what I believe to be the most quiet place in the whole world. The little cathedral does not invite attention; and the monument raised by public subscription to Bishop Morgan, the translator of the Welsh Bible, is too much like the Martyrs' Memorial at Oxford to arouse curiosity. But the quietness and the dreamy air of the little place make it an ideal home for him who is content with his own thoughts and does not care what is being said and done in the world. For walks go to Harlech, for historic remains go to Conway, for rest go to St. Asaph.

A JESUIT'S DESCRIPTION OF WALES.*

NOT long since I journeyed into the part of this kingdom which is called Wales, from whence the eldest sons of the kings of Great Britain take their titles. I found more remains of ancient vassalage amongst the common people, and a greater simplicity of manners, than is to be met with in England.

The language is still spoken by the present people which was in use in the time of Cæsar's invasion, and, if you believe the natives, as it was by our first parents in Paradise. It has not an ill sound when put into verse as it was repeated to my ears by a gentleman of the country, yet I believe that it would be difficult for a stranger to acquire it, particularly the Italian. Nothing can be more different than the pronunciation of these two languages, the words in our tongue terminating in vowels, those in this having scarce any in use in their alphabet. For this reason strength makes the excellence in the Welsh, as sweetness does in the present Roman; and it is impossible for a stranger to obtain a true pronunciation without practising with something boiling hot in his mouth.

There is a singular custom amongst the people of this part of the island, which is extremely useful and worth imitation, whenever two families have an inclination

to marry, to make it known to their masters and he to his friends, who all send them something to begin housekeeping. Besides this, there are in different parts persons who are called bidders, from the use they make of them, who are sent around from house to house of their whole acquaintances. When a couple is to be wed, there is one chosen on each side; they are dressed in their best apparel; and, with a long staff, to which are tied knots of ribbons, their hats being decorated with the same finery, are sent out as ambassadors. These are the public orators, and chosen from amongst the best speakers amongst the common people; which office they always preserve. Decked out in this pomp, they proceed two different ways; and entering into the houses wherever they are ordered to go, make their speeches much in this manner,—

David and Mary intend to marry on such a day, therefore father and mother, David and Mary, and other relations have sent me to bid you to the wedding. Whatever you shall give them at the time shall be restored at your nuptials (if they are not married), or to those of your friends when they shall be married, and in their names I bid you a good day.

By this means it often happens that, if the couple who intends being married has lived in reputable service, they shall receive

* Letters XXX, of "Letters on the English Nation" by Battista Angeloni, a Jesuit, who resided many years in London; from the Reverend Father Mioda to Frangoni at Rome. Printed 1765.

a hundred guineas to begin the world, and from this sum down to thirty is the general receipt.

Two days before the wedding, they meet together in the house where this couple is to live, and bring their gifts, when they pass the evening in merriment, and dance, and, what is something surprising, they all perform that exercise with an ease and grace which I have not seen amongst any peasants in Europe.

They then meet at the same house on the nuptial day; whence they proceed on horseback to the church, two women upon some horses, two men upon others, a man and a woman,—women before men, void of all order. Before them is the best music they can get, the harp always, which, being suspended about the harper's shoulders, he plays as the horse trots along, as fast as he can, a random strumming of the strings. The harp and St. David are the most venerable objects of the Welsh people; they are great lovers of music and singing; and have one poet very renowned, whose works they sing at all festivals.

In this manner they ride with great swiftness to the church to be married; the haste they make is to signify the impetuosity of their love for each other. The ceremony being finished, the company returns to make merry, which continues till evening.

This is the Welsh way of marrying amongst the common people and servants; by which you see the first difficulties of coming together are surmounted, marriage much encouraged, and this without taking anything from another, which he or his are to have again when he pleases to demand it. This is converting small sums to great use, and drawing advantage from numbers of poor people, nowhere practised but in this part of the island.

It would be a custom highly useful for the poor of Italy, where a priest might exercise this function of a bidder with great *éclat*; and the public be considerably benefited by this ceremony. It will render people less timid in coming to the care of a family, and re-people the country more than any other encouragement I can think of; and this without taxing anyone, a great consideration in all public benefits.

This custom, good as it is, is not used by the English, perhaps not known to them.

They have another very singular custom, which is that of covering, for a whole year, the portrait of a person who is lately dead, with a mourning veil of black transparent crape, a kind of wearing weeds for himself; there were some hundred prints of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, a great favourite in this part of the kingdom, hung with crape after his death; scarce a house in North Wales without one of them, and in some one in every room, in others one in every panel; from thence you may judge of his power whilst alive. He was always complimented by his countrymen with the title of king in Wales.

The country is in most parts mountainous, yet not sterile; the hills being covered with grass and flocks of sheep. It seems there were herds of goats formerly in great plenty; which animal, I know not the reason, is held in great contempt by the English,—notwithstanding his beard, the type of wisdom,—and is applied as a piece of ridicule and sarcasm by them when they would satirize a Welshman. This satire has almost extirpated the race of goats. Many of the valleys are fertile, and the rivers fine; the prospect yields to nothing in Italy,—falling waters, ruined castles, woods, lawns, and rivers, distant oceans, rising hills,—all conspire to make it the study of a landscape painter; no country yields a greater variety than this to men who love to be entertained by those rural pleasures.

Yet for one English gentleman who crosses the river Severn to see this part of his nation, there are a hundred who travel into Italy, and neglect being acquainted with their fellow inhabitants. It is reputable to have seen the cascades of Tirirone, and not know those of their own country. The peasants, though as free by law as those of England, retain yet a great deal of the obedience to their landlords which was paid the barons of old; and the *siertè*, so much attributed to the English, is yet ten times more visible in this part, amongst men of fortune, than in England.

The wife in Wales is scarce more than a housekeeper, and the husband much a sovereign.

The natives are hospitable, and entertain strangers with a liberal and not unpolite air. Here you may live, with one precaution, in great plenty; you must remember that your political principles coincide thoroughly with those of the master of the house, or perhaps the evening sacrifice to Bacchus may procure an expulsion ten miles distant from an habitable house at midnight, if you should differ from him in his notion of state affairs. The Chevalier de St. George has his health often drunk in this country; which is most certainly a blooming promise of success after more than fifty years' exile.

The peasants wear no shoes about their houses, and in their common travelling the roads they carry them in their hands, and wash their feet near the towns which they are travelling to, when they put on them and their stockings; many of them, however, have none. And yet these poor creatures would think themselves deemed to perpetual slavery if they were obliged to wear wooden shoes; the ideas of wooden shoes, slavery, and French being all linked together in their imaginations; they would scarce prefer them to confinement without, and as soon wear chains as preserve their feet from injury by these contrivances; the flattering idea of being free, though barefooted, gives them no little consolation amidst as much slavery as poverty and dependence can bequeath; except in imagination, the place, perhaps, where this and all our pleasures begin and end.

There is one remarkable and essential difference between these people and the Scotch; the first defend their countrymen and country in conversation, and retire if possible to live amongst their relations, when they have saved some little fortune in England; the latter speak highly of

Scotchmen and Scotland, but never choose to see the land from whence they came. I am more inclined to think the Welshman more sincere than the Scot in his attachment to his country; and for this reason,—the latter being Presbyterians, from which race I have remarked hypocrisy is almost inseparable. The Highlanders, who are episcopalian, resemble the Welsh.

The inhabitants are extremely subject to anger, and to take revenge by law; they resemble, amongst the English, the Normans in France; their passions and parties precipitate them into very strange divisions in their public trials, where they are jurymen, insomuch that all disputes of consequence are carried into the cities of England, to be decided by the English juries, who have no partiality for either side in the debate.

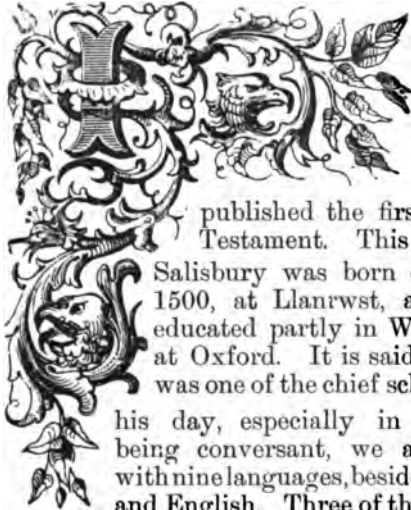
This is what I have collected for you in Wales, and though not so fashionable, nor the voyage so dangerous as going to measure the pyramids of Egypt, visiting the catacombs and cataracts of the Nile,—yet perhaps the Welsh custom of weddings being put into execution in Italy would impart as much utility as all P——s voyages, which you assured me you have lately laboured through, I imagine by way of penance, instead of lashing yourself with a whip of thongs. Surely your Lent must have been severe, if, as you tell me, you abstained during that time from all good sense, and lived on such terrible meagre fare.

Indeed, I could send you many drawings of ruins from this part, but alas! we abound with too many of them in our own country; and though I venerate the remains of ancient palaces and temples, I am enemy enough to that taste to wish every stone of old Rome converted into some useful and habitable building, to the city in its former glory and extent, though all the inscriptions and sculptures were demolished. Heaven defend this and me from the eyes and tongue of *vertu*.



THE WELSH BIBLE.

L.



LT was in 1567 that William Salisbury published the first Welsh Testament. This William Salisbury was born early in 1500, at Llanrwst, and was educated partly in Wales and at Oxford. It is said that he was one of the chief scholars of his day, especially in classics, being conversant, we are told, with nine languages, besides Welsh and English. Three of these were Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. Being a zealous protestant, was closely watched by his enemies, hence he was compelled to retire to Llansanan, in his own native county, in order to complete his translation. And it was in a lonely and hilly part of Llansanan that the first Welsh Testament was completed.

The whole of the New Testament was not translated by William Salisbury. The first Epistle to Timothy, the first and second Epistles of Peter, the Epistle to the Hebrews and the Epistle of James were translated by Dr. Richard Davies, who also translated Joshua, Judges, Ruth and the two books of Samuel in "Parker's Bible." The book of Revelation was translated by Thomas Huet, about whom we know but very little.

Now, although William Salisbury's Welsh Testament was the first published one, there are records extant to the effect that portions of the Bible were translated into Welsh as early as the second century. But whether this can be relied upon or not, we can be quite certain that portions of the Bible were translated into Welsh as early as the fifth and sixth centuries.

Iolo Morgannwg is reported to have said that the Bible had been translated to good Welsh in the year 1540, by a certain

Thomas Llewellyn who resided near Glyn Neath. This translation, Iolo says, was not from the original, but from the English translation of William Tyndall. Somebody, ignorant of Welsh or ignorant of Hebrew and Greek, has made the assertion that our Welsh Bible is simply a translation of the English, and an improvement upon Thomas Llewellyn's.

Next comes Dr. Morgan's Welsh Bible. This was published in the year 1588, twenty one years after the publication of William Salisbury's New Testament.

William Morgan was born at Penmachno, Carnarvonshire, and was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge. In the years 1568 and 1571 he graduated B.A. and M.A., and in the years 1578 and 1583 he graduated B.D. and D.D. In 1595 he was made bishop of Llandaff, and in 1601 he was made bishop of St. Asaph; and at this place, in the year 1604, he died, and was buried without anything to show his last resting place. Bishop Morgan was an excellent Greek and Hebrew scholar; and, for ten years, at Llanrhaiadr ym Mochnant, he laboured hard at translating the book he so greatly loved.

In 1620, Dr. Parry published his translation of the Bible. Richard Parry was born in 1560, at Ruthin. For some time he was a pupil of William Camden, at Westminster, who was considered one of the best scholars of the time. From Westminster young Parry proceeded to Oxford, where he soon distinguished himself; and we are told that James the First esteemed him so much for his learning that, in 1640, —the year Dr. Morgan died,—he presented him with the bishopric of Bangor. Some regard Dr. Parry's Bible simply as a revision of Dr. Morgan's, but the improvement is so great and important in many respects that one cannot help regarding it as a new translation. Dr. Parry's translation is the translation we use to-day.

Many attempts have been made at translating the Bible anew, but the trifling gains in accuracy do not counterbalance the great

inferiority of style. Our Welsh Bible is equal in many respects to the English Revised Version; it is considered to be one of the best translations of the Bible, often superior to the Septuagint and the Vulgate; and it is dear, not only to the uneducated, but to the Welsh scholar.

II.

THE Bible has greater relative importance in Welsh literature than it has in English literature. In the period of its translation, it was the sole treasure of the Welshman,—there being no printed plays or romances or books of travel printed in Welsh. It is the one book that has moulded our character, it is our sun and life, and only so far as other books reflect its light and beauty are they successful in Wales.

One reason for its popularity is its simplicity. Its language is the language we use every day. In this respect it may be compared with Luther's German translation. It is both colloquial and classic. Its words are easily pronounced and understood by Welshmen, though they never learned the rules of pronunciation or of grammar. This is due, in a great measure, to the fact that compound abstract words are made out of simple native elements.

The Welsh translation of the Bible is wonderfully correct. Let us test it by comparing it with the English Bible. In Matthew xiv. 2, we read,—“Am hynny mae nerthoedd yn gweithio ynddo ef.” The Authorized Version reads,—“Therefore mighty works do show forth themselves in Him.” “Do show forth” are superfluous, and besides, the Authorized Version makes “works” a noun when really it is a verb. The Revised Version reads,—“Therefore do these powers work in Him,”—this being the Welsh rendering. This difference between the English Authorized Version and the Welsh proves that those Welsh translators did not translate from the English, but from the original.

Take another specimen, given by Professor T. Powell of Cardiff. In Luke ix. 14, we read,—“Make them sit down by fifties in a company.” In the Revised Version we read,—“Make them sit down in companies about fifty each.” The Welsh has,

—“Gwnewch iddynt eistedd yn fyrddeidiau bob yn ddeg a deugain;” literally,—“Make them sit in tables of fifty each.” Now the Welsh word *burdd*, table, illustrates the Greek *κλίσια* much more vividly than the English “company.”

In Matthew xiv. 4, and Corinthians viii. 9, the word *ἐξουσι* is translated by the two words “lawful” and “liberty,” thus showing lack of uniformity. The Welsh translates it alike in both places; or better, it intimates in the margin the literal meaning of the word. The English does the same with the word *ἀγαπάω*. In John iii. 16, it translates it “love,” in 1 Corinthians xiii. and other places, it translates it by the word “charity.” But here again the Welsh is consistent throughout.

Again in Matthew xx. 1, “Early in the morning,” is the reading of the Authorized Version, while the Revised reads,—“with the dawn,” and this is again the reading of the Welsh translation.

Take one more. In 1 Corinthians viii. 1. the Authorized Version has “charity edifieth,” but the Revised put on the margin,—“Greek *buildeth up*.” Now the marginal reading of the Revised, which is the literal meaning of the Greek, is the Welsh reading.

Again turn to Hebrews i. 1, and in the Authorized Version you will read,—“Who being the brightness of His glory and the express image of His person.” For “express image” the Welsh has “wir lun,” “the very or true image,” which is also the reading of the Revised Version once more. But in the latter part of the same verse, the Welsh excels even the Revised Version,—“Sit down on the right hand of the majesty on high” in Welsh is,—“Eistedd ar ddeheulaw y mawredd yn y goruwch leoedd,” literally,—“Sit down on the right hand of the majesty in exceedingly high places.” “On high” but very faintly expresses the force of the Greek *ὑψηλοῖς*.

These few examples are sufficient to prove that our Welsh translators were men of patience and of learning, and that they translated the Bible directly from the original.

If the correctness of the Welsh Bible appeals to the scholar, what appeals to the ordinary Welshman is the rhythm of its

diction. The most prosaic parts of speech, names and numbers, have been made to flow most beautifully. In reality we may call the Welsh Bible poetry in prose. The most superficial reader of it cannot help being struck by its wonderful ease and flow of diction. Every reader of the Welsh Bible is charmed with such verses as,—“A Duw a ddywedodd ‘Bydded goleuni,’ a goleuni a fu.” “And God said, ‘Let there be light,’ and there was light.” Take again,—“Felly yr hwyr a fu a’r boreu a fu y dydd cyntaf.” “And the evening and the morning were the first day.” Here the Welsh not only excels the English in euphony but also in correctness. The Welsh has the verb “was” after both “evening” and “morning,” but the English makes evening and morning subject to the verb “were.” “The evening and the morning were.” But the Revised Version reads,—“and the evening was and the morning was the first day;” and this is the reading of the Welsh Bible. Notice also the rhythm of the new name in which God reveals Himself to Moses,—“Ydwyf yr Hwn ydwyf.” “I am that I am.” But there is a fulness and a swing about the Welsh which is not in the English. Here is another,—“Taflodd y march a’i farchog i’r môr.” “The horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea.” The Welsh clings to your mind and you cannot forget it. Let me give one other example. In the book of Revelation xiv. 1, the seer says that he saw the Lamb stand-

ing on Mount Sion and with him he saw “an hundred forty and four thousand.” This is not at all pleasing. The Revised Version is better,—“A hundred and forty and four thousand.” But notice the Welsh,—“a chydag Ef bedair mil a saith ugeinmil.” It is a little gem. And of such gems as these our Welsh Bible is full. It is no wonder it is so musical; for God had prepared those early translators of our Bible to their noble task by filling their souls with poetry as well as their heads with learning.* Those men were not only scholars but also poets, and their poetry will live unto the ages of the future in the poetical diction of the Welsh Bible.

The German may praise his Goethe, the Italian his Dante, and the Englishman his Shakespeare, but the Welshman invariably praises his Bible. Its history he adores, its poetry he esteems, and its marvellous story he loves in his very heart. And he is never tired of singing,—

“Dyma Feibl anwyl Iesu,
Dyma rodd deheulaw Duw;
Dengys hwn y ffordd i farw,
Dengys hwn y ffordd i fyw
Dengys hwn y codwm erchyll,
Gafwyd draw yn Eden drist;
Dengys hwn y ffordd i’r bywyd,
Drwy adnabod Iesu Grist.”

ZECHARIAH H. LEWIS.

* “The Welsh Bible was translated at a time when Welsh poetry was passing into Welsh prose. It is prose, but with the afterglow of poetry on it.”

THE SONG OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

Cathl yr Eos (Alun).

WHEN night beneath her sable wings
Our world and all things hideth,
Though woodland choirs no more are heard
Thy song, sweet bird, abideth;
And if there be within thy heart
Some bitter smart sharp stinging,
Thou failest not till morning break
To ease thy ache with singing.

And like to thee the partner fair
Than rubies rare more precious,
Though sun withdraw and earth o’er shrouds
With murky clouds vexatious;

Liverpool.

When daylight-comforters shall flee
More faithful she,—discreetest,—
In darkest night of pain and wrong
Then is her song the sweetest.

Although perchance her tender breast
With grief opprest may languish,
From those beloved lest woe betide
Her song doth hide her anguish;
Nor through the dreary night shall cease
That song of peace and gladness,
Till morn arise with golden ray
And charm away her sadness.

B. DRURY,

SOME MERIONETHSHIRE CHURCHES.

BY THE LATE W. W. E. WYNNE, OF PENIARTH.

(D. Notes 1 and 2).—Copied from the original MSS. in the possession of E. Griffith, Esq., J.P., Springfield, Dolgellau.



BARMOUTH.

WITHIN a short distance of the south side of the church at Barmouth is an old building, which we believe is used as a warehouse, and was,—perhaps still is,—known by the name of Tygwyn yn Bermo. It was, sometime since, nearly in ruins, but has of late years been partially if not entirely repaired. This building is said to have been erected by Griffith Vaughan of Cors y Gedol, in the reign of Edward IV. or of Richard III., to enable Vaughan more readily to communicate with Jasper Tudor, Earl of Pembroke and his nephew Henry, young Earl of Richmond, then fugitives in France, than he could do at Cors y Gedol. A contemporary poem, in the Welsh language, written upon the erection of Tygwyn yn Bermo, is believed to be extant.* It is also said that from Cors y Gedol the two earls escaped to France, in the former reign. The following extract, relating to this subject from a MS. in the autograph of Robert Vaughan, of Hengwrt, the Merionethshire antiquary, may be interesting to our readers,—“This Griffith Vaughan was in great credit with Jasper Earl of Pembroke, who lay in his house at Cors y Gedol, when he fled to France, in the time of Edward IV., and as some report, Harry, the Earl of Richmond, with him, who afterwards was king of England.” We find in Hume, who gives as his authority Babington and Polydore Virgil, that “the Earl of Pembroke, who was levying forces in Wales, disbanded his army when he received intelligence of the battle of Tewkesbury

(in 1471); and he fled into Brittany with his nephew, the young Earl of Richmond.”

LLANABER.

Poor in their architectural features as are generally the churches of North Wales, and perhaps, in particular those of Merionethshire, the church of Llanaber may without hesitation be pronounced as one of the exceptions. Though small, it consists of a nave, with clerestory, side aisles, and chancel of pure “early English” architecture. In the exterior of the church there is nothing remarkable but its beautiful southern doorway. We would therefore recommend an examination of its interior. Unfortunately this church is in a very dilapidated state, and the north side of the chancel is much disfigured by a comparatively modern transept. The east end of the chancel has only a single lancet window, which is of very unusual occurrence.

LLANEGRYN.

To the ecclesiologist, the antiquary, or the admirer of magnificent scenery, there are few more interesting excursions from Dolgelley than to this little church; distant, by the magnificent coast road commanding a view of the summit of Snowdon and the long line of the Carnarvonshire mountains, about eighteen miles; by the scarcely less beautiful mountain one, about twelve. But let a fine day be chosen for a visit to Llanegryn. On a wet or cloudy day, the tourists' view along the coast will be confined to the waste of waters, above the margin of which he travels; should he choose the mountain road, if the weather be not fine, he will find himself enveloped in fog, nearly the whole way. Llanegryn church is prettily situated on an elevated bank above the village. From the churchyard, the south-east part of the Bay of Cardigan appears to be completely landlocked, and might be mistaken for a large lake. But that which renders this unpretending edifice so worthy of a visit, is its

* Manuscript history of the Vaughans, of Cors y Gedol, by W. Vaughan, Esq., in the Mostyn Library.

magnificent rood loft, which has been styled "the glorious rood loft" of Llanegryn,* and "the most beautiful specimen of church art in North Wales."† The date of this interesting work may be attributed to the commencement of the 14th century,—probably about the year 1500,—it is consequently in the late perpendicular style of English architecture, and is supposed to have been erected by the monks of Cymmer or Vaner, who were the proprietors of the great tithes of the parish. Llanegryn church contains also a very interesting, though rude font, of early Norman work. It is in the form of what is known as the Norman cushion capital, and the mode in which the upper part of the square exterior is rounded off so as to accommodate it to the circular interior is very remarkable. A font, somewhat similar to this, but of better workmanship, is in the church of the next parish, Llanfihangel. Llanegryn church is now undergoing a thorough restoration. The carved oak ceiling over the altar has been repaired and restored. The sacristy, or enclosure within the altar rails, has been raised a step, as much as the sill of the window would allow of, a pattern of encaustic tiles has been laid in the centre of the old marble pavement with which the sacristy is floored, and the step has been faced with tiles of the same description; three new windows have also been inserted. The last window is a copy from one, probably of late decorated work, in the church of Llantysilio in

* Hierologus.

† A letter from the Secretary to the Cambridge Ecclesiological Society.

Anglesey. The tracery of it is good, but the window has some of the faults of the original; in particular, the too great size of the hood moulding, and the want of sufficient weathering in the sill. The walls of the chancel are almost covered, perhaps we might say disfigured, with the monuments of the Peniarth family, which, though handsome of their sort, are in bad style of the early part of the last and present centuries. The oak roof of this church, though plain, is not bad, and was probably erected in the fifteenth century.

TOWYN.

In this church, the nave of which is rude, but probably extremely early Norman work, is perhaps one of the earliest Christian inscriptions in North Wales. It is the monument stone of St. Cadvan, the founder of the church, and on the same stone is inscribed a brief memorial of Cyngen, who is supposed to have been one of the princes of Powis. The date which may be assigned to this stone cannot be much later than the middle of the sixth century; it affords an unanswerable proof that the cross is incorrectly considered by some as a Romish symbol, as that sacred symbol of our faith is inscribed upon the stone, which must have been erected nearly half a century before the British church refused, at the dictation of Pope Gregory the First, to acknowledge Augustine the monk as their archbishop, telling him plainly "we shall not be thy subjects," and that they knew of no authority he had over them.

HOW MAURICE KYFFIN LED ME INTO TROUBLE.

CHAPTER I.

ONE day, some time ago, I found the following entry in the Manuscript Working Catalogue of the British Museum, under the head of "Maurice Kyffin,"—

"A Defence of the Honourable Sentence and Execution of Mary, queen of Scots. At London printed by John Windet, 1587."

I already knew of Kyffin's translations of the *Andria* of Terence; of his "Blessed-

ness of Brytaine," published partly in 1587, and reproduced with additions in 1588; and of his translation of Jewel's *Apologia Ecclesiae Anglicanae*. The entry about the Queen of Scots came upon me as a revelation. I made out a ticket and sent for the book. The ticket was presently returned to me at the table where I sat with a remark in pencil,—*"Large room."* I immediately proceeded to the square room at the back of the

Reading Room, and the book was produced. It is a small quarto without pagination, very beautifully printed, and bound, and in an excellent state of preservation. The title page does not reveal the name of the author,—the little volume was published anonymously.

The year 1587 is memorable in the history of Queen Elizabeth, for it was in that year that Mary Queen of Scots was executed at Fotheringay. The execution took place on the eighth of February. The Defence was registered with the Stationers on the eleventh, or only three days after.

It contains eight chapters. The contents are as follows,—

"The first chapter containing an analogie or resemblance between Jone, Queene of Naples, and Marie, late Queene of Scotlande.

"The second chapter containing an other analogie or resemblance between the Emperor Licurius and the said Queene Mary.

"The third chapter containing certaine precedents of sundrie Emperors and Kings that have in some case put other Princes unto death.

"The fourth chapter conteynynge the actes and judgements of sundrie Popes which have approved the death of some Princes.

"The fift chapter containing a confirmation of the Honourable Sentence and Execution passed against the late Scottishe Queene by sundrie reasons and authorities gathered foorth of the civill and canon lawe.

"The sixt chapter containing severall answers to severall objections lately made against the said sentence.

"The seventh chapter wherein is proved that in two especiall cases that the drawing of the sworde of the one Prince against another is not only lawful but most necessarie.

"The conclusion upon the sum of the saide chapters."

The conclusion occupys four and a half pages, and from its tone seems to be semi-official. A few specimen sentences may serve for illustration, and be of interest.

"Wherefore let all the world witness, and the consciences of good men which without all partial affection in the single-

ness of their hearts follow and favour a truth, what the Prince and people of England, for the glory of God and furtherance of his truth, for the safeguard of Her Majestie and preservation of their estate, either could or should have done rather than this: by the death of one troublesome and treason-working person to have redeemed the quiet and safetie of themselves."

* * * * *

"Let Kings and Princes of all nations of the earth witnes whether ever so many, so monstrous, so horrible treasons were committed by a Prince, a woman, and that against the Lord's Anointed in her own realme; and if they were, yet even they escaped unpunished. And heere, although so many impieties do call for vengeance and commande by God's lawe every magistrate to justice so high a trespasse; yet see, upon pitie rather than pollicie hoping for amendments rather than looking for a newe conspiracie, not harkening to the manifold requestes of her humble, loyall, and most loving subjectes, Her Majestie continued her a troublesome Jonas in the shippe of England still; yet notwithstanding after, since the graceless minds of malecontented subjectes could not be so satisfied nor Her Majesty's great clemency coule worke in them a conscience of their dutie, but like nettles, the gentler they were handled the more they stinged."

* * * * *

"What man of reason, in whom there is any natural love to his countrie or apparence of an honest man would not counsell by justice to remove the Scottishe Queene, the very plague and calamitie of our country, the very groundwork and chief impulsive cause of all these treasons and conspiracies, the hope of discontented subjectes, and the very cause for whom the Pope thundereth and keepeth this stir for whom so many monstres have adventured themselves to destroy Her Majestie, and for whose sake others pretend to have just cause to invade this lande."

* * * * *

"To conclude, since that mercy is without mercie that spareth one to the spoil of many; since to do justice on the

offender cannot but be honourable, and God is well pleased in the punishment of the wicked; since there was no hope of reconciliation with one which deadly hated, and was still aspiring to the present possession of the kingdom; since there was no remedie left but to justice her or to live in continual fear of being daily murdered, many attempting since her sentence published to destroy Her Majestie; since many good Princes have redeemed their safeties with the death of other, and their is no just place or cause left to her of complaint that is so dealt with as she would have dealt with other,—

“Let other Princes and peoples of the earth make the Queen of England’s case their case, and the state of Englande the state of their countrie, then I doubt not but as Englande hath done so would they have done, and as Englande is right sorie that such treasons were committed, so would they sorrow if they escaped unpunished.”

It will be observed that the writer does not seem to be speaking to his fellow-countrymen, but to other nations and their sovereigns. As I have said, the Defence seems to be semi-official. As some sort of confirmation it is interesting to observe that a French version of the Defence was published in France in 1588. French was the language of diplomacy, and it was perfectly well understood at Rome, Madrid, and all the European courts. Still it is not likely that the book was issued for public sale in France, Spain, or Italy. There would be no demand which would repay author and publisher. A copy of the translation is preserved at the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris; there is another at the Bodleian, and a third at Jesus College, Oxford; but there is not a copy of the English edition at any of these.

The volume has a local, a specially Welsh, as well as a general interest. Elizabeth and Mary were both the granddaughters of Henry the Seventh, and Henry the Seventh was the grandson of Owen Tudor, of Penmynydd, and both Elizabeth and Mary of Scotland were separated consequently from Owen Tudor by only three generations. They were both sovereigns, and both in their own

persons the representatives, each on her own side, of one of the greatest intellectual conflicts in the history of religion and of humanity; both were beautiful, both amiable and most accomplished women; one of them perhaps the greatest female sovereign in the history of our race, the other one of the most unfortunate characters on record; both were served and loved with the most romantic devotion by their Welsh servants; Morgan, Salesbury, John Jones, Donne, and Parry, for instance, in the interests of Mary, conspiring to assassinate Elizabeth; and Kyffin appointed apparently to defend Elizabeth for the execution of Mary.

The selection, if true, of Kyffin for the work was an honour to himself, *ac yn ogoniant i hen Wlad y Bryniau*. I reflected that it is singular that this Defence has been scarcely, if at all, noticed by English historians; but I did not doubt the accuracy of the catalogue, which, though not absolutely free from error any more than any other human work, is a monument of the labour and of the care of the authorities of one of the greatest libraries of all time,—a colossal monument of accurate work. I must confess that I felt inclined to congratulate myself upon the discovery that I seemed to have made. But two questions recurred to me again and again,—(1) Is this Defence semi-official? (2) Is it the work of Maurice Kyffin? Elizabeth and her ministers keenly appreciated the value of semi-official declarations through the press and otherwise. In truth the press was a very powerful weapon on both sides of the conflicts and controversies of the Reformation. Whenever Elizabeth and her ministers could not “see the end from the beginning,” they cleared the way for her policy by a book or pamphlet, published sometimes anonymously, at other times under the name of some leading man like Jewel, whose apology for the Church appeared at a moment of grave national difficulty, and which answered its purpose admirably.

The queen’s position in 1586-7 was a most difficult one, and her circumstances in some respects in that year were more painfully embarrassing than at any

previous time in her life. Mary Stuart, at once Queen of Scots, Dowager Queen of France, and Elizabeth's own nearest blood relation, in one breath begged for mercy "by the soul and memory of their grandfather, Henry VII.," and in the next she warned Elizabeth and her advisers that the circumstances of the trial at Fotheringhay would somewhere be subject to revisal, and that the theatre of the whole world was much wider than the kingdom of England. It has been fashionable with historians to impute the queen's extreme personal agitation to dissimulation. But were her crown and person safe? Did she herself think so? The extracts from the Defence sufficiently indicate the nature of the rumours and alarms which kept sovereign and people in a state of intense and permanent panic.

Elizabeth had been less than a woman if, on the eighth of February, 1587, she could have looked back on the past and forward to the future without some terror. She of all people must have realised that she was the grand-daughter of a king who had no legal title to the crown except the sword with which he had finally destroyed the ancient nobility and the feudal system together. The House of Tudor had occupied the throne less than 50 years when her father shattered the political power of Rome in this country. These were mighty deeds, among the mightiest described in the pages of history, but they entailed on Elizabeth an inheritance of stupendous danger. Nor was this all. She herself had been bastardized by the act of her father; she had been excommunicated by the Pope, and her Catholic subjects had been released from their allegiance to her. Philip of Spain had many strong personal reasons for wishing to humble her and her kingdom. Two years afterwards the arrival of the Armada supplied a comment on the fears which possessed queen and people alike. Every force, spiritual and temporal, seemed to be against her. What

wonder if she appeared hysterical at times? What wonder if that frame of iron, and heart of steel, for once gave way? The re-action came quickly. She was queen of England still, and strong in the affection of the majority of her subjects,—who had embraced the doctrines of Jewel. She and her ministers might very well have thought that in the present distress another Apology might be useful. Is this the true account of the origin of the *Analogie*? That it was semi-official is rendered all the more probable when we consider the dates. It seems to have been issued within three days of the execution. It is difficult to account for its appearance from any pen not officially inspired. It was, like Jewel's, a book with a purpose, and written by somebody who lived very near the facts, probably in anticipation of the execution. The first news of that event was not improbably carried to some of the capitals of Europe in the little volume which apparently was to serve as Elizabeth's justification. Many of the statements of the Defence bear a strong family likeness to official utterances made in both Houses of Parliament and in State papers accessible only to very few persons indeed at the time. On the other hand, the volume is scarcely worthy of the occasion which called it forth. It is not a great work. That is the strongest conceivable argument against the theory of its semi-official origin. But the facts and arguments passed muster in Parliament and in the Privy Council. Why not in the European courts?

After all, the semi-official nature of the Defence is a matter more of general than of local interest. Semi-official or not, was it the work of Maurice Kyffin? I read the little volume once more, in order, if possible, to discover whether I could find any internal evidence on the one side or the other. I could not find much, yet I seemed to find a little. The reader may be interested to know what that little was.



EDITOR'S NOTES.

EBEN FARDD, whose full diary was never intended by him for publication, was, especially in his later years, one of the grandest and most majestic figures in Welsh literature. In those early days of Welsh education, it was the desire of every ambitious Welshman in Gwynedd to go to Eben's school at Clynog. A few days ago I met one of his disciples, one of the most prominent men in Wales, and he expressed the views of every pupil of Eben's I have met, when he said,—“He was a grand character, I would have laid my life down for him.”

The tenth and last yearly meeting of the North Wales Scholarship Association was held at the University College at Bangor last month, under the presidency of **H. Bulkeley Price, J.P.**, the Moorings. The Association now ceases to exist because it has done its work. **W. Cadwaladr Davies**, the secretary from the beginning, stated that nearly three thousand pounds had been paid in scholarships, to make up for the absence of intermediate schools. The gap between the elementary schools and the University Colleges having now being filled, the further efforts of the Association, which has done such excellent work, are not needed.



H. BULKELEY PRICE.

W. Llewelyn Williams is certainly one of the best journalists in Wales. His vigorous articles, especially those bearing on Welsh life and history, show a freshness and originality that are very refreshing in these days of perfunctory writings. If there is any branch of literature in which resourceful Welshmen can serve their country in these days, it is journalism. Mr. Williams' knowledge of Welsh literature and of Welsh life has been more useful even than his study of history in preparation for the examination of the Oxford School of History. He has done much already to justify Welsh thought to the larger English world.



W. LL. WILLIAMS, M.A.

“Nor should it be forgotten,” he writes in an English journal, “that all Welsh literature for the

last three centuries has been the work of men who have, for very love of art, devoted their leisure hours to Welsh poetry and prose. **Goronwy Owen** was a struggling curate; **Iolo Morgannwg**, the palaeographer and antiquarian, was a working mason; **Dewi Wyn o Eivion** was a tenant-farmer; **Thomas Stephens**, the author of the “Literature of the Kymry,” was a self-taught chemist; **Hiraethog** was an Independent minister who never received any schooling; **Ceiriog** was a station-master; **Dewi Wyn o Essyllt** was a miller; **Watcyn Wyn** is a schoolmaster; **Charles Ashton**, the bibliographer, is a policeman; and one of the chaired bards is an agricultural labourer. In Wales we have no leisured Tennysons, no travelled Brownings. No bard has ever won a competence for himself by the sale of his works. Wales presents the most interesting instance on record of a nation of peasants and working men devoting their spare time not to pleasure but to literature. Wales is bent on proving that culture need not be the luxury of the few, but that it can be the possession of a democracy. A working tenant farmer,—and all tenants in Wales are working farmers,—in the very heart of Carmarthenshire, gave evidence lately before the Welsh Land Commission. The original was written in Welsh, and the present writer had the privilege of doing it into English, the official language of the Principality. The farmer could not speak two words of English; he had never been taught Welsh in a day-school, and yet Professor Rhys, who was one of the Commissioners, was so charmed with the sense of style that the original evidence displayed that he directed it to be printed in Welsh in the Appendix to the Report. And there it remains, a monument of the possibilities of Welsh, and of the criminal folly and waste of the present system.”

The Council of the University College of Wales is a body of men and women of distinction, some distinguished for business capabilities, some very distinguished for learning. I have been told that, when the candidates for the post of teacher of Old French appeared before the Council, they had to prove their qualifications by talking French there and then. But this is perhaps what modesty made the Council refrain from doing, though their learning would have justified them in doing it. I took the story as a vain imagination.



MISS E. P. HUGHES.
Principal of the Cambridge Training College.

Last month the Council had to elect a Master of

Method and Mistress of Method. It had the great advantage of the presence of Miss E. P. Hughes of Cambridge, whose advice on matters relating to the training of teachers is, of course, of the greatest value. As Master of Method, Foster Watson, a well known educationalist, was elected. As Mistress of Method a very able young Welshwoman was



MISS ANNA ROWLANDS, B.A.

was elected with great unanimity. Miss Anna Rowlands is the daughter of the Rev. Daniel Rowlands, M.A., of Bangor, who has done Wales very valuable service during the many years he was Principal of the Bangor Training College and especially as editor of the *Traethodydd*. Miss Rowlands was educated at Dr. Williams' school at Dolgellau, at the University College of North Wales and at the Cambridge Training College. For the last three years she has been Mistress of Method at the Edge Hill Training College.

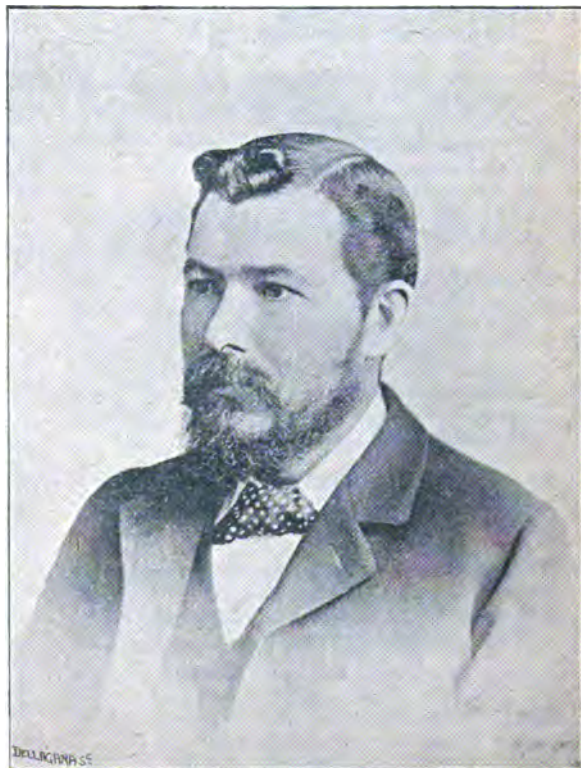
The appointment of J. Gwenogfryn Evans as sole inspector of Welsh manuscripts meets with the unanimous approval of Welsh scholars. It is of the greatest importance that this work should be done by one and the same man, so that the writings made by the same hand can be immediately detected. Mr. Evans has done magnificent work in Welsh palaeography already, and a catalogue of all existing Welsh manuscripts from his hand will be as great a boon as even a Welsh student can imagine. There is a very interesting sketch of Mr. Evans' life and work, written by Professor J. Morris Jones of Bangor, in one of the volumes of CYMRU.

CYMRU'S PLANT for this month contains, among other things, the best short story Daniel Owen has ever written. CYMRU has, as usual, articles by eminent Welsh writers and much valuable matter hitherto unpublished. The first book of the LLENOR, an illustrated Welsh quarterly, aiming at keeping the Welshman in touch with the most recent discoveries in history and Political Science and Political Economy, as well as in the subjects generally dear to Welshmen, is to be published by Messrs. Hughes & Son, for January next.

At last, it seems likely that Llywelyn is to have a memorial. A meeting was held at Llandrindod in August, and it directed the

Rev. John Evans of Eglwys Bach, Elfed, Llywelyn Williams, Miss Ellis of Cynlas, and the Rev. Gwynoro Davies to issue a circular and to convene a general meeting in London in November. With the circular is sent a short and telling statement, in which I believe I detect the style of J. Arthur Price. He shows that, while stately monuments recall the fame and features of Grattan, Hoffer, Bruce, Wallace, and Joan of Aro, no statue or memorial recalls to the wayfarer or the native in Wales the names of St. David, Giraldus Cambrensis, Llywelyn ab Iorwerth, or Owen Glendower. "It is the duty of Welshmen, for the sake alike of their children, their country, their critics, and their visitors, not to allow the names of those who strove for Wales in other ages to lie hid in a thankless oblivion."

In my last number I stated that all articles and poems appearing in WALES are at the disposal of anyone to republish them, with certain specified exceptions. It has been pointed out to me, however, that it would be invidious in some cases to make these distinctions. As far as signed articles are concerned, I must withdraw what I said; but permission to republish can generally be obtained by writing either to the writer of the article or to me.



J. GWENOGFRYN EVANS, M.A.

DERWELLION.

THE LEGEND OF LLANTRISANT.

Fragments of the following legend are current at Llantrisant. But the full story was related to me a few years ago by a venerable inhabitant, as we sat together before the stump of a huge cross in the churchyard.



IS said that at Llantrisant town,
A long, long while ago;
There lived a man of great renown,
Most cunning with the bow.
No archer ever aimed as he,
His arrows always told;

And warriors travelled land and sea
His exploits to behold.

The town stood high above the land,
With castle, keep, and hold;
Its people were a warlike band,
Who feared their leader bold.
Derwellion was the chieftain's name,
And from the castle keep
He daily took a deadly aim
That swept the rocky steep.

A stranger, if he dared ascend
The township's narrow pass,
Came to a sad untimely end,
By arrow wounds. Alas!
Derwellion never hurled a shaft
Uncursed from off his bow;
And cursed his victims well, and laughed,
When they fell dead below.

Thus many a true and sturdy knight
Who all the world would brave,
Found low beneath Llantrisant's height,
A melancholy grave.
Meanwhile the town by plunder grew,
And arms of steel and bronze
Made all the bold Derwellion crew
As proud as summer swans.

At war by day in fearful fray,
In revelries by night,
They passed their precious time away,
And deemed it a delight.
No flower or tree would grace the slopes,
No birdsongs fill the air;
But bleak destruction, shattered hopes,
Were witnessed everywhere.

* * * * *

One day three saints of Christ appeared,
And passed up through the fort;
In vain Derwellion's bow was reared,
His arrows fall too short!

The three sped onward undismayed,
Through every street they strolled;
And passing, each one seemed arrayed
In vestments wrought with gold.

They told the story of the Cross,
Though all disdained to hear,
And would have cast them out by force,
But called Derwellion near,—
“No saint shall ever live,” they cried,
In this our dwelling-place;
No legend of the Crucified
Shall sway our warlike race.”

Derwellion scornful charged each saint,—
“Go, quit at once the town,
Or I without the least restraint
Will fell you quickly down.
My dauntless arm still holds the realm.
As all the people know;
And saints shall never overwhelm
The might of my crossbow.”

The holy men stood firm and still,
One raised the cross on high,
Nor feared Derwellion's awful will,
And blatant ribaldry.
“The cross,” said they, “it shall prevail,
And govern earth and sky!
And bowmen, though enshrined in mail
Must own it, or they die.”

With this the chief his sword unsheathed,
But as he raised the blade,
By some strange prayer the saints had
He to a stone was made! [breathed,
A stone; in likeness to a cross,
Fixed firmly to the earth,
With heiroglyphics graved across
The face and centre girth.

In abject fear, the people cried,—
“O shrive us, holy three,
And O thou Christ once crucified
We now would follow thee.
Shrive us! shrive us! men of God,
Our sins are great we know,
For we have stained the holy sod
By cursed Derwellion's bow.”

Then prostrate low upon the ground,
The masses humbly fell;
While silence reigned, and ne'er a sound
Conspired to break the spell,
Save the deep voice, the ancientmost
Of the three saints, upheaved
For benedictions on the host
Who thus had fully shrived.

And from that day on every hand,
The town was ruled aright,
For the grim terror of the land
Had ceased to see the light;
The age of cruelty was done,
And industry now throve,
From morn each day, till setting-sun,
Entranced by deeds of love.

A church was raised, with massive shaft,
Hard by the cross of stone;
And bells were cast with wondrous craft,
To ring with matchless tone.

Each bell was made from shafts and spears,
And brazen arms of war,
That peace might sound to distant ears,
And ring from shore to shore.

Then daily at the evening hour,
The saints would blessings pour;
With sacred service from the tower
Whence cursing came before;
Until Llantrisant town became
Beloved by all below,
Through three poor saints of humble name,
Who broke Derwellion's bow.

J. CRAVEN THOMAS.

THE DIARY OF A BARD.—(EBEN FARDD).

V.—A BARD'S WIFE.



ULES suggested by the general course of daily occurrences in 1836,—

January 25th.—Beware of going to N. I. too frequently.

26th.—Beware of exceeding the present limits of your weekly ex—it—ure,—which at most is 10½d.; ten and a half being 2s. 5½d. a month, or £2 5s. 6d. a year.

29th.—It is by the aid of God alone I can succeed, I am myself so weak, O my God assist me to keep my resolutions.

February 27th.—Never buy a newspaper; attend to your articulatory power, this too often betraying.

April 20th.—An alarming increase exhibited in my private expenditure account; I resolve to be more guarded and sparing in future; my principle shall be,—that a too expensive indulgence, though it be a temporary gratification, is nevertheless so neutralized by the embarrassment and remorse which it occasions as not to be productive of any real pleasure or perfect satisfaction. Any indulgence therefore increases the pleasure of enjoyment inversely as the cost of procuring it decreases.

26th.—I vow to refrain from any unnecessary expense this week; I also resolve

to apply myself to my business in future with assiduity and vigour. Let my heart be light and free from remorse, guilt, and vanity, and my disposition will be also agreeable, easy, and blithesome.

May 4th.—I must not be so foolish as to suffer myself to be tempted to ex. by some slight exhilarating feeling caused by a small quantity given me by others.

13th.—I shall not sign as witness or otherwise any document presented to me for that purpose without a deliberate reflection and examination of the contents of such document, with the probable consequence of signing the same. Attend to your articulatory powers (Rule of February 27th.)

July 20th.—Rule,—Do not enter into a too familiar conversation with the young w—en you are acquainted with; and in your necessary intercourse with them, refrain from levity and vain talk, be dignified, serious, and kind. Determine to abstain as far as possible from dr—nk—ng; keep your resolves like a man, don't be weak and yielding; persevere in a steady course of life.

1837.

January 1st.—Sunday, — Heard a preacher at Zion Chapel earnestly recommending all men and women not to drink a drop of any intoxicating liquor for ever; this he deemed temperance, and he held it to be a grave sin to take even half-a-pint of ale, because they made malt on Sundays.

May 6th.—Clynnog fair; busy at shop

throughout the afternoon. Robert Price, Plas Du, called, requested some poetry to his stallion; promised some. Owen Jones, Llandwrog, desired to have lines to Valiant sent him; promised.

15th.—Mary and Ellen went to Carnarvon. I and Catherine were left alone; felt very dejected; wife is certainly a great blessing; I pray God will permit us to live long together.

21st.—Sunday,—My friend Evan Roberts, a sea captain, departed in the mail for Liverpool; about six of his friends were treated by him at N. Inn to 1 P. of A. each, amongst whom I was one; I as well as some others were much affected at his departure. This is a sorrowful world; friends must be separated though ever so closely connected in the bonds of friendship; he gave 6d. to each of my children; he is a clever young man, working his way through the world with considerable success; may God protect him, and save his soul. In about twenty minutes after Captain Roberts left, my friend Parry of the firm of Potter & Comy. called, attended by a young gentleman who introduced himself as a friend of John Pughe; Parry gave 1d. to each of my children, and requested I would accompany them to Plas, went and took 2 G. of A. with them. I then went with my family to Zion Chapel, where my friend Robert Hughes, Uwchlaw'rffynnon, preached; I liked his plan very much, he endeavoured to be plain and useful, and did not attempt those rhetorical and philosophical flourishes so frequently the fault of young preachers. Yesterday, sent a letter enclosing some poetry to Mr. Robert Price, Plas Du; the lines were made to his stallion at his request. Wrote six English stanza, two englynion, and a translation of one for Evan Roberts, to set one or more, he should like best, on the tombstone of his departed LOVE. Transmitted a letter by Evan Roberts to R. Tecwyn, being a critique on some translations of lines to Sir J. Moore.

25th.—Rev. Evan Williams, Vrondeg,

called; wanted me to help him to make an englyn on Gutyn Peris' grave.

25th.—Mr. Evan Williams still here; Mr. William Jones, Carnarvon, also called.

June 1st.—This is the day fixed for the election of guardians of the poor, I was engaged at the Clynnog election with the parish officers. Received 13s. for my trouble and for writing 18 warnings at 3d. each single. In the afternoon went as far as Ty'n y Coed hill,—William Bryneryr's sloop was setting out of the creek with John Thomas, senior, on board for Liverpool; rested a while on Ty'n y Coed gate to look thereat, accompanied Evan Tynlon and Griffith Davies to the village, turned to Tyisaf for ½ P. of A.; wife scolded me for taking even that, said she did not believe I went to the seashore, but that I was all the time at this place; I went to Eglwys y Bedd with my little Catherine as soon as

I came back; she said I had been at N. Inn, and said every hateful thing she could invent, the worst of all, however, was, that she suspected me capable of telling a lie to conceal this paltry fact from her.

3rd.—Yesterday and to-day feel very low. Heard through Mr.

Hughes' maid that he was against his wife buying anything at mine, and that he was very false to me throughout, and all this chiefly on account of the quarterly pound for poor children's school I get from him. I was partly aware of this before, which I understood from his stingy and niggard disposition, together with the evident duplicity he always manifests in his intercourse with others. I wish I could get rid of him and his pound by being placed in some other situation, or enabled to live on my other resources independent of his paltry school.

5th.—Last night my wife was taken ill in chapel, and had a very agonising fit, similar to a former fit she had last winter; went to meet her as far as Caerpwsan after putting children in bed. She was coming in the arm of her father, very weak and pale; assisted her to bed; I was very



CYFF BEUNO. Photographed by E. Owen.

much concerned at seeing her so ill; had a bad rest throughout the night; thought how hard it would be for my little dear children and myself to be deprived of her; prayed God to spare us, and to forgive us our sins in mercy, for Jesus' sake. This morning she is rather better, thank God. Another scene presented itself to me at ten o'clock; that recreant half sister, with her two base children, called at Eglwys y Bedd; did not take much notice of them, and they left; but heard wife say she asked a bit of bread at my door; wife gave her some bread and butter, and she went off directly, desiring God's blessing for same. This miserable, imprudent woman, being half idiotic, has thrown herself to great trouble and indigence through her folly and mischievous disposition. Very rainy; I very low; wife's sister here. Saw a person this day whom I have not seen for eleven years I dare say, but who formerly, in the days of my childhood, was better to me than all mankind, excepting my parents. This person was Jenny Price, Plas Du; she stood in my shop with a faint trace of her former beauty still lingering on her countenance, and the characteristic occasional vibration of the body when commencing to speak still retained.

6th.—Last vestry at Clynnog; first meeting of Guardians at Carnarvon. Wife went to chapel at night, it being the night of the Monthly Meeting at Brynaera. I took silly more than was proper of A. What can I do to myself? I hereby resolve not to take any more on purpose at home, unless I be compelled or invited by some person, and then not more than is proper. O Lord, grant me thy grace to strengthen me against this my besetting sin. Amen.

11th.—Spoke publicly at Eglwys y Bedd to the school, about Mr. Hughes and Humphrey.

12th and 13th.—Canvassing the guardians through letters, for the office of district auditor. In the evening went to Llanllyfni, *via* Bontllyfni, where I left a note for Mr. R. Jones, Bryngwdion, one of the Llanllyfni guardians. Took 2½ P. A. at Llanllyfni. Mr. Jones was rather indifferent for giving his support to obtain for me this office; he said it should be

seized by some gentleman, as it required so much influence to obtain it; wanted me to apply for the relieving officership; said, though, that he would do his best for me; gave me a mug of ale. Left, took half P. and half G. mixt at the Old Pain's. Mr. Jones showed some ingenious Welsh propositions and demonstrations founded on the properties of the parallelogram of forces, written and compiled by himself.

14th.—Mr. Parry, the Llanerchymedd bard, Mr. Evans, Amlwch, and another minister called; Parry wanted a copy of my poetic correspondence with Mr. David Jones; promised. Received a letter from Mr. D. Williams, Pwllheli, in answer to mine respecting John Thomas; he also said he would do all in my favour to obtain some office; offered me the relieving officership of one of the Pwllheli Union District.

16th.—Get off for Carnarvon *via* Llanddwrog; Owen Jones favoured me. Rev. Mr. Williams wrote to Lord Newbrough in my behalf; canvassed some voters at Carnarvon; took 1 G. of A. over much, I believe, with R. G. Canvassing to-day. Amongst others, spoke to Lord Newbrough. My friends advise me to go on.

19th.—Get off to canvass Eifionnydd; called upon Mr. Lloyd, of Trallwyn, Mr. Griffith Roberts, of Gelli (ate there), Mr. Thomas, Llanybi (2 G. of P.), *via* Felin Bencoed; ate *maidd* there; saw and conversed with Owen and Watkin in the potato field. Called at Gwynfryn; Major very kind; mug of ale and familiar conversation for three-quarters of an hour. Called at Glanllyna; guardian unfavourable. Called at Chwillog; Sarah there; drank tea; departed soon; with Sarah only shook hands, most affectedly. Called at Hendre; Mr. Roberts very courteous; mug of ale and cold meat. Saw John Owen at Abererch village; had great rain to come home, where I arrived shortly after ten.

24th.—Remitted my Ass'ce Prem. to Mr. D. Williams, Pwllheli, who in his P.S. to his acknowledgment of the receipt thereof said he had not received my formal notice of my being candidate.

Mem.—Put the five notices in the Carnarvon Post Office this day week; neglect or malice is at work here.

27th.—Mr. Owen, Gwyndy, marrying to-day; Robert Hughes at the wedding; Robert Hughes called at my house; said he would support me at Pwllheli.

28th.—Feel somewhat dejected this evening; this depression I partly attribute to the many disappointments I encounter in my canvass for this new situation, and in my preparations to get myself nominated; the discouraging anticipations of defeat; the mortifying allusions of persons calling themselves gentlemen, whom I should ever look upon with disdain, so far as regards any pretensions they may have of talents, skill, or businesslike cleverness, or learning either; their whole strength and note lie in that glittering mineral—gold. O Lord, teach me to condemn the frivolous things of this world, to avoid

reposing my trust in man, to disregard popular favour and praise, and to confide my whole business unto thy Almighty and merciful hands; impress thy holy image on my soul; teach me to adore thee, to associate with thee, to take my chief delight in meditating upon thy works, and to descant with rapture on thy spiritual things, and save my soul through Jesus Christ. Amen. All this will be soon over. I must not fret, or suffer myself to be disturbed by any pending disappointment; indeed, I cannot be disappointed by not obtaining the situation, my primary object from the beginning was to introduce myself to the notice of my superiors, and so far as I experience any failure in accomplishing this, I must be a little discomposed.

EDWARD, LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY'S POEMS.

IT cannot be said that Welshmen as a rule are slow to claim as of their nation persons of note who may in any way be so considered. Yet, strange to say, the illustrious Welshman whose name stands at the head of this article, and his equally illustrious brother, George Herbert, are seldom claimed as such; and this though on their father's side they were but sixth in direct descent from Sir Dafydd Gam, and on their mother's descended in a straight line from Owen Cyfeiliog, the prince-poet of Powys. Moreover, the days of their childhood and youth were spent in the sleepy little town of Montgomery, and among its beautiful surroundings. It is not my purpose here to narrate the incidents of Lord Herbert's eventful life,—that, for the first forty three years of it, has been done by himself with a fidelity, a frankness, and an absence of all reserve that are both amusing and truly delightful. The remaining twenty four years were chiefly spent in retirement and study at Montgomery Castle, which in 1643 he surrendered to the Parliamentary army, much to the chagrin of the Royalists. He died five years after this, aged 67 years. Lord Herbert's autobiography has now taken its place among the English classics.

It is one of the earliest and certainly one of the most entertaining works of its kind, and gives a racy and highly interesting account of the various adventures of the author as well as vivid glimpses of the age in which he lived. We have in it a most life-like and by no means too flattering a portrait of the author, although it has been drawn by himself. Besides being a brilliant courtier, soldier, and diplomatist, Lord Herbert was a most able historian and a profound thinker, however much we may disagree with his philosophy. In addition to all this he was a poet of some note, though his fame as such is eclipsed by that of his saintly brother, George Herbert. It is in this character that I propose now to deal with him.

Lord Herbert's poems are marked by those peculiarities of sentiment and expression which distinguished the poets of his age, and are too metaphysical and too obscure ever to become popular. Yet they possess merits which should not be forgotten. Johnson has characterised the school of poets to which he belonged as the metaphysical or fantastical school. His *Occasional Verses* were first published in 1665, seventeen years after his death. This volume is now one of the rarest known to

bibliographers. Another edition appeared in 1881, but as only a very limited number of copies were printed, this also is very rarely to be met with; hence few readers of WALES, probably, are acquainted with its contents. The poems were written apparently during the odd moments of a very busy life. One is dated August, 1608, another October, 1644, being four years prior to the author's death. Strange to say, he himself makes no allusion to them in his autobiography. One of the longest and best is "An ode upon a question moved whether love should continue for ever." It consists of 35 stanzas, and is therefore too long for quotation in its entirety. The following extracts must therefore suffice,—

"The well accorded birds did sing
Their hymns unto the pleasant time
And in a sweet consorted chime
Did welcome in the cheerful spring.

To which soft whistles of the wind,
And warbling murmurs of a brook,
And varied notes of leaves that shook,
An harmony of parts did bind.

While doubling joy unto each other
All in so rare consent was shown,
No happiness that came alone,
Nor pleasure that was not another.

Melander and Celinda meet and walk
towards a pleasant grove,—

"Long their fixed eyes to Heaven bent,
Unchanged they did never move,
As if so great and pure a love
No glass but it could represent.

When with a sweet though troubled look,
She first brake silence, saying,—'Dear
friend,'

Oh that our love might take no end,
Or never had beginning took !'

She scarce had done, when his shut eyes
An inward joy did represent
To hear Celinda thus intent
To a love he so much did prize.

Then with a look it seemed denied
All earthly power but hers, yet so
As if to her breath he did owe
This borrowed life, he thus replied,—

'Oh you wherein they say souls rest
Till they descend, pure heavenly fires,
Shall lustful and corrupt desires
With your immortal seed be blest ?

'And shall our love, so far beyond
That low and dying appetite,

And which so chaste desires unite,
Not hold in an eternal bond ?

* * * * *

'Oh no, beloved, I am most sure
Those virtuous habits we acquire
As being with the soul entire
Must with it evermore endure ;

'For if, where sins and vice reside
We find so foul a guilt remain,
As never dying in his stain
Still punished in the soul doth bide ;

'Much more that true and real joy,
Which in a virtuous love is found
Must be more solid in its ground
Than Fate or Death can e'er destroy.

* * * * *

'Nor here on earth then, or above,
Our good affection can impair,
For where God doth admit the fair
Think you that He excludeth love ?

'These eyes again then eyes shall see,
And hands again these hands enfold,
And all chaste pleasures can be told
Shall with us everlasting be.

'For if no use of sense remain,
When bodies once this life forsake,
Or they could no delight partake,
Why should they ever rise again ?

* * * * *

'Let then no doubt, Celinda, touch,
Much less your fairest mind invade ;
Were not our souls immortal made
Our equal loves can make them such.

'So when one wing can make no way
Two joined can themselves dilate.

* * * * *

'So when from hence we shall be gone,
And be no more, nor you, nor I,
As one another's mystery,
Each shall be both, yet both but one.'

This said, in her uplifted face,
Her eyes, which did that beauty crown,
Were like two stars, that having fallen
Look up again to find their place." [down,

What a beautiful idea is embodied in the last verse ! The reader will at once recognize the stanza used to be that which the *In Memoriam* has made so familiar to us. It is true that it was not Lord Herbert who first invented it,—that merit belongs, perhaps, to Donne,—but it was he who first discovered its harmony and perfected the metre ; and there can be little doubt that Tennyson was influenced in choosing it from observing its great capabilities as

shown in the above and other poems of Lord Herbert's. Several passages quoted above are indeed so very Tennysonian in their sweetness and beauty that they might almost deceive the most discriminating ear. A good specimen of the fantastic style to which reference has been made will be found in

"A VISION:—A LADY COMBING HER HAIR.

The hair.	Within an open curled sea of gold
The comb.	A bark of ivory one day I saw,
The teeth of the comb.	Which, striking with his oars, did seem to draw
Her side.	Towards a fair coast which I then did behold.
	A lady held the stern, while her white hand,
The cuff or smock sleeve.	Whiter than either ivory or sail,
	Over the surging waves did so prevail
Her shoulder.	That she had now approached near the land.
	When suddenly, as if she feared some wrack,
	And yet the sky was fair, and air was clear,
Wart.	And neither rock nor monster did appear
	Doubling the point, which spied, she turned back.
Combing in another place.	Then with a second course I saw her steer,
	As if she meant to reach some other bay,
	Where, being approached, she likewise turned away,
Hairs in the comb.	Though in the bark some waves now entred were.
	Though varying oft her course, at last I found,
	While I in quest of the adventure go,
She had given over combing.	The sail took down and oars had ceased to row,
	And that the bark itself was run aground.
Her face.	Wherewith earth's fairest creature I beheld,
Her hair put up and comb cast away.	For which both bark and sea I gladly lost.
	Let no philosopher of knowledge boast,
	Unless that he my vision can unfold."

There is another very picturesque little poem on the same subject, from which I will only quote two very suggestive lines,—

"No hair thy fatal hand doth now dispense
But to some one a thread of life must be."

Many other passages might be quoted to prove that Lord Herbert had "the eye to see nature" of a true poet, as the following,—

"A grove embroidering through each glade
An airy silver and a sunny gold."

"Praises, like garments then, if loose and wide,
Are subject to fall off; if gay and pied,
Make men ridiculous. The just and grave
Are those alone which men may wear and have."

"Small earthly lights but to some space extend,
And then into the dim and dark do tend,
And common heat doth at some length so stop
That it cannot so much as warm one drop,
While light and heat that doth from heaven descend,
Warms the low valley more than the mountain top."

Of the sonnets, the most striking, perhaps, is that

"TO BLACK ITSELF.

Thou Black wherein all colours are composed,
And unto which they all at last return;
Thou colour of the sun where it doth burn,
And shadow where it cools; in thee is closed
Whatever nature can, or hath disposed
In any other here; from thee do rise
Those tempers and complexions which, disclosed
As parts of thee, do work as mysteries
Of that thy hidden power; when thou dost reign
The characters of fate shine in the skies,
And tell us what the heavens do ordain;
But when earth's common light shines to our
Thou so retirest thyself, that thy disdain [eyes
All revelation unto man denies."

Additional interest attaches to this sonnet from its partly contriving the germ of the idea so finely embodied subsequently in Blanco White's famous sonnet. Not to tire the reader, I will only quote one more short but pretty poem,—

"TO HIS WATCH WHEN HE COULD NOT SLEEP.

"Unceasing minutes, whilst you move you tell
The time that tells our life, which, though it
Never so fast or far, your new begun [run
Short steps shall overtake; for though life well

May 'scape his own account, it shall not yours.
You are Death's auditors, that both divide
And sum whate'er that life inspired endures
Past a beginning, and through you we bide

The doom of Fate, whose unrecalled decree
You date, bring, execute; making what's new
Ill, and good old, for as we die in you,
You die in Time, Time in Eternity."

These extracts will suffice to prove that, obscure, often unintelligible and marked

with that eccentricity which characterised the author's whole life as these poems are, they are the productions of a true poet,—one who had an eye to see nature, a heart

to feel nature, and a courage to follow nature withersoever she might lead him.

Celynog, Newtown.

R. WILLIAMS.



A LEGACY.

STRANGER of the pedestrian tourist type came to the quiet village of Pentrebeunydd, and, always on the alert for objects of interest, halted before a long, low, lime-washed building

that stood amidst a spacious enclosure. A closer inspection

revealed an antique and verdurous bell suspended within a secluded nook, and all but enmeshed by the thick ivy foliage which covered that end of the fabric.

The traveller now rightly concluded that this was the village school, and, coming from the distant and dingy midland town, naturally contrasted his present beautiful surroundings with the close, pent up scene of his own early introduction to the rudiments of knowledge.

On the further side of the thick-grown hedge that ran between the school ground and the schoolmaster's garden, a spreading oak towered high to harbour the winged songsters that chirped away in unyielding rivalry with the chorus of juvenile voices within. On the opposite side of the road stood the old mill, and above it the cress-grown pond, hemmed in by the grassy dam, while below the river resumed its seaward flight, tumultuously revelling in its triumph over rushes, and dams, and flood-gates, and the creaking mill-wheel, and a host of other impediments, and passed away in a winding silver path across the distant-reaching fen.

An old man made his appearance from the precincts, and the visitor felt half-inclined to address him, but he passed on his way, unfortunately, for the veteran, who was the schoolmaster's father, would

have supplemented the charming impressions which he had derived from the spot, with interesting facts anent the inmates, for those were great days at Pentrebeunydd School, that is, twenty years ago,—days that are remembered even this day in different parts of the world, where the boys of yore pursue their various callings. Whether it be the detective-inspector of Scotland Yard, or the mine manager on the plains of Kansas, or the house surgeon in the city infirmary, or the eloquent preacher of camp-meeting fame, they one and all love to look back to those happy days; and amidst their sweet recollections one figure stands out conspicuously,—Sam.

Wild, wayward, uncontrollable, but with a deep sense of justice, and as impatient of bullying and unfairness as of learning, Sam was the centre of boyish life at Pentrebeunydd twenty years or so ago; and though the subsequent history of his schoolmates shows them to have been by no means of ordinary calibre, Sam, with his tall, powerful, and muscular figure culminating upwards in a copious mass of caroty hair, with a tendency to grow in the same direction as its possessor, enjoyed innumerable distinctions. He had not only on several occasions saved the lives of his playfellows, who, with a true British instinct were wont to resort to the banks of the mill-pond to follow the mysteries of navigation, with, now and then, an immersion by way of variation,—an act which brought the plunger the unanimous plaudits of his comrades, to be followed as a rule by the further damping of their elated feelings under the strokes of the parental rod; but our hero had undergone the unique experience of a sub-aquatic journey under the conveyance of the flood which swept him through a leak in the flood-gate, and deposited him half-drowned on the stony bed below.

Sam was already a grown-up lad when an event of great importance occurred in the village. There was a change of schoolmasters. The former had attempted the futile task of subduing the ungovernable nature of Sam, and was now leaving with a view to promotion, and with the mark of Sam's clog permanently lodged on his forehead. His successor, with greater circumspection, at once recognised the hopelessness of any such method; and, with persevering tact, ultimately rewarded with success beyond anticipation, confined his efforts to an endeavour to turn the wild flow of the boy's spirits into another channel. He got him to learn his alphabet, and then the formation of words. Here began Sam's poor opinion of the Saxon tongue. There were several things that did not seem very clear to him, nothing like so clear as his leap over the local fences and gates. He could not understand what benefit it was, first, to learn the sounds of certain characters, and when one came to form words, to find they bore either totally different sounds or no sounds at all. Again, he was told one day that "the" was a definite article, and another day in the reading lesson that an "article" signified any small thing, such as an "umbrella;" but when he subsequently said that "the" was a definite umbrella, he was laughed at. Another time the teacher explained that "upstairs" meant the bedroom, or "lloft" in Welsh. However, when Sam appeared one morning with his head bandaged, and reported himself as "having fallen upstairs," he could not for the life of him understand what cause for merriment such an untoward event presented. Nevertheless, Sam continued to plod away; and, one by one, all difficulties were surmounted, until he was through the course of study prescribed then in public schools.

Perceiving that he had become a power in the school, his teacher invited him to join the teaching staff, a proposal which Sam unexpectedly accepted, while the master congratulated himself upon the influence he had acquired over his once impetuous scholar. But that was not the whole truth. There was already on the staff a female assistant of uncommon

beauty, the gardener's daughter, and known to her pupils as "Nell." Sam, who was now a strapping youth of fifteen, had long felt his eyes unconsciously wandering in the direction of this pretty damsel's class, and her presence in the place went further than anything else to influence his decision.

Not long afterwards the great day of the school year drew nigh, and anxious preparations were being made for weeks before the arrival of Gilbert Potts, Esq., H.M.'s Inspector of Schools. There was floor scrubbing, and window cleaning, and white-washing. There were evening classes; and Nell, who had already distinguished herself by winning the diocesan prize for the current year, was busy early and late with her recitation, which it was part of the inspector's duty to hear.

At length the terrible day arrived, and all were in a state of more or less excitement, with the exception of Sam, who stood at the head of his class a picture of imperturbability.

Gilbert Potts, Esq., called on Nell to recite her poetry, and then to read a piece which he marked in a newspaper. Among other difficult words that occurred in the piece, was the word "legacy," which Nell, unfortunately, but not unnaturally, pronounced "lee-gay-cy." The sharp thump of the inspector's hand came down upon the table.

"What is that word?"

"Lee-gay-cy, sir."

"Well, I never heard such a thing."

The schoolmaster, who had perceived from the other end of the room that something was wrong, now came forward and said,—

"She is the diocesan prizewoman this year, sir."

"Prizewoman," said the cantankerous inspector, "I doubt very much whether she deserved it."

Upon hearing which Nell burst into tears, and Sam, who by this was itching to fling the inspector out bodily, be the consequences what they might, remarked to his class in Welsh,—

"Clywch, hogia, y cenaw cäs yna. O'r asyn! cawn i f——"

"What is that?" said the inspector,

whose attention had been attracted by the giggling of the boys; "if I hear any more of that horrible Welsh, I shall close the examination." And addressing the master, he continued,—

"Have you no control over the school, sir?"

"Perfect, sir," answered that individual, half stung and half frightened, "that is, with the exception of that young man."

"You do not mean to tell me," said the inspector, whose anger increased each moment, "that you keep that man here when he dare disobey you."

"I have never occasion to command," said the master, firmly.

"Anyway, I shall report your staff as extremely inefficient," said Gilbert Potts, Esq., and he kept his word, with the result that Sam and Nell had to go when the managers had received the report.

Nell stayed at home with her father; and Sam, who had received a timely dowry through the death of a wealthy relative, left his native village, but *au revoir*. He determined to devote his life to the educational emancipation of his country, and Pentrebeunydd knew him not, along the weary years, except when he came once for a few days, and robbed the hamlet of one of its most precious treasures, and the gardener of his favourite flower.

Those who have been engaged in this noble and triumphant cause of Welsh

education will readily recognise him, but his country knew little or nothing of him until when, a few months ago, he appeared with the county member in a series of public meetings. In due course, a great meeting was held at Pentrebeunydd, and the whole surrounding country came to hear the son of the soil. The scene of the foregoing incidents seemed to animate his stalwart person with living fire, and as he narrated, among other things, the story of Gilbert Potts, the enthusiasm of the vast audience arose to its highest pitch.

"Fellow Welshmen and Welshwomen," he continued, "Gilbert Potts is no more. He has gone to the eternal witenagemot; but we will not sully his memory. He has left your children, and the children of the weeping female teacher of twenty years ago, which are mine as well,—he has left them a legacy."

Here he held up a Day School Code for the year 1894, amidst the deafening acclamations of the crowd, and he read the new regulations prescribed by the Department for the utilization of Welsh in instructing Welsh children.

The local leaders and patriots, who stayed at the close of the proceedings to shake hands with the aged county member, whispered,—

"That is the man, after you, sir."

Carnarvon.

T. L. OWEN.

WHEN COMES MY GWEN.

"PAN DDAW FY NGWEN" (*Mynyddog*).

WHEN comes my Gwen
More glorious then
The sun in heaven appeareth;
And summer's self
To meet this elf
A smile more radiant weareth.

When comes my love
The moon above
Shines bright and ever brighter;
And all the black
And sullen wrack
Grows in a moment lighter.

When comes my queen
The tree-tops green
Bow down to earth to greet her;

Llanidloes.

And tempests high
That rend the sky
Disperse, afraid to meet her.

When comes my sweet
Her love to greet
My cares and troubles vanish;
For on her face
Rests heavenly peace
Which sorrows all doth banish.

When comes my dear
The curtain drear
Twixt God and me is riven;
Her loving eyes
Reveal the skies
And point the way to Heaven.

E. O. J.

ENOCH HUGHES.

BY DANIEL OWEN,

Author of *The Autobiography of Rhys Lewis, Gwen Tumor, &c.*

Translated from the Welsh by the HON. CLAUD VIVIAN.

CHAPTER X.

MARGARET.

THOUGH Enoch Hughes was only twenty nine, he already felt himself an old bachelor, inheriting all the discomforts of that unrestrained state of life. He was a young man of tender feelings, and very careful of his character. In selecting his house-keeper, he took care to choose one a good deal older than himself. Her name was Margaret Parry. Margaret had seen the light of day at least twenty years before her master,—a fact that she put considerable weight on when intricate and difficult questions arose between them, such for instance as,—whether potatoes ought to be peeled on the Saturday night or Sunday morning, whether it would be better to boil or roast the neck of mutton, and such like momentous questions. It was a fact, without exception, that Margaret never mentioned her age except when the correctness of her opinion was doubted. At such times she used to say,—“Master, I am older than you, and so ought to know best.” Margaret had never married,—not, she said, because she had not had good offers many times, but because she preferred to live single. But her master, Enoch Hughes, thought that he saw another cause for Margaret’s condition of singleness, and which was a reason also for her especial fitness, in his view, for her being his house-keeper,—namely, her unlovable face. One look at Margaret’s face was sufficient to convince every man of sense that she had never been kissed unless, indeed, she had at some time happened to come across a man who was blind from his birth. And her face was not the only reason that could be thought of for her single state,—for her figure was not one of the most graceful, nor one likely to attract the admiration of any youth of good taste, or to at all discompose his slumber. Margaret was short and broad, and made one conjecture that she had at some time been obliged to carry an enormous load on her head, which had made her sink a good deal into herself, and had shortened her neck and legs, and distended her shoulders, her waist, her hips. Not much labour with a chisel

and hammer would have been required on Margaret in order to make her round; and if she had happened to tumble from near the top of Moel Famau, on its south side, she would never have stopped rolling till she had reached Ruthin.

There was never a virtue without a vice, and it may be that there was never a vice without a virtue. In her own way Margaret was not to be beaten. She would sooner have had her finger broken than that anyone should suggest that there was any kind of untidiness in the house. Everything under her care was remarkably clean; and if anyone had hinted otherwise, it would have been a crime past all forgiveness against Margaret. Infallibility was Margaret’s chief virtue, and whoever doubted her was the greatest of sinners. It was not all in a moment that Enoch Hughes discovered this infallibility. It is true that he had a most excellent character with Margaret before he engaged her, but, as has been already intimated, her chief virtue in his eyes at that time was her unearthly ugliness,—so ugly was she that not even the most scandal-loving tongue would dare to make up a story that he and his housekeeper were too friendly. He had at this time no suspicion of Margaret’s infallibility. During the first week that she was in his service Enoch Hughes could make neither head nor tail of her. If he complained about any part of her work, Margaret went into the sulks, and would not speak to him for days. As a last effort, before turning her away, Enoch thought of praising her, to see what effect that would have on her way of attending to him. And one day, when Margaret had prepared a dinner for him that no Christian could possibly have eaten, he said,—

“Margaret, it’s a pity that my digestion is so bad to-day, for you have given me a splendid dinner,—it couldn’t have been better. If I had only known that you were going to give me such a good dinner, I should have invited someone here; as it is, I am afraid I shall have to go to the doctor to get something for my stomach.”

“Yes,” said Margaret, “the dinner is good enough for any man living, but I will make you a little wormwood tea, master, for why should you go to the doctor, when I can make as good physic as he can, and better too?”

Enoch never had any further occasion to complain much about his meals. And it was the same with all kinds of Margaret's duties. When she had been careless she had only to be praised, and there would be scarcely any fault to be found the next time. The daily commendation of her master had made Margaret form a much higher opinion,—if possible,—about her virtues than she had to begin with, and had made her domineer and put her finger in every one of his pies, except the shop. The shop was the only part of Enoch's empire that she had not subdued. She was so completely the ruler of his house that Enoch at times feared that he would be given a month's notice by her,—that is to say, a month's notice for him to quit. But how could he help it? If he complained of anything, or if he tried to have his own plans, Margaret would go into the sulks, and would do nothing at all; while, on the other hand, if she was allowed to have her own way, things were not far from being all right. To keep Margaret in a good temper was almost as of much importance in Enoch's eyes, and it took up almost as much of his thoughts, as the whole of his other duties put together. When he wanted to introduce something which broke in upon the monotony of his bachelor life, he had to consider, for a long time, how he could do it without putting Margaret out of tune. As has been said before, Margaret's features at their best were not fascinating, and Enoch dreaded seeing her in a rage and sulking. When she was in that condition, her appearance gave him the horrors, and disturbed his sleep for nights. Though he, by this time, understood Margaret's ways fairly well, he could not do less than feel his position to be very humiliating when he reflected that he,—a successful merchant, who was looked up to by many of his neighbours and respected by his brother members in the chapel for his usefulness and liberality,—was, after all, under a sort of necessity, so far as all his circumstances and plans were concerned, to take Margaret into consideration and to watch carefully how to keep peace with her. If it had not been that Enoch Hughes' heart,—every chamber of it,—was wholly possessed by Miss Trevor,—though he never fostered a hope that his love would be returned,—he would many a time have turned out to look for a companion in life, and he would not have cared what her worldly position was, so uncomfortable did he feel. His cares were great; and, like everyone who has given himself up to business, he had no time to make friends. The happiest time Enoch had was when he was perfectly sure Margaret was asleep. He had a small room connected with the shop, which he had turned into a sort of office, and this was purposely filled with chests and other things so

that there was only room in it for one chair. To this room Enoch used to go after supper in order to be alone and get quietness. If he went to the parlour, Margaret came to keep him company, and fell asleep in an easy chair in two minutes, and snored like a fat pig till it was time to go to bed; and if he prevented her doing so, Margaret would be out of temper for three days. To avoid this calamity, Enoch constantly went to his office under the excuse that he had "business" to do. "Business" was the only thing that Margaret confessed she did not understand. Whilst Enoch was in his office, Margaret would be by the fire in the kitchen snoring like an engine, for two and sometimes for three hours, for she never went to bed first, because she couldn't "trust" her master to lock the doors and put the gas out. In truth, Enoch's position was very pitiful, and he took great pains to prevent anyone knowing that he was under Margaret's rule; therefore but few friends were invited to his house, however much he might have liked to have done so.

On the night referred to, Enoch had gone to the office after having had supper. The night was cold and foggy, as has been said. Enoch had been more busy than usual during the day, and felt very tired. He had been too careless to go upstairs to wash and tidy himself, and he sat before the fire in his floury clothes,—not to reckon up the large profit that he had made that day, but to think over his lonely and uncomfortable position. If any of the young girls of the chapel had seen him on this night, and had known of his mournful thoughts, no doubt many a one of them would have been ready to have taken pity on him. I am not sure that even Miss Trevor's heart would not have softened a little. His assistants in the shop lodged out, because Enoch did not want them to know how much under Margaret's control he was. They had some fun now and then, but Enoch, poor wretch, as has been said, sat before the fire, pulled off his boots and put on his slippers. He was too dejected to read, though the *Liverpool Mercury* was in his pocket. If he had brought the *Mercury* in his hand, or under his arm, from the kitchen to the office, Margaret would have understood that he intended to read, and would at once have followed him to ask what news there was. She had done this many a time, and he, in order to keep her on good terms, had been obliged to tell her something or other with a cheerful face, though, if truth had been told, he would have liked to have told her,—“Go to the — and leave me alone.” After sitting still for about five minutes, Enoch appeared more disturbed than usual,—he wrinkled his forehead, and thrust his hands into the bottom of his trousers pockets. Then he got up, reached his

pipe, filled it tightly, and smoked hard, till the ceiling of the office was quite obscured with smoke. Then he spat sarcastically into the eye of the fire. He emphasized something by nodding emphatically, and spat again, as it were underlining it, as though he was forming some great determination in his mind, and putting an eternal extinguisher on some one or other. His looks would have made anyone unacquainted with him think that he was an extremely masterful and determined man. But all at once, as though remembering who he was, Enoch rose cautiously to his feet, opened the corner of the door noiselessly, and put his ear to listen if Margaret was sleeping. After satisfying himself that such was the case, he smiled, shut the door again quietly, and on resuming his seat, said to himself, but still just loud enough for a mouse to have heard,—

"All right, old Jezebel. But a life like this is perfect humbug. Here have I been at it like a black all day, and what for? Every servant I have is happier than I. Thank God no one knows what a life I live, if people were to get to know about it, I could never show my face,—I'd go to America I take my oath. And why must it be like this? I am not poor. I am doing better than a great many,—and I think that if I were to propose,—well I am almost sure I could get,—but it's no good talking! Am I not one of the biggest fools? Is not the fact that I grow silly every night, and build castles in the air about Miss Trevor, the cause of all my discomforts? It's true enough. But I am going to put a stop to it to-night,—an end for ever and ever. Why should I bother my head? Nothing will ever come of it—so far as—I know. I should like to have a little more courage and bold-facedness,—but I might just as well hold my tongue.—I have neither of the two. Many a man would have managed to find out before this, somehow or other, whether there was any hope for him, and if there was not, would have snapped his fingers and have turned to 'other fields and pastures new.' But how has Enoch acted? He has loved in his own imagination, all alone by himself,—without moving finger or thumb to bring the thing to a point. What a fool I am. What a mercy it is that no one knows a man's thoughts. But there is something to be said on Enoch's side,—she is high, yes,—I may as

well call it by its right name,—she is proud. She does not talk to more assuming people than I,—people who are more respectable according to the worldly meaning of the word. Though we go to the same chapel and have known each other for years, she will scarcely look at me. If I was only to mention the matter,—well, I see her,—she wouldn't mind a bit giving me a slap in the face. It is certain, though there is no talk of it, that she is looking for someone a good deal higher than a grocer as a husband. Everyone knows,—and she knows,—that she is pretty, and that even her pride becomes her. It's a pity that I am not a gentleman. Her father, they say, is rich, and thinks a lot of her. Naturally enough. So do I. Captain Trevor, what price do you put on Miss Susie? Oh indeed! Enoch Hughes is the highest bidder! But let us consider, for the sake of argument, that this is possible, and even likely, and even a fact, what would be the consequence? A revolution in my surroundings. In the first place, it would be necessary to turn Margaret away, and one would have to get in two policemen to do that. In the next place, it would be necessary to refurnish the house from top to bottom, if not have a new piece to it. Next, all the little money I have, and all the profit from the business would go in keeping our style up. For how long could I hold out? For a year perhaps. But still, this is the sober truth,—if it were possible, every farthing I have might go, if I could only live with her and call her Mrs. Hughes for no more than one year,—and if ever there was a fool, Enoch Hughes is he. But stop, Enoch,—you shall not be a fool any longer,—I will put an end to these silly thoughts after to-night. I will think of someone else more likely and suitable to be a shopkeeper's wife,—someone that will not cause a revolution, who will not be ashamed to go behind the counter,—someone who will be a help and a comfort to me. But you have said this many times before,—yes,—but I am going to do it after to-night, come what will! Holo, who is knocking now? Hasn't the shop been open all day, I wonder? Yet some people will come and bother a man after closing time! And they are always the same people. It's old Mrs. Bennett, or old Murphy, I'll take my oath."

Enoch was talking to himself in this way when someone knocked loudly at the house door.

WELSH AND AMERICAN EDUCATION.

Miss Millicent Hughes' paper on this subject forms part of a report prepared by her as Gilchrist travelling scholar to America. I am very grateful to the Gilchrist trustees for this valuable part of the report.

THE NEXT NUMBER.

In the next number there will be an article on "The Tin-plater," by the Rev. D. M. Jones, vicar of St. Paul's, Llanelli; and several queries and replies crowded out of this number.

CULTURE AND CHEEK.

THERE are some among us who call attention to themselves as the apostles of culture and the guides of national progress, and we are content with silently despising them as the impersonifications of cheek. Their characteristic is an unreasonable hatred of the Welsh language, and an ignorant contempt of Welsh literature. They can speak bad Welsh, many of them, and they have been brought up on newspapers and on the kind of literature which generally flourishes on railway bookstalls. Of the masterpieces of any language they have no knowledge; but, except with regard to the literature of their own country, they dare not say that such masterpieces do not exist. To them the opinion of Englishmen like Matthew Arnold, of Frenchmen like Renan, of Welshmen like George Meredith or William Morris or York Powell, counts as nothing. To them Welsh literature is contemptible; a hindrance to progress, and not a power for education and culture; to them the great power working for culture in Wales at the present day is the Welsh daily press,—they say that they mean by this the English daily papers published in South Wales, and they really mean one of those papers. I know that it is never safe or wise to take for granted that one's opponent is a fool or a dishonest man. I have tried hard to understand the point of view of these dogmatic apostles. I have spent twenty years in the study of Welsh history and literature, and about half that time in teaching English history and literature at an English University. I have spent nearly six months of each of the last ten years in various parts of Wales, seeking to understand the intellectual and moral condition of those parts; and I have come to the conclusion that these self-dubbed apostles of culture in Wales are apostles of sheer cheek, cheek having prejudice and ignorance as its parents.

Yesterday I received a daily paper from Cardiff, in one of the editorial articles of which I found enumerated the hindrances

to the progress of Wales. The list gave me infinite amusement,—as it brings gigantic powers, and at least one dwarfish power, into one catalogue,—and I am certain that you will be grateful, gentle reader, for the list. First come the literary meetings, in which most of our public men had their best preparation for their career of usefulness; then “Welsh translations;” then the Welsh press, regarded as the greatest of all hindrances; then Welsh Dissent, “in so far as it does not study and provide for the future of Wales;” the Church and the Eisteddfod are graciously justified for being hindrances; and finally comes the *LLENOR*, a Welsh quarterly that is announced for next year. “Such then,” so ends this editorial article, “are a few of the hindrances which hamper the intelligent progress, the full-orbed progress, of this country of ours, and they be not patriots who maintain the contrary.”

I have no very strong desire at present to engage in political strife, and I have never taken any part in religious quarrels in Wales; but I have striven with all my might, in Welsh and in English, to do my little share in giving my countrymen that education of which they are so susceptible. Of that education, in my mind, the English language and English literature have always formed a part. The quarterly I am preparing for Welsh homes and Welsh students will aim at giving a clear view of the progress made in the various sciences,—especially in social science, political philosophy, and political economy. In Welsh Wales, according to my lowest estimate, there are twelve thousand young men and young women who will welcome such a quarterly with enthusiasm and read it with pleasure. Many of its articles will be practically the same as lectures delivered at Oxford and Cambridge to first class honours men.

So important does the advent of this new quarterly appear to the apostles of cheek,—as a hindrance to “the full-orbed progress of this our country,”—that, for one day, they have actually devoted to it

more space and a more prominent position than they devoted to fisticuffs and prize-fighting, though it is one of their noble ideals to give minute descriptions of the work of what they call in this very number "the professors of the noble art of fisticuffs."

The apostles of cheek can see dimly through their prejudices. "It must be admitted," they say, "that Wales has made considerable progress during the last twenty-five years." If there were so many hindrances, why was the "full-orbed progress" possible? The causes of the progress,—nearly all of which came into being long after the beginning of the twenty-five years,—are enumerated. The only one of these that is described is the South Wales daily paper, which brings English and civilization and culture into benighted Wales. This "editorial,"—that, for style and grammar, would have disgraced a pupil teacher in his first year,—says that the English thus introduced into Wales will be, "in the main, a literary language, constantly fed and maintained in a state of greater or less purity by the same agency that introduced it." Perhaps I had better not mention the name of the paper that has done so much for culture in Wales. It might make it, from sheer modesty, flag in its noble efforts; and the public would pine in vain for the minute descriptions of prize-fights, tavern brawls, poaching frays, indecent assaults, divorce cases, and sensational murders, upon which it is so faithfully and fully fed by this organ of culture and "full-orbed progress."

But there are a few errors to which I would like to call attention. It is hardly worth while saying that the English dialects of Gower and Pembroke were not formed in the same way as those of Hereford and Radnor,—but the apostles of the full orb soar high above such earthly matters as history and historical grammar. Again, if the English spoken in South Wales is superior to that spoken in North Wales, it is not because "a daily paper seldom travels" to the north. In the great industrial centres of South Wales there are more facilities for learning conversational English, but it would surprise the full-orbed progressionists if they were to see that, in North Wales, many who

cannot speak English read and write it with ease. I believe I can venture to say that at Ffestiniog, though English is hardly ever heard in the streets, more daily newspapers are bought, in proportion to the population, than at Cardiff. I have never been to a village in North Wales, however remote, where I could not get a daily paper,—the edition for Wales of the *Manchester Guardian* or of one of the Liverpool papers.

The men of progress, looking from their full orb on the night of Welsh literature, say that the Welsh press is a cipher as an educational factor, that it is a "total reflection of the English press," that it initiates nothing, and that it is "generally under the thumb of a few wealthy laymen and preachers." I know for a fact that there would have been no University and not a single intermediate school in Wales to-day if it had not been for the Welsh press. As for originality, there is more originality in the weekly *Cymro* than in the paper of the full-orbed progress, and more literary grace than in all the South Wales daily papers put together. As far as influence is concerned, at any rate if we judge from the results of political elections,—the *Baner* has more influence than a daily paper which has for years shed the full-orbed light of a drink civilization policy that is still condemned by every one of the ten Glamorgan representatives. And, as far as freedom of action is concerned, the Welsh weeklies express in every case that I know the principles of editors who have, at least, political honesty and perfect freedom to write their convictions.

The Welsh papers certainly contain translations from the great London and provincial papers. But still a Welsh paper is thoroughly unlike the South Wales daily. While the Welsh weeklies have often masterly leaders on politics and literature, their pages are never given over to accounts of betting and prize-fighting. It has been reserved for the dailies of South Wales, in the day of "full-orbed progress," to drag the obscenities of the police court and the divorce court into the literature of Wales.

"We shudder at the thought of hearing

the magazine speak on abstruse scientific questions in Welsh," says the would-be apostles of "the full-orbed progress of this country of ours." Welsh is beautifully adapted for the description of scientific, and especially of philosophic subjects. Real thinkers do not introduce technical terms; the worst philosopher of our century does little more than define the technical terms he himself coined, the best uses no technical term at all, with the exception, perhaps, of the word "self-consciousness." When technical terms are absolutely necessary, they are generally taken from Greek or Latin. These would be the same in Welsh as in English, the only difference being that the Welshman would pronounce them as they ought to be pronounced, and as they are pronounced everywhere out of England. In looking over the description of Persian society, which was written for the *LLENOR* by a Welshman once high in the service of the Khedif, I found that words like *chan*, *Khedif*, *derwish*, *istichare*, would be pronounced by a Welshman exactly as they ought to be pronounced, while the English pronunciation of them would make them absolutely unintelligible to a Persian or an Arab. I assure the apostles of full-orbed progress that they shudder in vain.

There is no one who feels more than I do how important the South Wales daily papers could be. I bear no malice even to the paper which, at various times, has accused me of laziness, of plagiarism, and of standing in the way of full-orbed progress. I have personal friends on the staff of every daily paper in South Wales, they know that the few hints I offer are offered in sincerity and with every good will.

First of all, there is a want of manliness and of sympathy in many of the South Wales papers. Many of them seem to think that Cardiff is the only place in Wales. Cardiff is an important place, certainly, but Cardiff is not Wales. Like many places of rapid growth, it has a tendency to believe in the sham civilization which speedy money-making brings with it. There are many places in Wales with healthier instincts than Cardiff; but the best thinkers in Cardiff do not regard the

literary meeting and the Welsh magazine as hindrances to progress, full-orbed or otherwise. Littleness, narrowness, party and sectarian bitterness, tend to give these papers a very limited scope and a very stunted intellectual growth.

Again, there are ever-recurring proofs in articles, editorial and otherwise, of a very scrappy knowledge of the masterpieces of English literature. I have been subjected to many a curious criticism in my day, but it was reserved for an English paper in Wales to criticise and condemn the style of a line I had taken out of an English poet called Shakespeare. Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," Bacon's essay "On seeming wise," and Addison's essay "On the evils of libel," all of them with notes, is the first course I would prescribe. Then would come Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," a masterly production, as far as prose style is concerned.

Finally, I would model the daily newspaper more on the English daily, especially on that of the North of England or of London. The difference between the leaders of, say, the *Western Mail* and those of the *Manchester Guardian* or the *Yorkshire Post*, or any of the Liverpool papers, is simply immeasurable. In reviews, in vigour and originality, in moral tone, the South Wales dailies are not to be compared for a moment with those of Liverpool or Manchester. The filth and the folly which sometimes disgrace the organs of "full-orbed progress" give them an unenviably unique position in English journalism. I appeal to any Welshman who goes to the magazine rooms of the Oxford Union,—or who went in the days I used to frequent those delightful rooms,—to say whether he does not blush for the honour of his country when comparing its daily papers with those of England. And what must an Englishman think of Wales when a Cardiff paper says there is no educational value in the Welsh weeklies, and is itself the while perfecting its arithmetic by counting how many illicit drinking dens and how many prostitutes there are in the town upon which its full-orbed light is shed?

I pay the closest attention to what is said by those who look upon the Welsh

language from a purely party or sectarian point of view. To the scholar it is full of interest, to the educationalist it is a treasure to those who have it as a heritage or as an acquisition. To some it is a stumbling block and a foolishness, and I have tried hard to understand their point of view. I have failed to do that, without taking ignorance or prejudice for granted. I can forgive those who say that my humble efforts are a hindrance to the progress of my country, though I would

rather have my right hand cut off than stand in such a position. But the old man is aroused within me when I see the forces that have so mightily raised Wales within the last hundred years described as hindrances to progress, while I know that it would have been better for Wales if it had never seen the men who, in thus reviling our noblest benefactors, do so much to impede the true progress, to lower the reputation, and to destroy the self-respect of their own country.

SOME AMERICAN LIGHT ON WELSH EDUCATIONAL PROBLEMS.

IT was my privilege last year to spend a month or two in the United States for the purpose of inspecting and reporting upon certain educational institutions.

As a Welshwoman, I was naturally anxious to gather from my American experiences any suggestions that might prove helpful towards the solution of the many and pressing educational problems in Wales. And the more I thought about the subject, the more convinced I became that there were many points on which Wales might do much worse than follow the lead of some of the American States. In the first place it should be remembered that Wales more nearly resembles one of the States than does any other part of Great Britain. This likeness is to be found in the comparative absence of class distinctions, the love of freedom and desire for local self-government, and the absence of tradition in matters educational. Just as on each American State has devolved the duty of providing a complete system of state education, so Wales has realized that the same necessity is laid upon her. It is true that elementary education has already been considered, and that school boards meet and schools are opened in every Welsh valley, and it may be treason to suggest that such schools are not the real outcome of Welsh national life, and that possibly a system of primary instruction which would bear the impress of that life is yet to be looked for. Up to the present time, intermediate education in Wales has been wholly in the hands of private enter-

prise, and that of a most limited description. The carrying out of the provisions of the Intermediate Education Act is now occupying the attention of Welsh educationists, and the new Welsh University is still a matter of absorbing interest.

It is at such a moment, when so many issues are at stake, that the experience of those who have faced and solved similar problems is of especial value, and it would appear that there are many American States which could offer the results of such experience to aid in the solution of some of the Welsh difficulties.

Each American State has its own system of education and its own school law, and there is a growing tendency in the Western States for all educational institutions to be directly supported by the State, either from the income derived from land originally set aside for educational purposes, or from taxes levied as required. Such an educational system in a Western State would comprise everything, from the Primary School up to and including the University. The distinction between a Primary and a High School does not mark, as with us, a distinction of class, but rather one of age. The child enters the Primary School, and, as he grows older, passes up through the Grammar to the High School, and finally to the University. The Primary grades prepare for the Grammar grades, and those in turn for the High School, a graduation certificate from which gives right of entry to the State University. Such an arrangement makes it possible for

those who have to earn their living early to leave school after having passed through the Grammar grades,—say at the age of fifteen,—but if it were then found suddenly possible for a boy of promise to continue his education, he would be able to pass at once to the High School, for the work of which he would be fully prepared.

The English plan of entirely separating elementary from secondary or High School education from the very first, heavily handicaps the boy or girl who, having been brought up in an elementary school, desires to prepare for the University. Is it too much to dream of an educational system for Wales which should be one organic whole from the Kindergarten to the University,—an outgrowth and expression of the life of her people? If the realization of such a dream is possible anywhere within Great Britain, it is possible in Wales, and the time is ripe.

In one respect at least Wales is leading the way, and that is in connection with the organization of secondary or intermediate education. The establishment of the Intermediate schools is an event of the utmost moment to the future educational life of Wales. From these schools will the University of Wales draw its future students, and on the preparation given in these schools will the quality of these future students depend. The closest relations should therefore exist between the University and the Intermediate schools, and the responsibility of the University towards them can hardly be too highly estimated. In America, an ever increasing number of Universities have awakened to a sense of this responsibility, and are endeavouring to rightly exercise their peculiar functions in respect to intermediate education. They have realized that it is not only their function "to teach and to supply the world with teachers" in the general sense, but also in the special sense of making provision for the due training of teachers for their profession. Pedagogical departments have been opened in many Universities, in which graduates may obtain the necessary theoretical preparation for their work as teachers. These departments, however, generally appeared to me incomplete, from the fact that little

or no practical training in the actual art of teaching is given. They are, moreover, mostly attended by those who will fill the higher educational posts, and not by those who will teach in the Primary or High Schools. Other teachers who desire training obtain it in the State or City Normal Schools. In this respect it would seem that Wales was really in advance of America, for at least two of its University Colleges provide for the training of both intermediate and elementary teachers. It remains for its University to set the seal of its sanction on such training by the granting of educational degrees, as is already arranged for in many American Universities.

It struck me as a curious fact that in America the University courses in the science and art of education are mostly attended by men, while in Great Britain it is the women graduates who have been the first to recognize the necessity for such special preparation for their future work as teachers.

In addition to the lectures given by the Professor of Education in an American University, it is becoming more and more common for each of the other professors to be responsible for the conducting of seminars or classes for the discussion of the best methods of teaching his special subject, and the place it should occupy in the school curriculum. In this way the influence of the professor tends to extend beyond the pale of the University and to reach the schools, which are thereby kept in touch with it; and the break between the schools and the University, too often the sad result of the separation between them, is to a large extent done away with.

The supervision of State schools is in the hands of the superintendents,—State, County, or City,—and it is becoming more and more common for the University to supply such from the number of those who have passed through its pedagogical department.

The fact that some State Universities admit students who have certificates of graduation from a High School, makes it necessary that an almost direct supervision should be exercised over the work of such schools as prepare for the University. A list is usually kept of those schools from which certificates may be accepted, on the understanding that any school may be

removed from the list, if the students sent by it are found to be insufficiently prepared, and such students may be requested to withdraw from the University. There is a growing tendency to discourage preparatory departments in connection with the Universities, and this can be most effectually accomplished by careful watchfulness and stimulation on the part of the University, in order that the schools may be maintained at a due standard of efficiency.

One of the greatest difficulties with which the Welsh colleges have to contend has been the insufficient preparation of a large number of the students, necessitating, from time to time, the formation of preparatory classes. This inadequate preparation has, no doubt, been largely the result of the absence of intermediate schools, but it must not be forgotten that it is not enough to start such schools; due supervision and inspection are needed, and as they are to lead up to and prepare for the University, it would seem fitting that such supervision and inspection should be undertaken by the University.

Only by securing well prepared students, and so lessening the amount of preparatory work needed, will the Welsh University be able to devote the necessary time and energy to the development of graduate work. American Universities are setting the Universities of Great Britain a noble example in the attention they are giving to research. Facilities for post-graduate work are now afforded by all the chief Universities as a matter of course, and in the Clark University at Worcester, Massachusetts, we have an example of a new type of University, entirely devoted to scientific research on the part of those who are already graduates of other Universities. The Welsh University must of course give due attention to undergraduate work, but could it adequately provide for post graduate work also, its influence would be increased tenfold.

In many of the States the University endeavours to keep in touch with the schools, not only by undertaking the training of teachers before they begin work, but also by providing summer courses for those already engaged in the profession. At such summer courses,

teachers can attend lectures on those subjects which they desire to study more thoroughly, or pursue any scientific investigation with all the advantages afforded by the laboratories and scientific appliances of the University. Special courses on the Science and Art of Teaching are also often held. Were it possible thus to provide for the needs of Welsh teachers at our colleges during the summer vacation, much good might result; but the short holidays which fall to the lot of most teachers make it doubtful whether they would be wise, even if able, to undertake a serious course of work in the vacation time. More feasible would it seem to adopt the American plan of holding summer schools, which are conducted on some such plan as the following,—

A watering place or mountain health resort is chosen, which has special attractions in respect of climate and scenery.

Short courses of lectures are arranged for, having in view rather the stimulation of interest in a subject than the direct imparting of information. Such courses always include at least one on the Science and Art of Teaching. Instruction in elocution and physical training is also usually provided. Well known lecturers come to give popular lectures on various subjects in addition to the special courses.

The morning alone is devoted to work, the rest of the day being spent as the students desire. Excursions to places of interest, concerts, debates and meetings of various kinds, serve to make the afternoons and evenings pass pleasantly; and teachers tired with their year's work, and depressed with the social and intellectual isolation in which many of them,—especially those from country districts,—are obliged to live, find in the society and intellectual stimulus afforded by such a meeting together, just the kind of rest and refreshment that they most need. Many of our Welsh teachers are leading isolated lives; few and far between indeed are the opportunities which most of them have of meeting together to exchange views on matters of professional interest or even for purposes of relaxation. The advantages of a co-operative holiday, such as this would practically mean, are perhaps too little realized; but I am convinced that, were

such a summer meeting properly organized and well attended by Welsh teachers,—not, of course, to the exclusion of any others who would like to join,—it could not fail to be a complete success. Ten days or a fortnight would probably be long enough for a first experiment. A small fee would be charged for each course of lectures attended, sufficient, at least, to cover the incidental expenses of rent of rooms and lighting. Many lecturers and teachers would doubtless be willing to give their services for a first meeting, in order to start the scheme, but it should be possible to make it entirely self-supporting, as are those in America. It would be necessary to choose some meeting place where it would be easy to obtain accommodation and provisions at reasonable rates; and, in order to secure these conditions, to arrange for the lecture courses, and to ensure that the scheme should be made widely known among teachers, an energetic and enthusiastic committee would be indispensable. Given such a committee of management, I believe that the scheme would be so in accord with Welsh thought and feeling that its success would be assured.

There is yet one more Welsh problem upon which possibly American experience may shed some light. A large number of Welsh students find it a difficult matter to raise the necessary money to enable them to go to college. It is true that they have three months in the summer in which they might earn, but it is not easy to know what work to undertake for so short a time. Teaching, to which many turn, is not always to be obtained, and is liable to prove especially wearing after the work of the session.

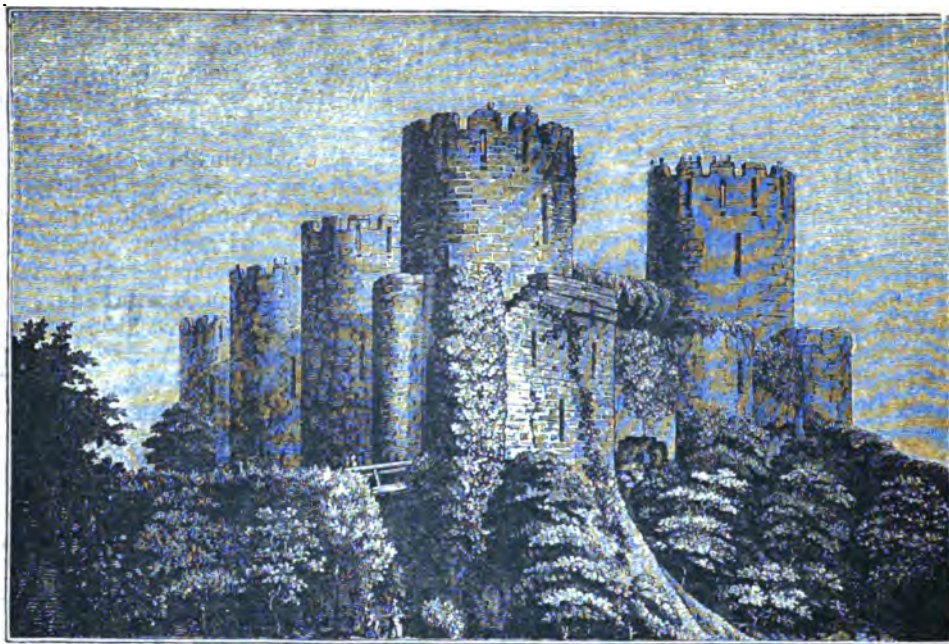
The problem has been faced in America, and to some extent solved; whether it could be solved in the same way in Wales is a question not easy to decide. An opportunity of studying the American solution was afforded me during my stay in Chicago. I had engaged rooms in the University, the dormitories of which were let out to those attending the Educational Congresses. I found that the students of the University had organized themselves in order to open a restaurant at which the visitors might obtain meals. Some seemed

to help with the cooking, and some with the keeping of accounts, but the majority acted as waiters. Of course the opening of the restaurant at the college was an exceptional occurrence, but I found that it was quite a common practice for University students, both men and women, to undertake the duties of waiters in hotels and restaurants at summer resorts. At such places extra help is needed just when students are having vacation, and the arrangement suits all concerned. Such posts are eagerly sought for at hotels in those places where summer schools are held, and then sometimes the duties undertaken are very light, and only given in return for board and lodging, it being understood that such students should be free to attend classes between meal times. Hotel keepers regularly advertize for students to help as waiters in the busy season, and such work is eagerly accepted by those who either wish to earn money towards the defraying of their college expenses in the winter, or else simply to obtain board and lodging for nothing while attending a summer school or college course.

At the World's Fair, most of the guards and wheel-chair men were also college students. The idea of there being any degradation attached to the doing of such work never seems to even occur to anyone for a moment, it appears to an American to be the simple and natural thing to do. Even to a visitor the first strangeness soon wears off, and it very speedily appears quite as natural to meet a college student as waiter as in any other capacity.

Might it not be possible for Welsh students to find similar employment at some of the many sea-side and mountain resorts of Wales? Such a scheme would also require careful organization at first, but once the idea had taken firm root, and it became clear that no social degradation would attach to the performing of such work, it is a scheme that would take care of itself. The change from mental to manual work would usually prove beneficial to the student, the dignity of all honest labour, whether of mind or of body, would be emphasized, and the student and the University would alike be benefited.

MILlicENT HUGHES.



CONWAY CASTLE. (An exact reproduction of H. Hughes' picture.)

QUERIES AND REPLIES.

QUERIES.

XI. "THE BEAUTIES OF CAMBRIA."

I have been greatly struck by the two pictures, drawn and engraved by H. Hughes, in 1805, which appeared in your last number. Could we have more of them, and could anyone explain how such a genius arose in Wales when the spirit of the country was so much against art? ARTIST.

XII. SUBSIDIES.

How were subsidies raised in Wales? When did they cease? A. R. P.

XIII. WILLIAM JONES.

In an old Welsh Bible in my possession, printed at Cambridge in 1746, are two maps, one illustrating Numbers, chapter 33,—the journeyings of the Israelites in the wilderness,—and the other the travels of the apostles, at the commencement of the Acts. Both have the words on the title,—“Rhodd Wm. Jones, Esq., F.R.S., I'r Cymru.” Was he the father of Sir William Jones, and can any other particulars of him be given? MAP.

REPLIES.

4. WELSH AMERICANS.—Seventeen men of Cambrian birth or origin signed the Declaration of

Independence. Some information respecting them may be found in a work entitled “The Cymry of '76; or Welshmen and their descendants of the American Revolution. An address, &c., by Alexander Jones, M.D. New York, Sheldon, Lamport, and Co., 115, Nassau Street, 1855.” An abstract is given in “Bye-Gones” of the *Oswestry Advertiser* for 1884, pp 37, 42, 45. T. H. J.

5. THE WELSH PRESS.—The first Welsh newspaper was published on the 1st January, 1814, at Swansea, under the editorship of the Rev. Joseph Harris (*Gomer*), under the title of *Seren Gomer*. A paper on the subject by Mr. W. E. Davies, London, was read at a meeting of the Cymmrodorion Society, January 31, 1884, and doubtless appeared in the *Cymmrodor*. T. H. J.

8. RADNORSHIRE.—Radnorshire was entirely Welsh-speaking during the seventeenth century. The native tongue of Vavasour Powel and Hugh Evans, who were born on the Shropshire border, was Welsh. The eighteenth century was the transition period of much of the county, as well as of a good slice of Montgomeryshire, — Kerry, Mochdre, Penstrowed, and, in part, Llandinam. In 1747 the service in all the churches was performed in Welsh; and Howel Harris, 1737–51, preached and organized Welsh “societies” in several places. The present century has witnessed the death of the language in several parishes. The *Geninen* for March, 1891, contains a racy article by “Kilsby,” written in 1884, being the

account of an interview with the Rev. John George, of Moelfron, Llanbister, then living, whom he styles the "last of the old Welsh ministers." Mr. George was born in 1804, in the parish of Llanbadarn-fynydd, and could speak Welsh; and he informed "Kilsby" that when he was twenty years of age the services at Maesyrhelem were

conducted in Welsh. I have known natives of Abbey Cwm Hir, Rhaiadr Gwy, and St. Harmon, who could speak Welsh, and the language still survives in Cwm Deuddwr. Shropshire has had an influence on Radnor as well as Hereford, but Radnor has not profited socially or morally by the change.
T. H. J.

QUESTIONS ON WELSH HISTORY.

At the request of several schoolmasters, who use WALES in their pupil teachers' classes, I begin a series of questions on Welsh history. If desired, skeleton answers to these questions will be given.

V.

1. Where did the Angles and Saxons come from?
2. Show that the English chronicles are, to a very great extent, legendary.
3. What proofs have been offered that the Britons were exterminated in England?
4. What do you know about Gildas, Nennius, and Asser?

VI.

1. Describe the struggle between Edwin and Cadwallon.
2. What were the relations between Wales and Offa?
3. What was the policy of the House of Wessex towards Wales?
4. Could Edgar get eight Welsh kings to row him on the Dee?

VII.

1. What light does the *Brut y Tywysogion* throw on the character of the Danes?
2. What do you know about Roderick the Great?
3. Compare Llywelyn ab Seisyll with Alfred or Canute?
4. Sketch the history of Gruffydd ab Llywelyn.

VIII.

1. What are the laws of Howel the Good?
2. What do you know about Aneurin, Taliesin, and Llywarch Hen?
3. Had Welsh literature any appreciable effect on early English literature?
4. Describe the political and ecclesiastical divisions of Wales in 1066.

GABRIEL YORETH.

A STORY ILLUSTRATIVE OF WELSH THOUGHT FIFTY YEARS AGO.

BY THE REV. E. CYNFFIG DAVIES, M.A., MENAI BRIDGE.

CHAPTER VI.

PERPLEXITY AND LOVE.

DURING their interchange of ideas concerning the restoration of convicts to the advantages of trade partnership and to the privileges of society in general, Gabriel had been thinking of his own position. In the first place he valued the statement of his friend's ideas merely as the enunciation of generous and philanthropic principles which did credit to the hearts where they were cherished; and then he thought of the bearing of those principles upon his relation to the very persons who gave them such lucid and unmistakable expression. He perceived the obstacles he keenly felt, on the way of his proposal for the hand of Miss Riley,

removed by the parties whom he feared would strongly interpose objections, if they knew his exact standing in society; and in the event of his antecedents becoming known, he had, according to their own showing, only to persuade them of his innocence, and all would be well.

Many sleepless nights were spent in endeavouring to think out the problem whether he had a right to persuade a cultured young lady who had been so tenderly reared up and so carefully trained, and who besides was gifted with a mind of many rare qualities, to wear the disgraced name of Gabriel Yoreth. As his love grew deeper his perplexity became more and more hopeless. There was one phase of the question which tended to help him to arrive at a conclusion. In his conception of the matter, he made it

clear to himself that he had no occasion to explain his position to anyone; for inasmuch as his conscience was void of offence, he had nothing to confess; therefore his resolve was greatly simplified, reducing itself to one of two alternatives,—whether he was justified in giving his name to another or not. Prayerful and anxious pondering led him to the resolution to seek consultation with Mr. Riley, and to ask his permission to plead his cause with May.

When he arrived at the Manse, the mother and the daughter were entertaining a worthy, but poor church member who, after Mrs. Riley, had her name on the top of the list of the sisterhood, and was held in much esteem by all the members. Gabriel found the pastor in his study, where he would be safe from the intrusion of the other members of the family.

"I came here this evening, Mr. Riley," said Gabriel, "to speak to you on a most important matter. You knew nothing of me until about two years ago, but you have shown me all possible consideration and kindness."

"Whether I have succeeded in doing so or not, I am sure it has been my aim, and I do not wish to flatter you when I say that you are worthy, for your own sake, of my warmest attachment, both in my official capacity as minister of the gospel and as a friend. I have taken you on your own merit, without thinking of your past, which is not long, wherever you spent it, and cannot contain anything that belies your present position of usefulness and growing prosperity. You told me a year ago that you have no nearer relation alive than an aged grandfather; and if I may tell you so, your lonesomeness had something to do at first in evoking our sympathy towards you."

"I have not the gift of beating much about the bush; pardon me, therefore, if I may seem to be somewhat abrupt. Your friendship to me has been more precious than you can imagine, but I come here to implore your consent to win a higher favour. The question relates to another, yet for obvious reasons I come to you first. Your daughter has become dearer to me than any other human being."

"My dear lad, you come to ask for a great deal,—my only child. Take my hand,

and go and seek my daughter's; you have my consent and I make almost sure that her mother will not object. May heaven bless you with all that is best."

He found May coming into the house having a right royal cluster of purple grapes in each hand, and she asked him,—

"Will you share with me my burden of fruit? I have a bunch of flowers to pick up."

"Yes, with pleasure, and may I," he said, "become a sharer in all your burdens?"

"Serious as usual, Mr. John? I have no burdens worthy of being placed on your stalwart shoulders," she replied, hiding her emotion, for she felt his question had a point which it was not easy to meet playfully, or to parry off with a dexterous rejoinder. The tone of mirthful coyness which customarily suited her so well had forsaken her, and she could hardly analyse her feelings whilst leading him to place the fruit in the basket she had set near the piano in the drawing-room. He was not disposed to let go his advantage,—

"Do you remember, when we stood at this piano before, you spoke of forming a quartet?"

The expression had struck him then with a meaning she had not intended to convey.

"Let me drop all figures, and fire point blank. Dear May, will you allow yourself, in accordance with your name, to turn my life into one continuous summer and pure sunshine?"

The answer was given as all such answers always are. May had loved no other than Gabriel; in fact, she had not seen any to be compared with him since she had left school. He had spoken to her father, she would impart the news to her mother, and receive the blessing of both.

It fell to the lot of Mr. Riley to visit Van Dieman's or Tasmania as deputy appointed from Australia, with the view of undertaking new missionary enterprise among the aborigines. He had also obtained permission to visit the penal settlement of the island. Intelligence was easily obtainable in compliance with the request made by his nephew in the letter already quoted from Africa. His colleague being engaged in drawing up a report, he went alone to interview Jason Penrith, the companion of

Gabriel in exile; and he obtained clear proof that Gabriel Yoreth and Gabriel John were one and the same individual.

Penrith had in his possession a letter from Yoreth giving an account of the kind way in which Mr. Wilfred, the Melbourne solicitor and philanthropist, had assisted him. For a day or two Mr. Riley felt nearly overwhelmed by the discovery; but after pondering over the full and satisfactory information received from Penrith, and taking into account the excellent character given by all who spoke of Gabriel, he took a brighter view of the event in spite of its being exceedingly perplexing; and he resolved to call upon Mr. Wilfred on his return home through Melbourne. He also called to mind how pointedly Gabriel had proposed a hypothetical instance of a released convict being received into partnership when they conversed on these questions at the Manse; and how fully his own replies fitted in with the circumstances of Gabriel's case so as to exonerate the young man from any blame in seeking the hand of May. In addition to this, the way in which his consent to the engagement had been asked, revealed the same care on the part of Gabriel lest, in case his antecedents became known, any blame should be attached to him for seeking what would seem his own ends at the expense of lowering the social status of one whom, there could be no doubt, he loved with all the force of a powerful mind.

As soon as Mr. Riley had completed his mission in Tasmania, he hastened to Melbourne and sought an interview with Mr. Wilfred, when he detailed to him the facts that came under his notice in carrying out the request of his nephew.

"Gabriel Yoreth has, without knowing it," said Mr. Wilfred, "placed me in a position to proffer you all the information you may ask, and to which you are entitled as the father of his intended wife. He has written to me to inform me of his intention to marry Miss Riley in the course of a few months."

"What course would you advise me to pursue, seeing I can no longer act as if I did not know anything of these incidents?"

"I shall thank you much, Mr. Riley, if you will be so good as to convey him a

message from me, stating that his grandfather's health is gradually giving way, and that the property which will be Gabriel's has more than doubled its value through the granting of leases upon the little estate; and the out-put of minerals from below the surface, greater than was the case a few years ago, produces an increased amount of royalty, that is, a percentage on every ton of mineral dug out of the earth, paid to the owner of the land. If I were in your stead I would inform him the first opportunity how the facts came to your knowledge, letting no one else know anything at all of the affair."

"I conclude, from what you say, that you consider the young man to be the victim of a cruel mistake."

"Your inference is correct as to my opinion of the matter," replied Mr. Wilfred.

"I have sincerely admired his disposition for more than a year with growing esteem; and now I am able to account for the look of sadness, painful to behold, which sometimes crept over him when he was brought face to face with suffering."

"Have you noticed the calm and unflinching earnestness with which he takes his stand when he has made up his mind? It is the disposition of an Athanasius against the world; and can be cultivated only by a mind habituated to the feeling of being in the right on some vital question, when others clearly are in the wrong."

"I have observed that trait, and though I could not understand it before, I accept your explanation as being also my own."

At the time of Mr. Riley's arrival at Bailey-hill, Gabriel was from home. On the following day both took a long walk together, and Mr. Riley, in the kindest possible manner, told Gabriel,—*"Gabriel, my dear boy, I sympathize from my heart with your hard lot, during the last five years. I have interviewed Penrith; and Mr. Wilfred has unhesitatingly tendered me all the information he had, as much in your defence as for my satisfaction. Do not put your hand over your eyes; you have no possible occasion to fear harm from me, or from any word of mine."*

"Do not, I pray," begged Gabriel, whilst gasping for breath, "do not disturb our present arrangements, or I fear it will be too

much for me." And painful to witness was the agony of his face and voice, as he whispered to himself,—“Jesus, friend of men, help me; thou knowest I am innocent of the crime.”

The intensity of this touching prayer, wrung from his soul, did not escape his companion's hearing or fail to fill his eyes with tears.

“Let us sit down on the grass, my son, for a few moments,” said Mr. Riley.

“Your son!”

“Yes, my son; and more really so now than ever you would be without my knowing of the heavy cross you have silently borne, and the suffering you have bravely endured.”

“I have often wished I could acquaint you with the facts you have just discovered; but I resolved not to anticipate the leadings and ways of Providence; and by their intervention the task has been accomplished in a manner far better than I could devise. I received from your own words and arguments a balm for my conscience to heal the soreness I felt in asking May to take as her own a name tarnished in the sight of the law of the land, though unblemished in that respect before the throne of God. It would be only right now that I should supplement what you have heard from others with my own version of the trying event.”

“You may relate your experience of the last five years some other time if you desire, when it will pain you less to do so than now and here.”

“No, here, if I may, under the open sky, in the eye of Heaven; and let me beg of you, do not let this cloud come over May's wedding. Can we not keep all to ourselves, until the explanation of the mystery will be given us in this, or in the next world?”

“Very well, it will be quite as well for us both to bring this episode to a close to-day if possible. In my capacity as pastor many a sorrowful incident that comes to my hearing is buried at once and for ever; and do you not think that I can do that much for my wife and daughter?”

After an hour's recital by Gabriel, concise, and thrilling, now in a poetic strain, now walking, and now standing, Mr. Riley thought he had never heard all the strings of human pathos and eloquence touched

thus before, and both men bore upon them tokens of mutual tension and excitement.

When they drew near the Manse, Gabriel indicated an inclination for going straight to his lodgings, for he feared the keen perception of loving eyes would discover signs of a spent storm of emotion. And Mr. Riley had an impression that it would be easier to resume their ordinary rôle by taking up the thread of their past connection as soon as possible, after it was broken during the confidences of their memorable walk.

A shade of anxiety crossed the countenances of the two women when they caught sight of husband and lover approaching the entrance to the house; and May obtained an opportunity to enquire of Gabriel whether anything untoward had occurred during their stay out of doors.

“No, dear May, nothing that could disturb the good understanding which always subsists between us. There is no such another as your father under the Southern Cross. There it is out already; I never saw it more beautiful than to-night; whenever we behold it, may it remind us to direct our gaze to another and more glorious Cross.”

In the presence of May he soon regained composure, and buoyant reaction was setting in after the excited depression of the preceding hour or two from perceiving that the very best solution of his perplexity had been granted him in a measure far beyond his most sanguine expectations.

“Your trustfulness has a tone of triumph in it this evening. What is it that has caused it?”

“Have no fear, my darling, in watching the changing hues of the sky and the clouds; the sunshine, I cannot help believing, for May and me will last for many a pleasant day!”

The little company, after all, was never in a more happy mood at its evening repast; but the women observed an unusual tenderness in the voice of the men when they spoke to each other, especially when the elder of the two addressed the younger.

(To be continued.)

**For those who desire
To LEARN WELSH.**

Ab Owen's Publications.

Welsh Classics.

HANES Y FFYDD YNG NGHYMRU
(*History of the Faith in Wales.*)

By Charles Edwards. Three Pence.

DINISTR JERUSALEM (*Destruction of Jerusalem.*)—*Illustrated.*

By Eben Fardd. Three Pence.



LUD'S CAVES. (From *Hanes Cymru.*)

HANES CYMRU (*History of Wales.*)
One Penny.

PLANT Y BEIRDD (*Poet's Children.*)
One Penny.

HANES JOHN PENRI. *Three Pence.*
CANEUON MOELWYN. *One Shilling.*
PENHILLION TELYN. *First Series.*
One Shilling.

*To be obtained from Hughes and Son,
56, Hope Street, Wrexham.*

Relief from Cough in Ten Minutes

HAYMAN'S
Balsam of Horehound

For INFLUENZA, COUGH, COLD, &c.

"NEVER KNOWN IT FAIL to give relief."

Mr. Eli Bousher, Fenn Cottage, Lamborne.

"FIND IT INVALUABLE for bad Coughs and Colds."

Mrs. Eason, London Road, Steaford.

PREPARED ONLY BY,—

A. HAYMAN & Co., London, E.C.

Sold everywhere, Price 1/1½ and 2/9.

Y LLENOR.

**A New Welsh Illustrated
QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.**

EDITED BY

O. M. EDWARDS, M.A.

96 pp. *Price ONE SHILLING.*

1st Number Ready end of December.

Order early through your Bookseller.

Publishers: Hughes & Son, Wrexham.

University College of North Wales, BANGOR

(*A Constituent College of the University of Wales.*)

or

PRINCIPAL: **H. R. REICHEL, M.A.,**

With Eight Professors, Four Lecturers, and Eleven other teachers. Next Session begins OCTOBER 2nd, 1894. The College courses include the subjects for the degrees of London University. Students intending to graduate in Medicine at the Universities of Edinburgh or Glasgow may take their first year's course at the College. There are special departments for Agriculture and Electrical Engineering.

At the Entrance Scholarship Examination (beginning SEPTEMBER 18th) more than 20 Scholarships and Exhibitions, ranging in value from £40 to £10, will be open for competition. *One half* the total amount offered is reserved for Welsh candidates.

For further information and copies of the Prospectus, apply to

JOHN EDWARD LLOYD, M.A.,

Secretary and Registrar.

TIME TESTED TEA.

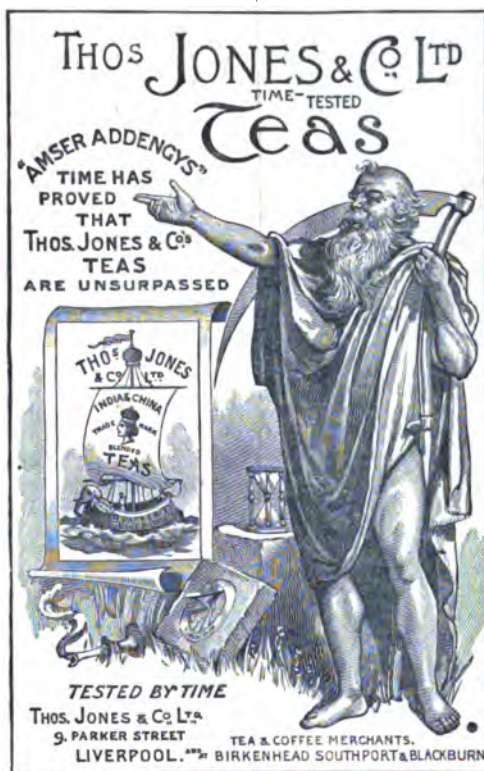
Pure Indian Souchong

(PRIZE MEDAL LIVERPOOL EXHIBITION)

At 1/7 per lb.



Superior
Blended
TEA
At 2/- per lb.
Specially
recommended



Choice
"Afternoon"
TEA
At 2/6 per lb.
rich delicate
flavour



Samples and Price List on application.

THOS. JONES & CO., LTD.
Tea and Coffee Importers,
9, PARKER STREET,
LIVERPOOL.

All Advertisements for this Magazine to be sent to MR. THOMAS SANDERS,
Advertising Agent, 11, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

A NATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR THE ENGLISH SPEAKING PARTS OF WALES



SYR HUGH OWEN



THOMAS CHARLES



WALES

EDITED BY

Owen M. Edwards, M.A.,

Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford.

Contents:

FRONTISPICE, — *In the Land of Song.*

OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS. — *The scene of "We are Seven"; Llanelly; Rolls and Furnace; Tapping the Metal; Cold Rolls; Llangian Church, Lleyn; The Mayor of Cardiff; On the Conway, &c.*

WALES AND THE WHITE ROSE. By J. Arthur Price.	337
WORDSWORTH AND WALES. By E. E. Boone	342
MARY'S FIRST VICTORY. Chaps. I. and II. By R. David	345
THE WELSH IN AMERICA. By T. Darlington, M.A.	349
THE MOSS ROSE OF WALES. By E. R. Owen	352
THE TIN PLATER. By the Rev. D. Morgan Jones, M.A., Vicar of St. Paul's Llanelly	353
THE DIARY OF A BARD. VI. Guardian, Thief, Examiner	358
THE ENGLISH LAWS RELATING TO WALES. The "Statutes of Wales"	360
THE DIOCESE OF BANGOR IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY	362
HOW MAURICE KYFFIN LED ME INTO TROUBLE. Chap. II. By Ivor James, University College, Cardiff	366
GABRIEL YORETH. VI. Perplexity and Love. By the Rev. E. Cynffig Davies, M.A., Menai Bridge	368
THE WELSH DRAMA. By Tom Jones	372
NIGHT	374
ENOCH HUGHES. Chapter XI. On opposite sides of the fence. From the Welsh of Daniel Owen by the Hon. Claud Vivian, Chester	375
MISCELLANEOUS. — Editor's Notes, 370; Queries and Replies, 371. Introduction and List of Contents of Volume I., also List of Authors, Artists and Photographers.	

Sixpence.

PIANOS! PIANOS!! PIANOS!!

From 10/- Monthly.

— ON NEW HIRE SYSTEM. —

LARGEST STOCK IN THE KINGDOM.

Thompson & Shackell,

(LIMITED,)

QUEEN'S MUSIC WAREHOUSE, CARDIFF,

Also at Swansea, Newport, Bristol, Merthyr, Gloucester, Cheltenham, Pontypridd, Llanelly, &c., &c.

✪ Sole Agents for South Wales for the Estey Organs and the Neumeyer and Ibach Pianos.

Agents for Pianos by Collard & Collard, Broadwood, Brinsmead, Kirkman, & all Leading Makers.

Organs by Estey, Mason & Hamlin, and all best American Firms.

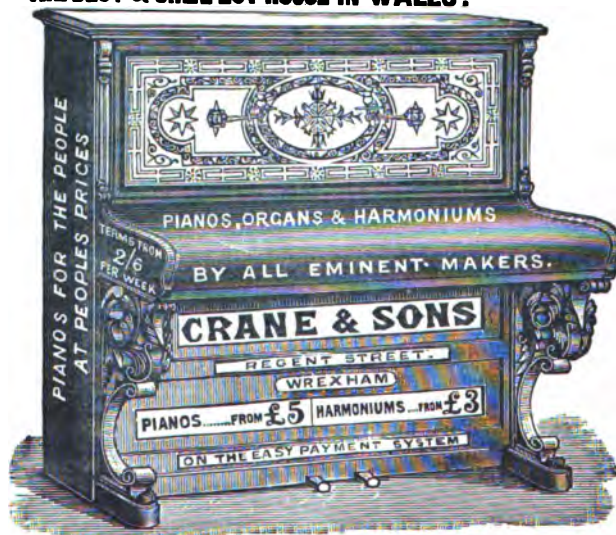
[Illustrated Catalogues FREE.]

PIANOS AND ORGANS

On the Easy Payment System; delivered Free on Payment of First Instalment.

THE BEST & CHEAPEST HOUSE IN WALES.

Full Value allowed for
OLD INSTRUMENTS TAKEN
IN EXCHANGE.



AMERICAN ORGAN, with
Pipe or Mirror Top, 6s. per Month.

10/6 per month, Walnut Cottage Pianoforte, Iron Frame, Check Action, Full Trichord, Brass Pinplate, Truss Supports, Panel Front with Gilt Inlaid or Marquetry, &c. Delivered on Payment of **TEN SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE.**

CRANE & SONS,

R. THORNTON JONES, MANAGER,

4, REGENT STREET, WREXHAM.

Tunings and Repairs in any part of Wales by experienced men. Estimates Free. Illustrated catalogue free on application.



IN THE LAND OF SONG.

WALES.

VOL. I.]

DECEMBER, 1894.

[No. 8.]

WALES AND THE WHITE ROSE.



WHILE the genius of Sir Walter Scott has given an immortality to Scottish Jacobitism, Welsh Jacobitism has been allowed to sink into such utter oblivion that its very existence has been questioned. For this several reasons may be assigned. Although Wales gave to the rebellion of 1715 its bravest heroine, and one of its noblest martyrs to that of 1745, and in 1717 was nearly the scene of another rebellion, accident prevented the people, on all these occasions, from signalling their devotion to the Stuart family, by a repetition of the deeds of their ancestors in the days of the Long Parliament; and sentiments, aspirations, and even conspiracies that end in nothing, tend to be forgotten. Again, even before the White Rose had sunk for the last time on Culloden Moor, the Methodist revival had commenced; and, before the eighteenth century had closed, a complete revolution had been wrought in the Welsh character, so that the old fashioned religion and loyalty of the Stuart had become unintelligible to a nation inspired by different ideals. Nor has our own time made amends. The literary and national awakening of our own day has, partly, I suspect, for denominational and political reasons, fought shy of Welsh Jacobitism; for one party scarcely cares to recollect that their ancestors huzzaed for Doctor Sacheverell, drank to the "king over the water," and corresponded with my Lord Mar; while the other, for equally good reasons, can hardly appreciate Welsh churchmen who were the constant enemies of the constitution established by the English State.

Welsh Jacobitism, however, in its time may claim to have represented the national spirit, if for no other reason than that the

regime against which it fought was the enemy of all Welsh ideals. On this ground, therefore, the champions of the lost cause may fairly claim some regard from Welsh patriotism; and, were it otherwise, "*sunt lacrimae rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.*"

The heroism with which Lady Nithsdale and her retainers from Powis-land faced death, the heroism with which David Morgan met it, should at least appeal to such lovers of the ideal as the Welsh. And further, Welsh Jacobitism is a landmark in our history. It is the end of the church and loyalist nationalism, to which the Elizabethan age gave birth. The spirit of Welsh Jacobitism may be traced in the poems of Huw Morus; and Huw Morus was the child of the national church policy of Elizabeth. In her treatment of Wales, Elizabeth and her advisers set aside, or at least modified, the Anglicising policy of Thomas Cromwell and the earlier Tudors. Welsh bishops and Welsh officials for the first time since the English rule began, appeared in Wales; the Bible and the Prayer Book were translated into Welsh; and the Eisteddfod was assembled by royal proclamation. In the Court of the Marches at Ludlow Castle, where sat my Lord President, Wales possessed through Tudor and Stuart days a focus of national life. The result of this recognition of Welsh nationalism for a time reconciled Wales to England, and made it, in Churchyard's opinion, the "soundest state," although in the early days of Gloriana the Council had trembled at the thought of sending an army through Wales to attack Irish rebels; and in 1563 certain conspirators, two of whom bore the name of Pole, were condemned to death "for having threatened to come with a power into Wales and proclaim the Scottish

Queen." How far Elizabethan policy reconciled Wales to the Anglican church in the national form that such men as Bishop Morgan or Bishop Parry gave it, is a subject that is difficult to discuss in the pages of a non party periodical. This, however, I think, may be admitted. While Roman Catholicism remained a certain force in the country, and even gained a few aristocratic converts by its Jesuit missionaries, the majority of the gentry conformed and the peasantry followed their example. Catholic ideas, however, survived the legal changes; Puritanism, in spite of Penry and Vicar Pritchard, took slight hold of the country; and the Catholic Anglicanism that finds expression in the poems of George Herbert,—himself a Welsh speaking Welshman,—formed the religion of educated Welshmen. They were Laudian, as Huw Morus's poems show, in their reverence for the fasts and feasts of their church, in their respect for the old Vicar whom the sacrilegious troopers ousted from his pulpit, in their affection for the jovial gaiety of the merry world which the cruel wave of Puritanism overwhelped, and in their religious veneration for the exiled Shepherd of the people. They lacked, however, the stern bitterness of the English royalists.

One of the earliest champions of religious toleration in the Restoration Parliament was the exile cavalier lawyer,—afterwards Chief Justice,—Vaughan. Nevertheless they loathed the "red foxes" of Puritanism and the Puritan Revolution; and, apart from politics, they had fair reason for their loathing. The oppression of the English evangelicalism, which warred on everything Welsh, struck a blow at Welsh national development from which it has not yet recovered. Many, perhaps the majority, of the old Welsh families were ruined by the terrible confiscations of the Parliamentary Commissioners, and sank into the ranks of the farmers and peasantry; education declined, and there came no more Herberts of Cherbury from the aristocracy of Wales; and the land lost its educated clergy, for under the Commonwealth Welshmen went not to Oxford. Wales naturally welcomed the Restoration, which brought with it the old worship, the old Court, and once more tolerated the Eis-

teddfod. Although in the days of the later Stuarts, there were one or two scandalous church appointments, and although education no longer flourished as in the days before the troubles, yet in the main the Elizabethan tradition was preserved, and Welshmen were ruled in church and state by those who did their best to understand them and their needs. So long as the Stuarts stood by the church, the national sentiment of Welsh politicians stood by them, and Huw Morus exults with savage glee at the death of the Whig martyr Algernon Sidney.

But 1688 introduced a keen division into Welsh politics. From the first a certain party held to James II, and one of the companions of the monarch's flight was the Lord of Powis whom England made an outlaw, and St. Germain's a duke. But Lord Powis held the Roman faith; and the generality of the Welsh gentry, like their poet Huw Morus, seemed prepared to accept the revolutionary settlement as the best alternative in an evil choice, provided always the church was safe. For even in those days Welshmen hated Irishmen with a deadly hatred; and, if they were Catholics at heart, they would have no Pope. For the subsequent hostility of Wales, the revolutionary government has only itself to thank. The author of the massacre of Glencoe was, unfortunately, the last man to appreciate nationalism. In the opinion of Lord Bute,* the abolition of the Court of the Marches which followed the revolution was a legislative attempt to obliterate any legal recognition of Welsh nationalism. The design to Anglicise Wales through the church is attributed by so high an authority as Judge Johnes to the same monarch. We know also that only the indignant protests of Welsh nationalists, chief of whom was the bold Briton, Price, who sat for Pembrokeshire, prevented the alienation of the crown lands of Denbighshire to a foreign favourite, whom he desired to set up, Welshmen said, as a Dutch Prince of Wales. Still when William died, and a high church Stuart again sat on the throne in the person of good Queen Anne, Welsh loyalty flowed in its ancient channel. Welsh squires voted

* Speech at the Rhyl Eisteddfod, 1892.

for Harley and St. John, and Welsh mobs huzzaed for High Church and Doctor Sacheverell; and Huw Morus passed away before the glory had all departed from the bard, or the crown from the Stuarts, or the national character from the ancient church of the Cymry.

But with the accession of the House of Hanover begins a black chapter in the history of Wales. The new rulers commenced to treat Wales both as a "conquered,"—I quote the words of one of their own lawyers,—and a disaffected country. Their first acts, the appointment of the Socinian Hoadley,—who never set foot in his diocese,—and the demolition of Ludlow Castle, were a declaration of war on Welsh national sentiment. For such acts marked the final abnegation of the Elizabethan policy, and the reversion to the Anglicising traditions of Henry IV. and Thomas Cromwell. For a generation Welshmen were utterly alien to the government of England, and a generation of Welsh noblemen and gentlemen never graced the court of the electors, whose Whig royal chaplains drew the incomes of sees and livings they never saw. It is oppression that drives wise men mad, and far more so hunting squires. The Welsh squires of the eighteenth century could show among their ranks no more such polished and educated cavaliers and scholars as the Vaughans and Herberts of the century before; but hard, narrow, and fierce as they were, they had at least a better understanding of, and a truer affection for their countrymen than the Russells, Cavendishes, or Walpoles, who misgoverned them from London. The men who fought, and not altogether unsuccessfully, in the English law courts, to save the altars of the parish churches in Wales from the mockery of a clergy ignorant of the language of the peasantry who worshipped there before them, the men whose foundation of the Cymmrodorion Society proves that they had still a love for the language and traditions of their race, the men who fought successfully to save Wales from the clutches of Dutch soldiers of fortune, deserve, with all their faults and errors, the respect of their patriotic descendants.

Of the feeling entertained towards them by the Welsh the new Court soon received an inkling. One of the heartiest of the old Welsh squires was Sir Charles Kenys, of Cefn Mabli. He is said to have taught the Elector George, when on the Continent, to smoke pipes and drink beer. When the Elector came over in pudding time, and the moderate men and the trimmers "looked big" at St. James', the Elector missed his stout Welsh friend. King George sent and bade him come and smoke a pipe, but the Welshman remained obdurate and absent. He would smoke with George, Elector of Hanover, not with George, King of England. Whatever benefit King George's good humour on this occasion may have won him among the Welsh people was speedily removed by his brutal treatment of the unhappy daughter of the house of Powis, who went to St. James' to beg her husband's life. I am not now concerned with the details of the '15, and must therefore postpone to a future occasion the story of Lady Winifred Herbert, afterwards Countess of Nithsdale, who, with the aid of her family retainers, Mistress Evans and Mistress Morgan, saved her husband from death, and afterwards went forth from her native land to live and die with him in exile.

It may be that, for the edification of the Jacobite miners of Rhos, or perchance to effect the conversion of the stout old Jacobite farmer of Pen Graig Fargoed, in Gelligaer, Glamorganshire, who, for the following verses, let off a bard the payment of a borrowed guinea,—

"Tri pheth 'rwy yn ei archi,—
Cael echwyn am y gini,
A chael Pretendwr ar y faine,
A chael bath Ffrainc i dalu,"

that the Whig government went to the expense of having a translation made into the Welsh language of a sermon preached in Ely Church, Holborn, at their thanksgiving service for the suppression of the "bloody and unnatural rebellion." The translation was made by one of their few Welsh supporters,—Iago ab Dewi.

The effect of the publication on Welsh sentiment may be measured by the fact that the Old Chevalier,—James III. of

Jacobite history, — determined, at the advice of his council, to repeat the tactics of Henry VII., and to land with the Duke of Ormond at Milford Haven, and to march with the Welshmen who had so loyally fought for his grandfather, it might be, to a second Bosworth field. Strangely enough, the cavalier signalled out for the honour of preparing this enterprise came of a stock that, in the former generation, had not been over famous for its loyalty to the Stuart cause. But times were changed, and it was to Mr. Lewis Price, of Gogerddan, that Earl Mar wrote from Innsbruck on the 7th April, 1717, —

"By permission of the King, who arrived incognito on the 3rd, I am ordered to acquaint you and other loyal men that the last push for a restoration in old England is to commence at or about 30th October next. The advice is to be conveyed by a bark bound to England, who is to resign his charge to a conscientious persecuted clergyman, who is to dispense his Majesty's pleasure to all honest bonny lads in the Principality of Wales. The expedition is to be regulated by our march from Milford to the West, under command of Lord Ormond, at the same juncture as I have to be at the like station in North Britain as in last year."*

This proposed invasion of Wales must have formed a forgotten link in the chain of elaborate conspiracies in which Alberoni, the great Italian minister of Spain, and the adventurous Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, the Cœur de Lion of modern days, sought to reverse the Treaty of Utrecht, to crush Orleans in France, and to ruin the House of Brunswick and its Imperial ally. Unfortunately for the Stuarts, the arrest of the Swedish minister, and the seizure of his papers, had probably given Stanhope and his colleagues a view of their adversaries' hand, and prompt measures probably nipped the 1717 growth in the bud. In any event, the death of the great soldier of the north, and the fall of the great priest intriguer of Madrid, removed all such dreams from practical politics.

Still, however, the evils that had marked the accession of the Hanoverian dynasty in Wales grew heavier as the years went on, and Jacobitism smouldered on alike in hall and parsonage and cottage, waiting

for the opportunity to burst into flame. In various clubs the gentry secretly met and drank the health of the king over the water. One of those centres of disaffection existed in the Cycle Club at Wrexham. The club, in 1829, when it still existed,* was merely a social meeting of country gentlemen living in the neighbourhood of Wrexham. I have been informed, however, that the custom of drinking to the king over the water was kept up to the last. In 1723 it was a powerful political organisation, and for that reason its rules and list of members, — which also, by the way, throw a curious light on the customs of the aristocracy of primitive Wales, — form an interesting study, —

"We, whose names are under-written, do promise at the time and place to our names respectively affixed, to observe the rules following, viz., —

I. Every member of this society shall, for default of his appearance, submit to be censured, and shall thereupon be censured by the judgment of the society.

II. Every member that cannot come shall be obliged to send notice of his non-appearance by 12 of the clock at noon, together with his reasons in writing, otherwise his plea shall not excuse him, if within the compass of 15 miles from the place of meeting.

III. Each member obliges himself to have dinner upon the table by 12 o'clock at noon from Michaelmas to Lady Day, and from Lady Day to Michaelmas at 1 of the clock.

IV. The respective masters of the places of meeting oblige themselves to take down in writing each default, and to deliver in the same at the general meeting.

V. Every member shall keep a copy of these articles by him, to prevent plea of mistake.

VI. It is agreed that a general meeting shall be held by all the subscribers at the house of Daniel Porter, jun., holden in Wrexham on the 1st day of May, 1727, by 11 of the clock, there to dine, and to determine upon all points relating to and according to the sense and meaning of these articles.

1723. (Signed)

THOS. PULESTON, May 21st (eldest son of Sir Roger Puleston, of Emral).

RICHARD CLAYTON, June 11th.

EUBULE LLOYD (of Penyllan), July 2nd.

ROBERT ELLIS, July 23rd.

W. WILLIAMS WYNN (of Wynnstay), August 13th.

JOHN PULESTON (of Pickhill), September 3rd.

THOS. EYTON (of Leeswood), September 24th.

WM. EDWARDS, October 15th.

* This letter exists in manuscript in the Peniarth collection. The above is an analysis in the appendix to the third report of the History MSS. Commission.

* *Cambrian Quarterly Magazine* for 1829, Vol. I., p 212.

THOS. HOLLAND, November 6th.

KENY. EYTON (of Eyton), November 26th.

PHIL. EGERTON (of Oulton), December 17th.

JOHN ROBINSON (of Gwersyllt), January 8th.

GEO. SHACKERLY (of Gwersyllt), January 29th.

ROBERT DAVIES (of Gwyssany), February 19th.

JNO. PULESTON (of Havod y Wern), March 13th.

BROUGHTON WHITEHALL (of Broughton), April 3rd.

WM. HANMER, April 24th, 1724.

It will be observed that these rules disclose nothing of the political character of the club. It is stated that the more recent lists of the society are drawn out in the form of a round robin, the object being to prevent any one of its members from being indicted as the head of a treasonable assembly. The story runs that, when the tables were cleared, and the bottles of claret and the jorums of ale and the silver punch bowl stood on the table, and the guests called for a song, the accompaniment was played on the Welsh harp* by the greyhaired harper of the mansion.

At the head of the Welsh squires stood he whom contemporaries called the knight of Wales, the first of the house of Williams who bore the name of Wynn,—which he took from his mother, who was of the house of the Wynns of Gwydir,—and ruled at Wynnstay. Traditionally he was bound to the Stuart cause, for his family owed their position in no small measure to the second Charles. And this Sir Watkin had a further tie to the White Rose, for his first bride, Anne Vaughan of Llwydiarth, came of the stock of the old cavalier bard of *Caer Gai*. This Sir Watkin was, moreover, the ablest of all his house. Darkened and sad as is the tale of his declining years, which has stamped him through his persecution of Peter Williams and the early Methodists as the Claverhouse of Wales without the glory of Killiecrankie, he was known once as the most eloquent and able champion of the Tory party in the House of Commons in the dark days of the Whig domination that lasted until Chatham arose. The bards, who still kept alive the flame of the old loyalty of the Civil Wars, and

dreaded as things grew blacker the return of the Puritan tyranny, looked to the knight of Wales, so powerful alike in his own land and far off London, as the support of his country amid the turmoils of revolution,—

“Duw, cadw'r marchog, enwog un,
Y glân Syr Watkin Williams Wynn,
A'i ffrindiau tirion yn gytun,
Dyr edyn y Roundiaid.”*

In the long attack on the great enemy of the Stuarts and Wales, Sir Robert Walpole, Sir Watkin played a prominent part; and after the resignation of the prime engineer of eighteenth century corruption, no man more eloquently and savagely pressed for an impeachment than the lord of Wynnstay. The fall of Walpole raised to the highest pitch the hopes of the Jacobites. The '15 had somewhat discredited the old Pretender, but Prince Charles Edward, who was growing into manhood, seemed to Sir Watkin of fact, as to the Waverley of fiction, a prince for whom to live and die. Many had fondly believed that the Hanoverian dynasty could not survive Walpole's fall. When it became clear that the Brunswicks remained in their seats, and the interests of the nation were more and more sacrificed to the beggarly electorate, plots and conspiracies again became rife. In 1744, Prince Charles received an invitation from Sir Watkin and other leading Jacobites to reclaim the throne, but making support conditional on the assistance of a French army. At the same time Sir Watkin was busy working with success outside Wales to win prominent members of the London Corporation to the Stuart interest. When the year 1745 commenced, it was noticed that the knight of Wales' keen interest in the Parliamentary struggle had ceased. The outsiders were puzzled, and the Government was alarmed. But Wales in the rebellion of 1745 I must leave to another chapter.

J. ARTHUR PRICE.

* There are two English Jacobite songs said to have been sung at the Cycle Club given in the *Cambrian Quarterly Magazine*, Vol II., pp. 658, 9.

* “God keep our famous knight
The good Sir Watkin Williams Wynn,
And with his kind friends
He'll crop the wings of the Roundheads.”



WORDSWORTH AND WALES.

IT is a curious point, and one which I do not remember to have seen noticed by commentators upon Wordsworth's poetry, that,—in spite of the poet's well known love for mountains, and his enthusiastic poems in honour of Cumberland, Scotland, Switzerland, and Italy,—the beautiful scenery of Wales has been passed over by him almost without mention. On two several occasions at least, we know that Wales was visited by him. He came once in 1791, when at the close of his college career he paid a visit to his friend Jones, and the two made a pedestrian tour in North Wales,—the very condition, one would think, to favour the inspiration of the poetic muse. He came again in 1824, of which visit only two or three poems, and these of no very high order, remain as the memorials.

Whether the beauty of Welsh scenery did not impress him after his native county and his foreign travels, or whether the visits befell unhappily at times when inspiration was lacking, it is impossible to say. But of the few poems which deal at all with Wales, only a few lines are given to description of the country, and these are by no means in tones of enthusiastic admiration; not such as flowed from him by the banks of the Wye above Tintern Abbey, or on the cliffs of Winander, or in the Simplon Pass.

He seems to look upon the inhabitants of Wales as a race "whose glory is departed." Thus in the "Sonnet on Old Bangor," he says,—

"Mark! how all things swerve
From their known course, or vanish like a dream.
Another language spreads from coast to coast;
Only perchance some melancholy stream,
And some indignant hills old names preserve
When laws and creeds and people all are lost."

The incident alluded to in the first part of the sonnet,—the mourning over the "unarmed host" and the destruction of "aboriginal and Roman love," is the destruction by Ethelfrith of the monastery of Bangor with all its records,—some of them the most precious monuments of the ancient Britons.

The "unarmed host" was the body of monks seen by Ethelfrith in prayer for the victory of the soldiers on their side. "If they are praying against us, they are fighting against us," he exclaimed, and ordered them to be first attacked. They were massacred, and their fate striking terror into Brocmail, he fled from the field, leaving the army to defeat and the town to destruction.

The feeling of veneration for its past and of luxurious regret over the work of time seem to be the most prominent features in Wordsworth's attitude towards Wales. The sonnet composed "among the ruins of a castle in North Wales" deserves quotation,—

"Through shattered galleries, 'mid roofless halls,
Wandering with timid footstep oft betrayed,
The stranger sighs, nor scruples to upbraid
Old time, though he, gentlest among the thralls
Of destiny, upon these wounds hath laid
His lenient touches, soft as light that falls,
From the wan moon, upon the towers and walls,
Light deepening the profoundest sleep of shade.
Relic of kings! wreck of forgotten wars,
To winds abandoned and the prying stars,
Time loves thee! at his call the seasons twine
Luxuriant wreaths around thy forehead hoar;
And, though past pomp no changes can restore,
A soothing recompense, his gift, is thine!"

On the religious side of his nature too, Wordsworth seems to find some point of contact. The venerable aspect of the Druids appeals to him, though the romantic feeling that might be expected to hover round them when seen through the dim vista of ages, is overpowered in his mind by the sense of pity for the errors of their creed.

In one sonnet he describes with considerable dignity,—the effect being largely due to the ponderous words employed,—the scene of consulting the omens,—

"Screams round the arch-druid's brow the seamew
—white
As Menai's foam; and towards the mystic ring
Where augurs stand, the future questioning,
Slowly the cormorant aims her heavy flight,
Portending ruin to each baleful rite,
That, in the lapse of ages hath crept o'er
Diluvian truths, and patriarchal love."

In another sonnet, in the same tone

of somewhat unnecessary regret, he says,—

"Still mid yon thick woods, the primal truth
Glimmers through many a superstitious form
That fills the soul with unavailing truth."

On another side of his nature, his strong feeling for liberty, Wordsworth is in sympathy with the old inhabitants of Wales. There is more fire in this sonnet on the "Struggle of the Britons" than in any of the others,—

"Rise! they *have* risen; of brave Aneurin ask
How they have scourged old foes, perfidious
The spirit of Caractacus defends [friends;
The patriots, animates their glorious task,—
Amazement runs before the towering casque
Of Arthur, bearing through the stormy field
The Virgin sculptured on his Christian shield . . .
. From Cambrian wood and moss
Druids descend, auxiliars of the Cross;
Bards nursed on blue Plinlimmon's still abode,
Rush on the fight, to harps preferring swords,
And everlasting deeds to burning words!"

But in other respects the Celtic temperament, with its quick transitions of feeling, its keen thirst for beauty, its unrestrained emotions and impulses, does not seem to appeal to Wordsworth. It is indeed too remote from his ideal of a life lived in strict accordance with rules of duty and self-control, and in one calm level of feeling undisturbed by exciting causes from within or without. The susceptible artistic nature would seem reprehensible to the author of the "Happy Warrior" and the "Ode to Duty."

"Through no disturbance of my soul
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control;
But in the quietness of thought,
Me this uncharted freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance-desires,
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same."

The wild grace and volatile charm of the Celtic lyrics would not meet with appreciation in the poet who took refuge in the sonnet from irregularities of his own fancy.

"To me
In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be bound
Within the sonnet's scanty plot of ground:
Pleased if some souls (for such there needs must be)
Who have felt the weight of too much liberty
Should find brief solace there, as I have found."

Two of the old Celtic romances seem to

have had some fascination for him; and these he relates in stanza form at some length,—*"Artegal and Elidure"* and *"The Egyptian Maid."*

The choice of subject is very characteristic. With the same feeling that led him to prefer the "homely tale" of the stockdove to the "piercing" notes of the nightingale "with fiery heart," Wordsworth passes over the stories of Arthur, Lear, and Merlin related by Geoffrey of Monmouth, to settle upon one quiet incident of brotherly affection, hitherto neglected.

"What wonder, then, if in such ample field
Of old tradition, one particular flower
Doth seemingly in vain its fragrance yield,
And bloom unnoticed even to this late hour?
Now, gentle muses, your assistance grant,
While I this flower transplant
Into a garden stored with poesy;
Where flowers and herbs unite, and haply some
weeds be,
That, wanting not wild grace, are from all
mischief free!"

Artegal, the son of wise Gorbonian, King of Britain, having been deposed for his cruelty, is succeeded by his brother Elidure and banished. He returns, meaning to use force to recover the kingdom, but, meeting his brother, is recognised and welcomed by him and restored to his rights by Elidure's generosity. Though the poem is an early one, there are yet many touches of Wordsworth's later style in it. Elidure's persuasions to virtue have all the characteristic ring in them,—

"Believe it not," said Elidure; "respect
Awaits on virtuous life, and ever most
Attends on goodness with dominion decked,
Which stands the universal empire's boast."

And so too the conclusion,—

"Thus was a brother by a brother saved;
With whom a crown (temptation that hath set
Discords in hearts of men till they have braved
Their nearest kin with deadly purpose met)
'Gainst duty weighed, and faithful love, did seem
A thing of no esteem."

The other tale of the "Egyptian Maid" is drawn from the "History of Prince Arthur, and the Knights of the Round Table." A beautiful maid of Egypt on her way to Caerleon is wrecked on the Cornwall coast by the arts of Merlin. Nina appears to rebuke the enchanter and

compel him to send the damsel peerless in haste to Arthur's court,—

"Cold as she is, ere life be fled for ever."

There the knights approached her one by one, touching her cold hand, until the fated knight Sir Galahad approaches, at whose touch,—

"A tender twilight streak
Of colour dawned upon the damsel's cheek;
And her lips, quickening with uncertain red,
Seemed from each other a faint warmth to borrow."

Arthur, gazing upon the signs, "eases his soul" by "praise of God and Heaven's pure queen," then bids Galahad take her to his heart,—

"A treasure that God giveth
Bound by indissoluble ties to thee
Through mortal change and immortality."

The poem, though marred by an anticlimax in the account of the nuptials, has in it much of Wordsworth's best manner and many beautiful stanzas. The following are good instances,—

"The turmoil hushed, celestial springs
Of music opened, and there came a blending
Of fragrance underived from earth,
With gleams that owed not to the Sun their birth,
And that soft rustling of invisible wings
Which angels make, on works of love descending."

..... "But if unchangeable her doom,
If life departed be for ever gone,
Some blessed assurance, from this cloud emerging,
May teach him to bewail his loss;
Not with a grief, that, like a vapour, rises
And melts; but grief devout that shall endure
And a perpetual growth secure
Of purposes which no false thought shall cross,
A harvest of high hopes and noble enterprises."

In passing to Wordsworth's three sonnets descriptive of Welsh scenery, it may be said that they illustrate well his characteristic excellences and defects. We have in them musical lines as,—

"His lenient touches soft as light that falls,"

"Light deepening the profoundest sleep of shade,"

or "Pomp that fades not, everlasting snows,

And skies that ne'er relinquish their repose,"

THE INFLUENCE OF WORDSWORTH ON WALES has been very great. It is true that this poet, next to Shakespeare and Milton the greatest in English literature, has not described Wales, with the exception of the valley of the Wye, as he has described Cumberland; but the thought of the Welsh mountaineer is the same as that of the Cumbrian

but we have also terrible descents into prose and pieces of raw and undigested observation, as,—

"Such power possess the family of floods
Over the minds of poets, young or old."

And in the sonnet addressed to the "Lady E. B.," we have an instance of the building raised upon too slight and insignificant a basis.

On the whole, the effect of Wordsworth's Welsh poems is somewhat unsatisfactory; more should have been made of such a noble source of inspiration. It is true that two of the Lyrical Ballads are associated with well known places in Wales,— "Simon Lee, the huntsman of Cardigan," and "We are Seven."

But of the first,—

"My gentle reader I perceive
How patiently you've waited,
And now I fear that you expect
Some tale will be related,"—

fewest words are best. Of the second, in which we have Wordsworth at his purest and simplest, no words are needed.



NEAR CONWAY.

The scene of "We are Seven."

Perhaps there are few people to be found who can hear Conway spoken of without an involuntary momentary recollection of the "two of us" dwelling there, in the immortal words of the little cottage heroine of "We are Seven."

B. E. BOONE.

mountaineer, and his appealed to in the same way. The Welsh school of Islwyn is a Wordsworthian school; Wordsworth appealed as strongly to Islwyn as Burns appealed to Ceiriog. On the other hand, Wordsworth's own thought is due partly to the influence of two Welshmen,—Henry Vaughan and John Dyer.

MARY'S FIRST VICTORY.

I.

"YOUR grandfather really ought to let you have music lessons. 'Tis too bad of him to refuse. With your beautiful voice and passion for music you are bound,—if you are given the chance,—to excel."

"I am sure that I love music, though I'm not sure that I have a beautiful voice."

"Not a beautiful voice! Why, everybody knows you have, even your grandfather; only he does not understand that it is a talent given you to cultivate. That is what I must try to make him understand."

"I am afraid you will not succeed. He thinks there are but two talents,—one given a man to enable him to pay his way, the other to enable him to preach. And as he does not believe that women should preach, I shall have no opportunity of exercising my voice even in that direction. There only remains for me the other talent to use. I must help to make things pay."

"Ah, I've got it. I'll show him that it will pay to have your voice trained. I'll appeal to his greed,—pardon me,—to save him from his prejudice."

And Edward Miles slapped his thigh as if he had made no small discovery, so glad was he to think that he had at last found an argument which might influence Mary Lloyd's grandfather. But Mary herself remained sceptical. She had already exhausted every means of persuasion in vain. The old man remained obdurate. And no great marvel either. Old Thomas Lloyd had been born at Twyn y Graig seventy-three years before. Fifty years before he had brought his wife Marget there, a young and handsome bride. And for these fifty years this worthy couple had been engrossed, rising early and late taking rest, in persuading an arid mountain farm to be generous. And they did this to but little purpose; for when the rent and taxes had been paid it would puzzle an economist to find the margin of profit. Twyn y Graig was disposed to escape from the domain of political economy as it certainly had from that of

society. There it stood, weather-beaten, grim, and solitary, on the rocky brow of the hill. Behind it stretched rough, stony fields into the open mountain; in front of it very modest pastures sloped to the valley beneath. And in the valley, nearly a mile away, was Rhywle, bustling with activity and importance.

Rhywle was quite a civic infant, being only some fifteen years old, the offspring of a pair of colliery shafts; but communities, like individuals, that are young and inexperienced, are much in evidence. Old Twyn y Graig despised the upstart and all its ways. It looked down upon it with contempt; though sometimes one saw the little window of the parlour give a slightly hilarious wink—a prophetic one; and the purport of it we thought was,—“I will outlast that braggart yet.”

Now old John Lloyd and his wife Marget had not escaped the influence of their surroundings. They were no more prodigal than Twyn y Graig itself. It required, indeed, almost as much artifice to persuade them to yield that which they had so hardly acquired as they themselves had found necessary in coaxing a miserly farm to yield them a little sustenance. And having endured more than a little hardness, living not only without luxuries, but also without those necessities of culture which should be deemed as part of our daily bread,—without leisure, without books,—they had little sympathy with anything that did not come directly into the schedule of payment. Life had been to them too stern a struggle to allow them any leisure to cultivate the graces of life; it had not been a sufficiently remunerative business to encourage them to attend to anything that did not pay. It is not surprising, therefore, that John Lloyd and his wife were neither over-generous nor tolerant when they thought of what seemed to them to be the fopperies of life. When their young grand-daughter,—fond as they were of her,—pleaded for music lessons, they had but scant patience with

so frivolous a request; her knowledge of music could never help to make Twyn y Graig pay.

They were as unsympathetic as the rock on which their dwelling place stood; nay, more so. For when Mary fetched the cows of a morning, the bedewed Graig, glistening in the morning sun, encouraged her song. Here she would sing, song after song, encored by the silences of the morning and of the Graig. She had, however, more vocal if not more eloquent sympathisers than these. The youths of Zoar choir were loud in their admiration; even the girls were fain to confess that she was not altogether a bad singer. It is doubtful whether she was, despite her excellent voice, an acquisition to that choir. For she made all the girls envy her and all the youths envy each other. But one there was who stood first in Mary's eyes. He was Edward Miles, a young collier of Rhywle. And he was worthy of finding favour in the eyes of any bright and sensible girl; for he was one of those who availed themselves of the opportunities of self-improvement and self-culture which were to be found at Rhywle. He attended the science and art classes, and had won several first class certificates. He was also a reader of some of the best literature, and an appreciative musician. No wonder, then, that he was keen in urging Mary to obtain music lessons from a capable teacher. Mary, herself, would indeed rejoice to obtain them, but the old people ever blocked the way. Edward now believed he had found a way of removing their ban. He would show John and Marget Lloyd that singing and music could be made profitable. And it was agreed between Edward and Mary that they should never praise music again, but always enlarge upon the princely earnings of singers.

When Edward and Mary entered Twyn y Graig that evening, old Lloyd asked, as was his wont,—

"What is the great matter you people in Rhywle have in hand now?"

"The greatest, at present, is the approaching concert, at which Joe Griffith is to sing."

"Joe Griffith; that's the great tenor?"

You people are always spending your money on concerts. Pity you haven't fitter use for it."

"Well, if we are always spending, some are always making money on concerts, and putting it to good use, too."

"I never heard of anyone making money by concerts or by singing."

"Haven't you heard that Joe Griffith gets forty guineas for every engagement?"

"Forty guineas! The price of eight or nine heifers. Fools must be plentiful in Rhywle."

"And elsewhere, too. He is engaged more than once every week."

"Well, he sha'n't make anything on me. I think it wrong to waste money like that."

"But if you could make money like Joe, wouldn't you think yourself foolish not to do so?"

"Perhaps; only I doubt if these singing people make money even if they get it. 'Tis easily got and easily spent."

"They make as well as earn money, I assure you. There's Margery Vaughan,—she has bought Harddfryn, old lawyer Driver's little estate, and has placed her parents there."

"Well, well, if she can follow in old lawyer Driver's footsteps she'll make money."

"She does; only she makes a wiser and a nobler use of her money than old Driver ever did. What nobler use can she make of her money than in supporting her parents in some comfort?"

"That's true. But how many of those stage people do anything like that?"

"As many,—in proportion,—as do it in any other class. For you don't believe that everyone who is not on the stage is a devoted son or daughter, do you?"

"No, I don't do that."

"I should think not. For it is not a question of place but of person; it is not what is the stage you tread, but what are you. If you were to put Mary here on the stage, and she were to earn her twenty guineas a night, don't you think she would help you?"

"I am sure our Mary would," said Mrs. Lloyd. Mary was now getting the supper milk from the dairy.

"O," said old Lloyd, "I dare say she

would; only it is very certain that she never could earn that money."

"You don't know that. Her voice is acknowledged to be one of exquisite quality. It only requires training. The best judges say so."

"O the judges are always flattering young people in order that they may pick up jobs."

"But even they can't judge all to be best. If they put some before the others, they must, in some degree, be honest, or, at least, no flatterers."

"Eisteddfodic talk! and there's no talk in the world so idle."

"Tis more, or at least it may become more. If Mary is given the opportunity she'll turn the talk into reality. Look here, Mr. Lloyd, let her compete in the contralto solo at the eisteddfod which is to take place at Rhywle in some months, and you'll see what she can do. Mr. Alf Williams, the organist, will give her lessons gratuitously. And you shall hear what the adjudicators,—men of the highest standing,—say. Only mind, if she win the prize you must let her have it to buy music."

"No great harm can come of that," said old Mrs. Lloyd. "Indeed I think she might be allowed to try."

"Well, well, we'll talk the matter over," John replied.

And as he had now finished his basin of bread and milk, and was ready to start for bed, the subject was dropped. Bidding the old people a good night, Edward started for home. In the porch he encountered Mary. They stood at the entrance, and looked at the valley beneath that was silent with the silence of virgin modesty, bathing in the silver light of the moon. Standing there, Edward and Mary whispered each to the other words of passionate sympathy, of victorious anticipation. Mary permitted herself to taste of the nectar of hope.

II.

THE day of Rhywle eisteddfod was at hand. The rosettes of the committee men were made; they had been tried to see how they would look. Bards for miles

around were on their tip-toes awaiting time to announce,—if the adjudicators be just,—its profoundest secret. Choirs and soloists were embellishing with final touches their several test pieces. These, too, felt that time was big with momentous issues, if adjudicators were only just. None, however, anticipated the coming day with such surging emotions as Edward and Mary. The old people of Twyn y Graig had consented,—John rather reluctantly,—to allow Mary to compete on the contralto solo. The prize offered by the eisteddfod committee was one guinea. But Edward, in order to increase the glory of victory which he anticipated for Mary, had anonymously added three guineas thereto. A four guinea solo prize, being a very unusual one, had an effect which Edward had not foreseen. It not only increased public interest in that competition, but it greatly increased the number of competitors. Competitors from far and near,—many of them veterans of the eisteddfod platform,—entered into the competition. Edward now saw that he had made the task of winning far more arduous for Mary, and began to regret his action. But daring not to confess what he had done, he had to keep his reproaches to himself; and they were keen when Mary spoke hopelessly of her chance of victory.

"I can never hope," she told him, "to excel Eos y Fforest or Eos y Llwyn. And there are a dozen other 'eoses' at least."

And many felt as Mary felt. It was thought that a mere Mary could have no chance against an "eos." Many of her friends were therefore urgent that she should assume an eisteddfodic name. But Mary thought her own name quite as pretty and much more convenient than any possible eisteddfodic name, while Edward insisted that there was no name on earth to equal it. Both were, in fact, eisteddfodic heretics, believing,—on the principle that a rose would smell as sweet by any other name,—that a voice would sound as sweet though it have but a Christian name. But as most of Mary's friends and acquaintances were strictly orthodox, she seemed to them as one tempting Providence and courting failure in entering the lists without a name.

The day arrives. Rhywle, whose normal colour is sober dun, is flecked with colours. Flags and banners of diverse colours and designs adorn the Public Hall and the principal streets. In this mottled garb Rhywle scarcely knows itself. Scarcely, too, can it restrain its excitement. Were you abroad, even early, you might know that something stirring was afoot. You would see groups of men in animated conversation standing here and there with unfinished toilet. And when you see the men of Rhywle in their best boots and trousers, with unbuttoned vests and with no coats and collars, you may be sure that it is the morning of a Sunday or of a gala day. But what was even more indicative of something unwonted was the fact that all the girls of Rhywle had their hair in curling papers or curling pins that morning. From these indications you might infallibly conclude that Rhywle was about to be engaged in something other than business. And this becomes, if possible, still more evident when the trains bring a host of bardic and musical contestants and a large and eager audience.

And now the hour has arrived. The Public Hall is filled; and slowly the programme is proceeded with. The audience finds it interesting; but most of the contestants find it wearisome. To these last there is generally but one interesting item in the programme. Edward, certainly, thought the proceedings intolerably dull; and it was quite a relief to him to hear the conductor announce that the competitors on the contralto solo being so numerous,—thirty-two in number,—it had been decided to hold a preliminary contest in Bethania for the selection of the best four, who alone were to sing in the Hall. He immediately left the Hall and went to Bethania. Here 'twas wearisome enough to have to listen to some twenty six singers before Mary's turn came. Indeed, by the time the twenty sixth had finished "Ye that love the Lord," he was doubtful whether he loved anybody, and he was certain he hated all eisteddfodic competitors. Then Mary sang, and he changed his mind. Before she had finished he felt kindly towards her rivals; and when she was selected one of the four for the final

contest he was fain to confess that this world was not so badly arranged after all. But he was in a minority at Bethania on this point. And as the point could not be finally settled till the afternoon, when the final contest was to take place, Edward took Mary home to his mother to have that bountiful mid-day tea which distinguishes the anniversary or eisteddfod day. Edward and Mary dallied over their tea cup.

"I am glad," said Edward, "you have passed through one contest, you will not be so nervous in the next."

"I hope not. I found it hard to sing before the cold eyes of my rivals."

"Yet you sang splendidly."

"'Twas in spite of myself, then."

"In spite of yourself; why, you seemed to try more than usual."

"That was what I disliked. It was only by a severe effort that I could sing at all. I did this to please you, perhaps,—perhaps to triumph over my rivals, perhaps for both reasons."

"Yet, you would rather please me than beat the others," said Edward, appealingly. He was in that stage of courtship when a man demands that his loved one shall have no thought or wish apart from him. 'Tis later on that he discovers that in these things the half is much better and much greater than the whole.

"Perhaps," said Mary.

"You are not in earnest."

"Perhaps," archly.

Edward was mystified. Since the days of their avowed courtship, they had lived such earnest days in discussing musical and eisteddfodic matters that Mary had shewn no signs of roguishness. But already she was beginning to feel some reaction and creamed this midday tea with playfulness. Edward, after a little time, acquired a taste for it, thinking it delicious. He got avid of it; and in his greediness was in some danger of forgetting the afternoon session of the eisteddfod. His mother had to remind him of it—though she did so half an hour before it was necessary.

They started. Edward was now full of suppressed excitement, Mary strangely calm. In the hall Edward found it quite a task to sit down, and quite impossible to sit still. And when the conductor called

upon the contralto competitors to get ready, Edward's heart beat violently; but Mary moved with cold, mechanical precision. She felt, indeed, as if she were no more than a piece of mechanism,—or that her usual self had taken flight, giving place to some unmentioned mechanical self. She marvelled. Even when the singer whom she was to follow had nearly finished, she was only wondering where her old self had gone. At last her name is called. And even now this mechanical self seems to be going. What is coming over her? Is it annihilation? She reaches the front of the stage. She grasps at her vanishing consciousness. Now, she sees faces, faces upon faces, indistinct, shifting, shimmering. Some grew distinct,—Edward's pale, eager; her grandfather's, wondering whether this sort of nonsense will pay; her grannie's, proudly sympathetic. She hears the introduction to the song struck upon the piano,—how distant it sounds! She seeks her voice,—it hesitates; she struggles,—will it never come? Hush. What voice is that floating through the hall? Her own? She marvels at its volume and tone.

So, she perceives, does the audience. She has taken them captive. Her heart dilates with the joy of power. She pours out her soul. Her audience is spell-bound; 'tis not a voice but a soul that sings. The spell holds them even when she had finished. No flippant applause is heard. She leaves the stage before the audience recovers itself, then is there such a burst of applause as is not often heard even in Welsh assemblies.

When Mary returns to the hall, she finds her grandfather secretly and sheepishly wiping some unbidden tears from his eyes. The old man had been so carried by the power of a great emotion that he had forgotten to calculate whether song paid or not. And proudly and affectionately does he place his hand upon Mary's shoulder, tearfully whispering,—

"You shall have lessons, and I don't want you to earn anything for me, only to sing to me."

This was Mary's first triumph. She cared little now whether she won the eisteddfod prize or not, though that also fell to her lot.

R. DAVID.

THE WELSH IN AMERICA.

I HAVE often been struck by the fact that, while Welsh papers published in America devote considerable attention to the affairs of the old country, Welshmen on this side of the water hear comparatively little of the doings of their kinsfolk in America. It occurs to me, therefore, that a few notes of a recent visit to America, during which I saw something of the Welsh communities in that country, may not be without interest to the readers of WALES.

The oldest considerable settlement of Welshmen in America was, as is well known, that of the Welsh Quakers who followed William Penn to Pennsylvania. These Quaker settlements then formed a nucleus, round which the immigration from Wales tended for a long time to gather;* and in particular, a large number of Welsh

Baptists settled in the district round Philadelphia in the early part of last century. Abundant traces of these early Welsh settlements are to be seen in names such as Brynmawr, Dyffryn Mawr (pronounced locally *Brin-mähr*, *Diffryn-mähr*), Tredyffryn, Uwchlan (pronounced *Yooklän*), Narberth, Radnor, Haverford, St. David's, Berwyn, Merion, and others. Needless to say that all trace of the Welsh language has long since disappeared from these districts; but Welsh names such as Evans, Lewis, Williams, Philipps, Davies, Pierce, &c., abound there, and some of the oldest and most respected families in Pennsylvania trace their descent from a Welsh Quaker or Baptist stock. It was not the least interesting experience of my tour to come into contact with several representatives of these Welsh families, and to find that, though cut off from the land of their forefathers, by language, distance, and the

* As early as 1729 a Welsh Benevolent Society was founded in Philadelphia, with the object (among others) of assisting poor emigrants from Wales.

lapse of over two centuries, they still retained a vivid interest in everything relating to Wales. One of the most interesting people of this kind whom I met was Mr. Charlton T. Lewis, who has an European reputation as joint editor of Lewis and Short's Latin Dictionary, and as author of other learned works. His father, the late Judge Lewis, was the friend of Abraham Lincoln, and Commissioner of Internal Revenue in Lincoln's Administration. I spent a delightful day with Mr. Lewis in Philadelphia; and I have seldom met any man who impressed me more by the brilliancy and variety of his intellectual gifts.

The Welsh immigrants of later times have by no means confined themselves to the State of Pennsylvania. The seventeen persons of Welsh descent who, as I learn from the October number of this magazine, signed the Declaration of Independence, came from all parts of the American Colonies. And at the present time Welsh people are found to a greater or less extent in every state of the Union. Still there are some places, especially in the States of Pennsylvania, Ohio, and New York, in which the Welsh element is much stronger than in others. Of the particular towns where Welsh settlers are numerous, I had the opportunity of visiting Utica and Scranton; and I propose now to describe shortly my visit to these two places.

Utica is in the State of New York, an easy day's journey from New York City. Starting from my hotel in New York about nine in the morning, I caught the Hudson River steamboat for Albany. The journey up the river took about nine hours. The scenery of the Hudson is exceedingly picturesque, and might perhaps remind one of the Rhine, were it not that history and legend have combined to lend to the Rhine a charm which is peculiarly its own. Albany was reached soon after six o'clock, and thence to Utica was a railway journey of some four hours. I had wired to the editor of the *Drych* that I was coming to Utica, and my first object next morning was to find the whereabouts of the *Drych* Office. Arrived there, I was ushered into the editorial sanctum, where I found Messrs. J. C. Roberts and B. F. Lewis,

the editors of the paper. We had a long talk, and I was then introduced to Mr. Thomas H. Griffiths, the proprietor. The two editors gave me, in the course of conversation, some interesting information as to the history and present position of their newspaper. I had long known the *Drych* as an admirably conducted paper, ranking, indeed, among the best Welsh newspapers in the world; but I confess that I was surprised when I was told what its circulation actually is, especially bearing in mind that nearly every one of the thousands of copies sold weekly has to be mailed to the individual subscriber. The high literary merit and the sustained popularity of the *Drych* are striking testimonies to the vitality of Welsh sentiment in America, and to the undying affection with which the Cymry, even after they have left their native hills for ever, still cling to the language and literature of their fathers.

Mr. Roberts was kind enough to take me to the office of lawyer G. H. Humphrey, president of the Cymreigyddion of Utica, under whose guidance I was enabled to see all that was worth seeing in Utica to the best advantage. Mr. Humphrey is a type of the American Welshman, of which I saw several examples during my stay in the country. His Welsh has been wholly acquired in America, but he has so perfect a command of the language that for some years he held the post of editor of the *Drych*. As in the large towns of England, so in America, it is no uncommon thing for Welsh to be spoken in Welsh families to the second and third generations. The Welsh of the American-born Welshman has naturally a flavour of its own; it is a Welsh neither of the North nor of the South, but approaches more nearly to the literary language than does colloquial Welsh in any part of Wales.

I learnt that in Utica itself, which is a town of 20,000 to 30,000 inhabitants, there were not more than 3,000 Welsh people, but that Welshmen abounded in the district around. I was assured by one informant that many of the Welsh farmers in the district had little or no acquaintance with English. I had a practical demonstration of the importance of the Welsh population

in Utica when, on returning to my hotel in the afternoon, I found a reporter from a daily paper of the town waiting to interview me on the subject of the Welsh national movement.

Some three weeks later, I was invited to speak at an Eisteddfod held at Scranton, Pa., a town of about 90,000 inhabitants, and the centre of an important coal-mining district, which is largely inhabited by Welsh people. Scranton struck me as being even more Welsh than Utica, but this may partly have been because I arrived there at the time of the great annual Welsh festival. I heard *yr hen iaith* spoken on all hands. Welsh was the first language that greeted my ear when I alighted from the train on my arrival at Scranton; when I took a street car next morning, I found the two people who sat next me conversing in Welsh; the very waitress in the restaurant where in company with Judge Edwards and Dr. Joseph Parry of Cardiff, I lunched on the last day of my visit, chatted gaily with us in Welsh as she ministered to our bodily necessities. As a matter of fact, I learnt that two other nationalities, the German and the Irish, contest with the Welsh the claim to preponderance in Scranton.

The Eisteddfod itself was a decided success, as I believe Eisteddfodau in this district usually are. The audience at some of the meetings was said to number from 3,000 to 4,000. Less use was made of the Welsh language than might have been expected, in view of the strength of the Cymric population in the city. The promoters of the Eisteddfod, wise no doubt in their generation, have evidently striven to give it a cosmopolitan character, which should serve to attract all elements of the heterogeneous population of the district. In this aim they seem to have succeeded, for the Eisteddfod is fast becoming a recognised Scranton institution, in which all good citizens, of whatever nationality, take pride and interest. There was one competition confined to Catholic choirs, and evidently intended for the Irish element in the population. In like manner the German section was provided with a competition in the shape of a glee. The German barber who shaved me on the

morning of the Eisteddfod, divided his attention between me and another son of the Fatherland, to whom he discoursed volubly in his guttural North German on the chances of the prize falling to the choir to which they both belonged. Listening to these enthusiastic foreigners, I felt that a new view of the Eisteddfod's mission was being opened out before me. As far as Wales itself is concerned, I am for the Eisteddfod's being made as Welsh as it is possible to be; but who knows that an Anglicised form of the Eisteddfod might not, to our very great advantage, take root among us in England as it is doing among the various nationalities in Scranton?

The Scranton Eisteddfod gave me an opportunity of meeting several well known and representative American Welshmen, of whom I can only mention here the name of one of the most distinguished,—I mean Judge Edwards, of Scranton. Judge Edwards is a native of Ebbw Vale, Monmouthshire. He emigrated to America when about twenty years of age, and was at first a journalist; but afterwards, turning to the study of the law, he raised himself by ability and perseverance to the honourable position he now holds. He is a fluent speaker both in Welsh and English. As he presided over the Eisteddfod meeting which I attended, I was enabled in some measure to appreciate the eloquence, wit, and culture which have given him so high a place in the esteem of his fellow countrymen in America. I learn with pleasure that there is a probability of his paying a visit to the old country next year; and I hope that the people of Wales will then have opportunities of becoming more closely acquainted with him.

The Welsh form an important element in the population of the United States. The tide of emigration from Wales, which is one of the most notable phenomena of modern Welsh history, has set for the most part in the direction of America; and according to a recent article in the *North American Review*, by Mr. John E. Owens, the present number of Welsh settlers in the States, including only first descendants, is close on a million and a quarter. I made a point of ascertaining, so far as I could, the estimation in which the Welsh popula-

tion was held by other Americans. Everywhere I found that the high standard of morality, intelligence, and freedom from crime, which distinguishes the Welsh people at home, is fully maintained by the American Welsh in their adopted country. It will perhaps disappoint some persons, whose peculiar mental bias leads them to suggest that white gloves and white lies are alike characteristic of Wales, to learn that the American Welshman is quite as conspicuous for loyalty to truth as he is for respect for the law. I was assured by one eminently qualified to give an opinion, that in point of honesty as witnesses and jurymen Welshmen compare very favourably with persons of other nationalities in America.

The one objection I heard urged against the Welsh from the American standpoint was based on what most people in this country would consider a merit, and few, surely, would deem a fault. "They make very good citizens," I was told, "but they cling far too stubbornly to their own customs and language." I was struck by the fact that the American is far less tolerant of alien usages in his own country than the Englishman. In the British Empire all languages and all nationalities are recog-

nised and tolerated; we have given up trying to make everybody who comes under our rule conform to our own pattern. The American, on the contrary, alarmed by the flood of alien immigration which has recently overflowed his country, and made it a veritable Babel of different tongues, is above all bent on the speedy welding of these heterogeneous elements into one united whole in point of race, language, and national customs. With characteristic impatience he cannot wait for the slow process of time to bring about the result he desires; his new nation must be born in a day. It is not surprising, therefore, that there should be some disposition to look with jealousy on a race so tenacious of their national peculiarities as the Welsh. But as the national peculiarities of the Welsh consist mainly in a love for poetry and song, a delight in intellectual exercises, and a fondness for the chapel, the Sunday school, and the Eisteddfod, it is a little difficult to see how their usefulness as citizens is impaired by these things; and as far as language is concerned, so long as a Welshman learns English enough to do his duty as a good American citizen, it cannot hurt anybody if he chooses to speak Welsh besides.

THOS. DARLINGTON.

THE MOSS ROSE OF WALES.

THERE blooms one flower more dear than all
That still enslaves my breast,
'Tis the small budding flower that blows
More sweet than all the rest;

Fond rose that smiles with early dew
And greets the rising morn,
Till warblers, wild with matin song,
Forsake its flowering thorn.

Let other blooms exhale their breath
Around where fountains play,
I know of one small pale-pink rose
Far dearer yet than they;

Let other flowers with ruddy lips
Departed dreams recall;
There blooms one rose, one simple rose,—
I love more dearly than all;—

It is my sweet, my lovely flower
That blooms where zephyr blows
And greets me ere the dewdrop's left
My bonny, mossy rose.

When thrilling vespers chime at eve,
Ere summer's twilight gloom,
I see my rapturous lady kiss
That beauteous mossy bloom;

Still lingering near delicious bowers
Unheard she steals along,
And with her trembling fingers plucks
The flower I loved so long.

Though some more fragrant lips than thine
Drop scent on summer gales;
Yet thee I love more dearly than all
My sweet moss rose of Wales.

E. R. OWEN.



LLANELLY.

THE TIN PLATER.

BY THE REV. D. MORGAN JONES, M.A., VICAR OF ST. PAUL'S, LLANELLY.

Illustrated by D. J. Davies.

I.—INTRODUCTION.

AMONG the many industries which have helped to bring South Wales to its present high position in the mercantile world, the tin plate trade should certainly have a place. It is not the most important of Welsh industries, but, from many points of view, it is the most interesting, at any rate of the industries on the coast of the Bristol Channel. It is in the various Welsh towns skirting the Great Western line after you cross the border that the industry reaches its real zenith of activity. Sporadic efforts have been and are being made on the other side of the Wye. But once on Welsh ground the tin plater feels at home. As far west as Carmarthen,—upon which the memory of Dafydd ab Edmund still rests,—at an interval of every few miles tin plate works are found.

Without attempting anything more than an introduction,—to be followed by closer details of history and method,—we will content ourselves now with pointing out a few proofs that the various processes are as interesting even as the intricacies of the

four and twenty metres, which, it is fondly hoped, will hold sway over the poetical world till time be past.

When I was asked to write something about "The Tin Plater," I went to him, and he told me that there were thirty-two varieties of him, and that each variety had sub-divisions. The reader will, therefore, be kind enough to understand that this is not a scientific treatise.*

One fine morning in June, 1894, Mr. D. J. Davies and myself marched out to one of the most important works here, conquering and to conquer, as we fondly thought, the mysteries of this wonderful organization. We have not done so, but we gleaned a few facts which deserve the attention of all who care for the toilers of our country.

Imagine yourself in a town which, with its suburbs, numbers something over forty thousand inhabitants. There are plenty of

* But I may state, by the way, that there is an excellent monograph that may safely be consulted. It is printed at the *Guardian* office, Llanelli. The author is J. L. Bowen, Esq., of that town.

chimneys, which continually pour forth a generous supply of smoke. Day and night you can hear the steam engines, the hammers, and the rollers, fulfilling their natural and rightful functions. The streets are full of life, the place full of energy. All that is "keen" in athletics,—the football team beat redoubtable Newport this year, and the volunteers produced the

The fair estuary of the Llwchwr stretches at the feet of the town. Across it we see the lovely undulating contour of the Gower hills. The river Llwchwr starts from the solid rocks near the historic castle of Carreg Cenen. I have often thought that these facts are signs and symbols to those who will read circumstances in the light of nature. As the river has its



ROLLS AND FURNACE.

Queen's Prizeman last year,—yes, all that is "keen" and all that is musical has a home here. I will not refer to the victories of the Town Band, because I might damage our literature by decreasing the circulation of WALES. Human nature is human nature, and envious eyes have been cast on Llanelly from other directions than the tin plate works in America.

source in a quiet, rocky, be-aldered and be-mossed nook far up the hills, and flows to the confines of this busy place, so the youth and strength reared on the barren highlands find work and occupation, and learn skill and science, in our smoky town. The Gower hills tell us that we may have confidence in our own race. We look upon a beautiful country occupied by another

race, and proudly reflect that the artisan of Llanelly is superior to the peasant of Gower. And does not the beauty of nature, surrounding the "din and smoke of this dim spot," whisper to us that Ruskin, like Homer, sometimes has a nap, and that after all it is possible that beauty and skill are one? Physically and literally, Llanelly is a living proof that mercantile and artistic power can co-exist and co-operate.

We all live on the tin plater. Therefore come with us for an hour to the "works." Here we see the process from the beginning. We enter through the big doors and catch sight of a medley collection of steel scraps, pig iron, and "oddments" of every description. If you are English, you had better rely on the manager to explain to you. For we are nearly all Welsh here, and if you have a little of "the old language" about you, you will soon find this to be true. The begrimed, but honest, faces will brighten into what is more celestial than cleanliness at a word in Welsh.

We return, not to our "muttons" but to our "pigs." These remind us of Charles Lamb. They are roasted alive, iron ore of a rough kind being put in the furnace to bring the temperature up to the required melting point. The furnaces are heated by gas made on the premises. This is, if we may use the expression, gas in the rough. It is of no use for ordinary lighting purposes. Having enquired where the tin plater gets his coal, we are informed that it is from the Rhondda,—another home of music and merchandise, of art and hard work.

We are now told that we shall have to endure great heat in viewing the furnaces. Not very many years ago a popular preacher is reported to have caused a revival by informing the people that, if they were wicked, they would go to a place the warmth of which was so great that it would mean capital punishment to its habitual occupant if he were placed for a quarter of an hour in the hottest furnace in Llanelly. He would die of cold. This is doubtless mere report, for I, with an exiguous imagination, can conceive of no sea of fire like that which we view now. The gas plays over the molten metal and

make it bubble up like a veritable ocean of flame. If Mr. Davies includes an illustration of a furnace, it ought to be specially printed to illustrate the next edition of *Paradise Lost*.

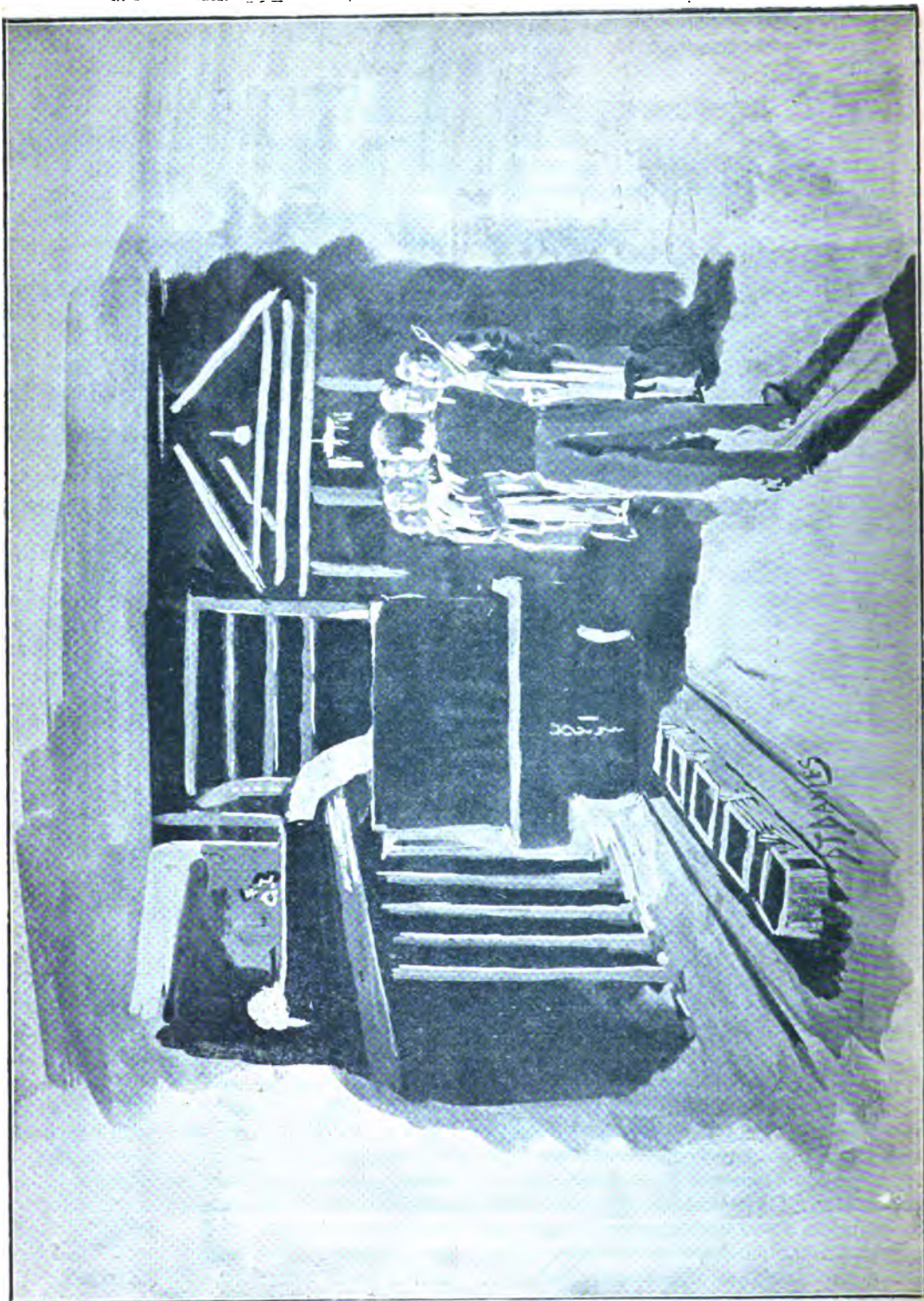
There are four chambers. In the first, gas is passed over the metal. The second and third are air furnaces, and the fourth gas. The air, of course, is introduced to enable the gas to burn. The bubbles are caused by the carbon which is released by the action of the fire. When you look at this conflagration of the element, blue spectacles are necessary to protect the eyesight. "Mae'r tân fel yr haul yn anterth ei nerth,"* remarked a furnace-man to me. He had seen it many times in many years, but familiarity had not bred contempt.

The next thing is to go and see the metal "tapped." In the dusky atmosphere of the shed, with the half clad and unrecognisable forms flitting round you, with the clang of many hammers and the whirl of many wheels deafening your ears, you begin to feel heated and dazed. A strange longing presses upon your spirit. You begin to want to go home to the bosom of your family and rest awhile. Then, suddenly, the trap doors open, and the yellow steel, scintillating with silver light, leaps down to the receptacles that transfer it into the cases from which, when cooled, it emerges as "ingots." What an avalanche! It impressed me far more than the Niagara did. It represented nature conquered by man, and the sentiment of the power of man is necessary to crown the sentiment of the power of nature.

Whenever you cut your can of tinned fruit, remember that some men in South Wales have faced a deluge of liquid steel and compelled it to go where it should,—*in optato alveo*,—for you.

You can barely hear your guide explaining that the ingots go into another furnace to be reheated. They then come out hot,—which appears to be quite natural,—and are "put upon" by a seven-ton hammer, and flattened from their original size of ten inches to about four inches. Then the pitiless knife cuts them into lengths.

* "The fire is like the sun in the might of its strength."



TAPPING THE METAL. Page 333.

What strikes the nervous observer of all this is the ease with which the men use their tongs in dealing with these abused, flattened, decapitated, but still red-hot ingots. They pass them one to another as if they were playing tennis.

You ask about accidents. Very few occur. Some eighteen months ago a hammer-man was killed. The steel ingot slipped while under the hammer, and the weight drove the tongs into his side with a fatal result. Custom had made him careless, and though he was a good workman,

the machinery. Still this music brings bread and children's happy laughter, and man and wife's content to most of the houses. Whenever I go away, either on business or pleasure, my first anxiety, on my return, is to see if our chimneys show signs of life. If the stacks smoke, I know that the little children of Llanelly have their daily food.

We next come to the rolling. Our ingot goes between two broad rollers, and emerges, like a hobbledehoy, much greater in length than in thickness. In short, it



COLD ROLLS.

he was looking round and talking to someone instead of keeping his eyes fixed on his own business.

In reference to the hammer, you will not fail to notice the action of the steam gauger. He regulates the force which is brought to bear on our poor ingot,—neè pig,—and his work, for all the world, resembles that of an organ blower. You almost expect to hear a voluntary. But no; there is nought but the thud! thud! of the hammer, and the grind! grind! of

now resembles a flat fiery serpent, about half an inch thick, and it is, as should be done in all such cases, at once plunged into a "bosh." Ordinary people denominate this a bath, but the tin plater allows his phraseology to suffer no sea change.

In certain works, I should explain, there is no hammering. The steel goes straight away from the furnace to the roller. But the discipline of the hammer is good, though it is doubtful whether civilization will tolerate the better article at the higher

price. The tendency of the market appears to be towards the least expensive output.

After the "bosh" comes the cutting machine. The lengths are passed through, and come out in shorter pieces. Then comes the cold rolling, the separating of the now still thinner sheets. The reader will understand that a doubling process

comes in between the two rolling processes. An application of vitriol clears off the spots and by this time our pig has been converted into accurate sizes of black plates. We thus come to the end of the general process which fits iron to be the recipient of the tin wash. The processes connected therewith will fill another chapter.

THE DIARY OF A BARD.—(EBEN FARDD).

VI.—GUARDIAN, THIEF, EXAMINER.

1837.

June 28th.—Was called to Plas to see R. Tecwyn, conversed with him awhile; and I drank 1 pint of porter. He said I was his only poetical friend in Wales; admired my letters to him.

30th.—To-day is the Guardians' meeting at Carnarvon to nominate auditors. Mr. Hughes told me yesterday that, from some private observations made to him by some magistrates on the bench in the Quarter Sessions, I might as well retire for this time, as there was no chance of my succeeding, still that he would with great pleasure propose me; though I believe his inclination was to desist. I, however, said that I should most readily acquiesce in any course which he and my other friends at Carnarvon would deem most proper to adopt, but that I did not like to signify my withdrawal to him alone, without a consultation being held by my friends on the occasion, and their decision in respect to my nomination would be in this instance my rule in regard to my competition for the office. Afternoon, 6 o'clock,—Mr. Hughes called, said he had, in accordance with the friendly advice of some gentlemen, withdrawn my name from the list of candidates, at the same time he observed that his motive was not to bring me forward as a means of creating any vexatious opposition to other candidates, but to introduce me into public notice as a person of obscure birth and parentage, possessing considerable talents, and deserving of some higher promotion, said I gained several medals, and at one congress was represented in the chair by Genl. Sir Love Parry, who was present.

Sir L. P.—"Very true sir, the man is a person of superior merit."

Lord N.—"Do you withdraw him or do you not?"

Mr. H.—"I am authorized to do so, my lord."

Lord N.—"That answer seems evasive. Do you withdraw him or not?"

Mr. H.—"I do, my lord."—bah!

My wife went into the private society of the Calvinistic Methodists' meeting at Gyrn Goch Chapel. She has been for the last three weeks greatly embarrassed, and much troubled in her mind on account of her sinful state. I hope this is the hand of God, if so, it will grow and increase into salvation.

July 7th.—David Williams, Esq., Pwllheli, called upon me this morning on his way to Carnarvon to announce the result of my contest for the auditorship at the Pwllheli Union meeting held on the 5th inst. He said that he got Sir Love Parry to propose me, and that 15 voted for me and 22 for Mr. Lloyd of Llwydiarth. Mr. Williams censured the course which my Carnarvon friends had taken, namely, withdrawing my name from the list of candidates; for even if my view was to bring myself to notice by means of this contest, it would have been more in my favour to persevere. This course, however, was not under my control. Mr. Hughes told me that at Carnarvon in the Quarter Sessions and on the bench, Sir Love Parry urged him to withdraw me; so did Mr. Jones, Llanddeiniolen, observing that I should be esteemed a man of rebellious spirit in coming forward at such a palpable and plain disadvantage

against a gentleman who was the favourite of all. Mr. Wynne Williams too, he said advised him to withdraw me. Under the circumstances, I made up my mind to acquiesce in any course which Mr. Hughes Mr. Owen Roberts, and my other friends who would meet at Carnarvon would deem most proper and expedient for them to adopt, after holding a consultation and coming to an unanimous decision relative thereto. The result of this was my withdrawal, but I cannot say how far I may rely on Mr. Hughes' statements respecting this affair; he is wavering and unsteady, I know, in some matters.

8th.—Morning, yesterday and to-day, hitherto, I feel distressed somehow on account of the Pwllheli Union meeting transactions noticed here before. I am convinced of the sincerity and unflinching fidelity of Mr. D. Williams, and I find myself utterly inadequate to discharge my obligations to him as I ought and as he deserves. I do feel most grateful, but I know not how to express my gratitude with sufficient ardour and fluency to render him aware of the exquisite feeling which pervades me on this occasion. To Sir L. Parry too I should wish to return my most heartfelt thanks, as well as to all those old and new friends who supported me on this occasion in my dear old town of Pwllheli, the scene of my youthful pleasures and enjoyments. All I can do here is to pray that my God, who on this, as well as many occasions stood on my right hand to defend and protect me,—to pray, I say, that he will reward those kind-hearted friends with prosperity, health, comfort, and eternal life; Amen. 10 o'clock,—A young man, Mr. Matthews' son of Carnarvon, called to say he intended to come to my school next week.

9th.—Sunday,—David Williams, Maesog, dined at my house.

10th.—Tithe letting. Wrote notices of claims to vote for Dr. Foulkes and Wm. Parry, Ynysowa; the latter gave me A. in consideration thereof, the former nothing! Of all men I ever did any service thereunto, gentlemen are the most ungrateful, they never acknowledge a kind assistance or tender even the smallest recompence for the same,—Ffei honyn!! Tithe notices,

postage of their letters,—all falling on a poor man.

11th.—Feel very dejected, nothing pleases me, I am much inclined to live in solitary retirement unheeded by, and unheeding the world. I don't wish to see or hear any human companion or acquaintance come to talk to me. I want quiet.

12th.—My old pupil Hannah called, she is apprenticed dressmaker at Carnarvon. About 3 o'clock the Rev. Morris Williams called, and stayed for about half an hour. He did not appear so ruddy and strong as usual, complained of the hard and oppressive duties he had to go through at Holywell, which, he said, nearly affected his health. He is now going to be one of the masters of the Bangor school.

17th.—Attended Mr. Hughes at his request to Ty'n y Coed, to take down the depositions of the master and servants relative to a thief they had caught, and to write his commitment. We found the thief in the loft of the stable in one of the servants' hold. A table and two chairs were brought there, and the witnesses examined, with their evidence taken down. I wrote the commitment, which was wrongly worded, though I submitted to Mr. Hughes the propriety of wording it otherwise. He took no notice of the matter then, but after coming home he found we were wrong in adopting the word burglariously, which denoted breaking into a house in the night, whereas this breaking in was in the day time. I was extremely ill after being there, on account of seeing the thief and the process of securing him, which rendered me very nervous and apprehensive. My headache arose partly too from my racking my brains for some proper expressions in the commitment, while Mr. Hughes did not tender the least assistance.

18th.—To-day, thank my God, I am pretty well recovered.

22nd.—Wrote a note to thank Sir L. Parry, which I forwarded to him by the hand of Mr. Pughe. Went to Carnarvon this day, very early. After buying a quantity of shop goods, I went to Mr. Rees' shop to buy a newspaper. Found Messrs. Hughes, Vaynol House, T. P. Jones, and others there, who all shook hands with me, and eagerly enquired about the progress of

the election. I said I hoped Sir Love Parry would gain it, but they appeared rather indifferent,—apparently vexed because they had no candidate. One gentleman said I had a vote. I said,—“Who? I?” “Aye,” said he. “I believe not,” said I. “I have a leasehold house, but it is not worth £10 a year.” He said £2 was the required value. “Yes,” said I, “for freehold.” “Aye,” said he, “and for leasehold too.” “The £10 is a borough qualification,” said I, “however I am not registered, and therefore I cannot vote now.” This terminated the dialogue; it is singular that such well informed persons are so unknowing about a voter’s qualification.

24th.—Assizes at Carnarvon. To-day the thief whose commitment and depositions of witnesses I assisted Mr. Hughes to write at Ty’n y Coed this day sennight, was sentenced to be transported for seven years by Judge Alderson, though not for his

offence committed at Ty’n y Coed, but for a felony elsewhere. This is a desperate fellow, I think of the hellfire that glared in his infernal eye when I saw him at Ty’n y Coed, he had a fiendish wink in the left eye, and his looks were particularly forbidding and repulsive. In other respects he was generally well made.

25th.—Members for the boroughs nominated at Carnarvon to-day, the candidates are Mr. Bulkeley Hughes and Captain Charles Paget. Assizes terminated to-day.

September 26th.—Rev. Mr. Cotton this day examined my school, and said the children were much improved since last year. Commenced with singing and prayer, which one of the boys read. The same order was observed at the conclusion of the examination. He and the children on parting sang “God save the Queen,” and gave two or three hearty cheers.

THE ENGLISH LAWS RELATING TO WALES.

THE “STATUTES OF WALES” (*continued.*)

On page 204 will be found the first part of the “Statutes of Wales,” translated entire. The following is a summary of the remainder of those statutes. In the next volume will be given the more interesting statutes relating to commerce, bards, rebellions, &c.

Of the Sheriff. If anyone complains to the sheriff of trespass done to him, of cattle stolen, of debt, &c., let him take the complainant’s oath that he will prosecute his claim, or pledges. Let him summon the defendant to the next county court; if he comes not, summon him again to the next court; if he comes not then, summon him the third time. If he comes not to the third court let the case be proceeded with; let him be fined for default according to the laws of Wales, and punished according to his offence.

The county court is to be held from month to month,—on Mondays in one county, on Tuesdays in another, &c.

In case of homicide, the men of the four townships next to the place of the manslaughter are to appear in the next county court before the sheriff, and coroner, and suitors, bringing him who found the dead body and the kindred of the slain (the Welshery). If any one is accused, and is

present, let him be safely kept in prison until the Justice comes. If the accused is not present, and appears not at the next county court, let his lands and chattels be granted by the king to the custody of the townships; if the accused comes not to the fourth county court, let him be outlawed.

And so in cases of wounding, maihem, rape, arson, and robbery. If the accused appear, with six sureties, they are to be bailed until the Justice comes.

The Sheriff’s turn. The sheriff is to make his turn in the commotes twice a year, once after the feast of St. Michael and once after Easter. To meet him must come all freeholders, and all others holding land or dwelling in the commote, except men of religion, clerks, and women. The sheriff, by the oath of twelve or more of the most discreet and lawful men, shall inquire concerning the following,—traitors; murderers, thieves, burners; those who buy and sell stolen meat; those who whiten

stolen hides of oxen and horses; those who turn stolen cloth into a new shape: returned outlaws and those who disappear during the visits of the justices; ravishers of maids and nuns and matrons of good repute; of treasure trove; of those who turn water courses and narrow the highway; of forgers; of breakers of gaol; of those who trespass in parks, steal pigeons flying from dove cotes, steal impounded animals; of those who break into houses, take the law into their own hands, imprison others; of those who remove land-marks, have false weights and measure, do not observe the assize of bread and beer; of those who harbour unknown persons for more than two nights; of those who shear sheep by night in the folds, or flay them; of those that take and collect by night the ears of corn in autumn, and carry them away.

Let there be inquiry also into any usurpations of the king's rights,—wardship, marriage, fees, presentations to livings, &c.

Let the whole commote come together; let them be sworn that they will conceal nothing from the jury, or say aught that is false; let them be charged to make diligent inquiry; if they find any man ought to lose life or limb, let them tell the sheriff secretly, lest he escape; any other accusation is to be made publicly in court. After consultation apart by themselves, the jury will render their verdict. The sheriff shall thereupon imprison or discharge those indicted of offences deserving the loss of life or limb, and shall do due correction and execution in other matters.

In every commote there must be at least one coroner, chosen in the county court, and sworn. When required he must come to see a dead man, killed, drowned, or otherwise dead,—or a man grievously wounded so that his life is despaired of. He shall summon the men of the township and the men of the four adjoining townships, and make diligent in-

Of the
Coroner.

quiry by their oaths,—faithfully, cautiously, secretly. He shall write distinctly the name of the finder of the body, the names of the accused, and the value of their possessions, the names of the kindred of the dead man (the Welshery) on the father or the mother's side, for the sheriff and the justice.

When a thief or a malefactor flees into sanctuary, let the coroner cause the bailiff of the commote to summon the good and lawful men of the neighbourhood. Then the felon is to be brought out to the church door, and a sea port shall be assigned him by the coroner. In journeying to that port the felon must carry a cross in his hand; and he must not turn to the right or to the left from the king's highway, but go straight along it until he leaves the realm.

Here follow the forms of king's writs to the sheriff,—to tell him to prepare, for the coming of the justice, parties to disputes about freehold, common pasture, nuisance, inheritance, dower, debt, covenants, &c. Then come the methods of conducting trials.

Dower. Women had no dower in Wales before, now they are to have a dower,—the third part of all the land that belonged to their husbands. When it is objected that they were never espoused in lawful matrimony, the bishop is to inquire and decide.

Succession. In Wales, otherwise than in England, an inheritance is to be divided among male heirs. Let the old custom stand except in two cases,—bastards are not to inherit with lawful heirs, and women may inherit on the failure of heirs male.

Trials. Trials concerning lands and tenements are to be tried by a sworn jury; trials concerning contracts, debts, trespasses, chattels, &c., by Welsh law, that is by witnesses or by compurgation. In crimes, the law of England is to be used.

It should be remembered that the "Statutes of Wales" of 1284 refer to the lands of Llywelyn and his supporters only. They brought into immediate dependence upon the English central organization the modern counties of Anglesey, Carnarvon, Merioneth (except the lordship of Mawddwy), Flint, Cardigan (except Tregaron and

some other districts), and Carmarthen (except the Vale of Towy). From 1284 to 1536 Wales was divided into the shire-ground of the west, governed like an ordinary English shire, and the march lordships of the east and south, from which seven new shires were eventually formed.

THE DIOCESE OF BANGOR IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

WE must be on our guard against taking Nonconformist records as the only material of our history during the last century. Much light can be thrown on the political, social, religious, and economic condition of the country from vestry books, reports of rural deans, accounts of episcopal visitations, and such sources. To begin with, I give the answers given by clergymen in the bishopric of Bangor to the following four questions, handed in at the episcopal visitation of 1776,—

1. What number of communicants have you, generally, in your parish? In particular, what was the number which communicated at Easter last? Was it greater or less than usual?

2. Are there any persons in your parish or chapelry who are Papists, or reputed to be such?

Have they any priest, or any place there where they assemble for divine worship?

3. Are there any Presbyterians, Independents, Anabaptists, or Quakers in your parish or chapelry? And of what rank? Are there any other places made use of for divine worship than such as are used by the above mentioned sects? What are the names of their teachers; and are they, and the houses wherein they assemble, licensed as the law directs? Is their number greater or less of late years than formerly, according to your observation, and by what means?

4. Are there any who call themselves Methodists in your parish or chapelry? How many are there, and who are their teachers? Do their number increase or decrease, and to what do you impute the alteration?

DEANERY OF LLEYN.



LLANGIAN CHURCH, LLEYN.

ABERDARON.

1. Upon the two Easter days some number above 300 communicants; Christmas Day and Whit-Sunday 50 to 60 on each; the first Sundays in Lent and October from 30 to 40; the communicants last Easter much less than usual. I should have observed to your lordship that the communicants at Easter, both of the church and chapel, are reckoned together, as they mind not at which they then communicate.

2. There is not one Papist in this parish.

3. No Independents, Anabaptists, or Quakers in this parish, and but one family of Presbyterians, who have no meeting house in this parish. There is a chapel built by the Methodists in this parish about two years ago, and a family house where they have their constant meetings, by night as well as by day, but not any constant settled teachers.

4. More than half of the families in the

parish are inclined to Methodism, though but two or three profess it openly. The number of Methodists rather increases here every year, and I cannot but impute it to the number of itinerant preachers daily sent here from other parts.

JOHN ROBERTS.

LLANFAELRHYS.

1. The inhabitants of this chapelry and of Aberdaron, the mother church, communicate at Easter promiscuously, and are, in general, above 300. What was the number at last Easter in particular I cannot well ascertain, as I was not able to attend myself, but can find that it was less than usual. Communicants here at Christmas and Whitsuntide, about 20.

2. There are no Papists or reputed Papists here, or in this neighbourhood.

3. There are no Presbyterians, Independents, Anabaptists, or Quakers here, nor any other place of divine worship than the chapel itself.

4. There are in this chapelry three families that follow the Methodists, but I can't find that they increase or decrease here of late.

JOHN ROBERTS.

BODVEAN.

1. We have generally from three to four score communicants in our parish, which, as far as I recollect, is near the number that communicated at Easter last.

2. No.
3. No.
4. Some few attend their meetings, though they disclaim the name of Methodists. Their teachers are itinerants and strangers.

WILLIAM OWEN,
Curate of Bodvean.

ABERERCH.

1. About five hundred, nor can I think that the number is much greater or less than usual.

2. No.

3. No, excepting five Presbyterians in the small parish or chapelry of Penrhos.

4. There are some that are reputed Methodists, but I know of none that entirely absent themselves from church. Neither is there at this time a teacher or a place of meeting within my parish. The Methodists are not now so violent as they have been some years ago, and I think that their number is decreasing, which I can impute to no other cause than the present moderation of the clergy, as the Methodists glory in persecution; wherever they are resisted, they collect their whole force and make the greatest opposition in their power.

ROBERT OWEN,
Curate of Abererch.

CEIDIO.

1. The parish being small, I generally have about five and twenty, which was the number at Easter day last, not less than usual.

2. No.

3. No.

4. There are none that are zealous in that opinion, nor have they any teacher.

J. ROBERTS, *Curate.*

NEVIN.

1. We have generally from eight to nine score communicants in our parish, which, as far as I recollect, is near the number that communicated at Easter.

2. No.

3. No. There is in our parish an unlicensed house called Cae Rhûg, though not entirely set apart for that purpose, where the Methodists frequently assemble.

4. Most of my parishioners attend their meetings at times, though they disclaim the name of Methodists. Their teachers

are itinerants and strangers. I don't believe that their numbers decrease, though they are not such zealots as they have been.

WILLIAM OWEN,
Curate of Nevin.

EDERN.

1. From forty to fifty, less than usual.

2. There are none.

3. There are but two Presbyterians in the parish of Edern. There is a Methodists' chapel in the parish of Edern without a license.

4. There are many reputed Methodists; more than I can inform your lordship,—common strollers. They rather increase than decrease.

JOHN JONES,
Curate of Edern.

PISTYLL.

1. Between seventy and eighty last Easter as usual.

2. There are no Papists in the parish of Pistyll.

3. There are no Presbyterians, Independents, Anabaptists, or Quakers in the parish of Pistyll.

4. There are a few who are called Methodists. They have no licensed teacher. They rather decrease than increase.

JOHN JONES,
Curate of Pistyll.

CARNGUWCH.

1. From thirty to forty in general. Last Easter,—the same as usual.

2. I have not in my parish any reputed Papists.

3. I have no Presbyterians, Independents, Anabaptists, &c., in the parish of Carnguwch.

4. There are none in the said parish.

JOHN JONES,
Curate of Carnguwch.

LLANGWNADLE.

1. There are generally about thirty; at Easter there were upwards of forty, which was about the usual number.

2. There are no Papists.

3. There are none, neither have they a place of worship in the parish.

4. There are only one family, neither do they absent themselves wilfully from church. They have no resident teachers.

They decrease, in my opinion, in this neighbourhood. The reason,—the country folk are, in general, fond of novelty.

J. ROBERTS, *Curate*.

TYDWEILIOG.

1. I have generally about thirty; at Easter eight and thirty, which was more than usual.

2. There are none.

3. There are two Presbyterians who are house-holders, but their family are of the Church of England. There was a congregation of Methodists that assembled every Sunday morning some time ago in an unlicensed house, but at present they have no such meeting. I know not the reason.

4. There are a few still. I know that they are decreasing, for what reason I know not. Their teachers most commonly are from South Wales, but stay for a short time.

T. ROBERTS, *Curate*.

BRYNCROES.

1. The number of communicants in general here is about sixty; Easter last about seventy, and there about every Easter, but at Christmas and Whit Sunday some few less.

2. No Papists or reputed Papists in this parish, nor any priest or place of their assembling.

3. No Presbyterians, Independents, Anabaptists, or Quakers in this parish. There is a Methodist Chapel in the parish, called Tŷ Mawr, where they assemble every Sunday and several days in the week, never licensed, nor have they any settled teachers.

4. Above one half of the parishioners are Methodists. I can't find that their number increases or decreases since I know the parish. Itinerant preachers come here from all parts.

JAMES DAVIES,
Curate of Bryncroes.

LLANBEDROG.

1. Generally about 40, and at the three days of Easter about 80, which is our usual number.

2. We have no Papists.

3. We have only one Presbyterian, no Independents, Anabaptists, or Quakers; we have no place of divine worship for any sect.

4. There are few Methodists, only one rigid; they have no teacher, and in this state the parish hath been for many years.

EVAN REES, *Curate*.

LIANGIAN.

1. Generally about 60, and at the three days of Easter about 140, which is our usual number.

2. We have no Papists.

3. We have 4 Presbyterians, no Independents, Anabaptists, or Quakers; we have a Presbyterian meeting house, and no place of divine worship for any other sect.

4. We have some Methodists, but no teacher, they are much the same number as a few years ago.

EVAN REES, *Curate*.

LIANFIHANGEL BACHALLETH.

1. Generally about 30, and at the three days of Easter about 60, which is our usual number.

2. We have no Papists.

3. We have only two Presbyterians, no Independents, Anabaptists, or Quakers; we have no place of divine worship for any sect. We have had only the two above mentioned Presbyterians for many years past.

4. There are four Methodists, no more than one family who are rigid, they have no teacher, and in this state the chapelry hath been for many years.

EVAN REES, *Curate*.

LLANNOR.

1. I have generally about three hundred communicants at Easter, of whom very few were absent last Easter.

2. There are no Papists or reputed Papists in this parish, to the best of my knowledge or belief.

3. There are many pretended Presbyterians of the lower rank, but few or none of them qualified by the Toleration Act, excepting their teacher Mr. Price Harris, who has a licensed meeting house as asserted at Pwllheli, in the parish of Denio. Their numbers increase by his pretending to baptize many young infants in these parts. There are no Independents, Anabaptists, or Quakers in this parish.

4. There are many who call themselves

Methodists in this parish, their teachers or holders-forth are numerous, of different occupations,—particularly one John Pierce of the parish of Pistyll, labourer, and one David Morris, a bankrupt drover, from some part of South Wales. They are sometimes very numerous, at other times they decrease, just as the spirit of enthusiasm moves them. Their illicit conventicles are connived at by magistrates and peace officers.

WILLIAM JONES.
Vicar of Llannor.

DENIO.

1. I have generally about three hundred communicants in this Church, of which number few were absent at Easter week.

2. There are no Papists or reputed Papists in this parish to the best of my knowledge or belief.

3. There are many pretended Presbyterians of the lower rank, but few, or none of them qualified according to the Toleration Act, excepting their teacher Mr. Price Harries, who has a licensed meeting house, as is asserted. Their numbers increase by reason of his pretending to christen some young infants in these parts. There are no Anabaptists or Quakers in this parish.

4. There are many who call themselves Methodists in this parish. Their teachers or holders-forth are numerous, of different occupations,—particularly one John Pierce of the parish of Pistyll, labourer, and one David Morris, a bankrupt drover, from some part of South Wales. They are sometimes very numerous, at other times decrease, just as the spirit of enthusiasm moves them. Their illicit conventicles are connived at by magistrates and peace officers.

WILLIAM JONES,
Vicar of Denio.

LIANIESTYN.

1. The number of communicants in this parish at Easter last amounted to two hundred and thirteen, and since my residence here, it has not been more or less by above ten.

2. There are in my parish no Papists or persons reputed to be such.

3. There are here none of the sectaries

mentioned in the query. There is in this parish a Methodist meeting house which is not licensed according to law.

4. There are in my parish many who call themselves Methodists, indeed, the major part of my parishioners attend Methodist meetings. Their teachers come from all countries, but mostly from South Wales. Their numbers are much the same as I found them eleven years ago. But I observe that they meet much more seldom, and in other respects are much less rigid and violent than they were some years ago.

JOHN JONES.
Rector of Llaniestyn.

PENLLECH.

1. The number of communicants in this parish, generally, is from thirty two to thirty six; last Easter it was thirty four.

2. There are no Papists or persons reputed to be such.

3. There are no such sectaries as are mentioned in the query, nor any places of worship, nor any meeting house.

4. There are many who call themselves Methodists. Their teachers are numerous, and come from all counties of Wales, but mostly from South Wales.

J. JONES,
Rector of Penllech.

LLANDEGWNING.

1. Generally from twenty five to thirty. Last Easter the number was neither greater nor less than usual.

2. There are none.

3. There are none.

4. There are several who are called Methodists, about fifteen. Their teachers are strangers. Their numbers neither increase nor diminish.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS, *Curate.*

MEYLLTYRN.

1. About thirty five. There were about thirty five last Easter, the number rather greater than usual.

2. None.

3. One Presbyterian.

4. Most attend Methodist meetings. Their numbers neither increase nor diminish.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS,
Rector of Meylltyn.

BOTTWNOG.

1. About 46. There were that number last Easter, their number was neither greater nor less than usual.

2. None.

3. One Presbyterian.

4. All of them attend Methodist meetings. Their number neither increase nor diminish.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS, *Minister.*

RHIW.

1. From forty to forty five. Last Easter forty, rather less than usual.

2. No Papists or reputed Papists in this parish, nor priest or place of their assembling.

3. There are no Presbyterians, Anabaptists, Independents, or Quakers in this parish, nor any meeting place of any other sect.

4. A great many that follow them, but none that preach. Nor do I know that they increase or decrease since I am here.

JAMES DAVIES,
Rector of Rhiv.

HOW MAURICE KYFFIN LED ME INTO TROUBLE.

CHAPTER II.

WAS MAURICE KYFFIN THE APOLOGIST OF
QUEEN ELIZABETH?

1. I OBSERVED that the work was such as might have been expected from an author in the second half of the sixteenth century, and particularly from a man who, like Kyffin, had already in all probability studied the "Apology for the Church of England," and had been powerfully influenced by it. The translation of Jewel's book, it is true, appeared seven or eight years later, but it is possible that the translation had been effected as early as 1587. The method of the Defence is the method of Jewel, not of Hooker. Jewel appeals to the Fathers, and relies upon the authority of the early Councils. Hooker uses both Fathers and Councils for purposes of illustration, but his appeal is to reason and expediency. Intellectually he stands mid-way between Jewel and Chillingworth. The writer of the defence, as we have seen, draws a close parallel between the offences of other sovereigns and that of Mary Stuart, and bases the justification of her execution,—in the main, though not wholly,—upon precedents gathered from the history of Europe in ancient and in modern times, the enactments of the civil and of the canon law, and the policy generally pursued by sovereign states. In a certain way and to some extent the Defence is in advance of the Apology.

2. I saw what seemed to be an undesigned coincidence between Kyffin's letter to Meredith in the translation of the Apology and a fact which may be inferred from one of the chapters of the Defence. In the Apology Kyffin refers to his knowledge of the Italian language. In the Defence he cites the case of the Queen of Naples. That he was well read in contemporary Italian literature may be gathered from the fact that he is the author of commendatory verses prefixed in 1599 to a translation of Cardinal Gaspar Contarini's *De Magistratibus et Republica Venetorum*.

3. The author of the Defence is careful to refer to the treasons, including the attempted assassinations of Elizabeth, of William Parry and Thomas Morgan. Their cases were of course matters of common knowledge at the time, but they were scarcely worthy of a passing thought in face of the numerous and far greater troubles of the reign; but it was natural in the circumstances that a Welshman should mention the political offences of his own countrymen, both possibly well known to him.

4. It was not without interest that I observed that John Windet, who published the Defence in 1587, was the printer of the 1586 edition of the Welsh Prayer Book.

These are each and all of them very small points, but still they fit in very well with the idea that Kyffin was the author of the Defence, and that therefore the

ascription of the Defence to him in the British Museum catalogue was based upon sufficient authority.

But I confess I did not feel quite easy in my mind, and at the earliest opportunity I turned to the article "Kyffin," by Mr. Goodwin, in the "Dictionary of National Biography." This is what Mr. Goodwin says,—

"An anonymous tract, entitled 'A Defence of the Honourable Sentence and Execution of the Queen of Scots,' quarto, London, 1587, has been wrongly assigned to Kyffin. (J. P. Collier, 'Bibliographical and Critical Account,' ii., p. 2078)."

For the moment I derived very little consolation from my knowledge of Mr. J. P. Collier's unscrupulous literary character. He was a very industrious and brilliant writer, who has done great service, but his critical judgment was untrustworthy. He was always an inaccurate editor, and his literary frauds were many. From Mr. Goodwin I appealed to Collier himself. This is what he says,—

"Herbert assigns this work to Maurice Kyffin (ii.—1226), mistakenly coupling it with the 'Blessedness of Brytaine,' quarto, 1587, which was unquestionably by that author. Lowndes also assigns it to Kyffin, but the work itself, in no part of it, proves that it was his authorship."

These oddly expressed sentences are all that Collier has to say respecting the authorship of the book. From Collier I went to Herbert.* This is what Herbert says in his account of books printed by Windet under the year 1587,—

A Defence of the Execution of
Mary, Queen of Scots.

"The Blessedness of Brytaine or a
celebration of the Queen's
holyday ect., by Maurice Kyffin
1587." In verse, Licensed, Quarto.

That is the entry exactly as it stands, inverted commas and all, down to the word quarto. Herbert unfortunately gives no references, and the whole thing looks like a blunder, as Herbert appears to have meant only one book by this entry, which is the last of five separate entries, each headed with the date 1587; and, with this single exception, each referring to one book only. As, however, the two books might

have been registered on the same day at the Stationers' Company, I thought it well to refer to Arber's copy of the Company's Registers, and there I found, under the date February 11th, 1587,—

John Wyndet, Lynced unto him under the Bishop of London's hand and Master Denham, an analogie or resemblance between Johane, Queen of Naples and Mary, Queen of Scotland, VI. d.

The "Blessedness of Brytaine" appears under the 10th of November, 1587. In neither case is there any mention of an author.

To make the matter quite clear to the reader who has no technical knowledge of bibliography, let me say that, assuming that Herbert meant to describe two books by different authors, the entries should have appeared thus,—

1587. A Defence of the Honourable Sentence and Execution of Mary, Queen of Scots. 1587.

1587. The Blessedness of Brytaine, etc., by Maurice Kyffin. 1587.

The question, of course, is,—did Herbert intend to make two entries? Or was the blunder, if blunder it be, his or the printer's; or, is the entry only a blundering way of intimating that the two books were by one and the same author?

My troubles were not ended. I asked myself the question,—had the Museum authorities good grounds, not yet discovered by me, for their entry in their Working Catalogue? The catalogue was commenced and substantially completed many years ago, but additions and corrections are made from time to time, for the authorities aim at perfection, and the catalogue in its way is the nearest approach to perfection ever attained. In order to secure perfection, attention is given to every suggestion, and the suggestions made by the readers are extremely numerous. "The Defence" was entered at a comparatively recent date. Still more recently it was determined to print and publish the catalogue itself. I examined the printed volume "K." Under Kyffin, the Defence does not appear, and I inferred that the compiler had concluded that the ascription of the book to Kyffin in the Manuscript Catalogue was an error. But on referring to the volume "M," I

* The reference is to Herbert's edition of Ames' "Typographical Antiquities," Volume II., page 1126.

found the entry of Kyffin once more. The librarian, who had excluded him under the letter "K," had, it seemed, on further enquiry seen good reason to restore him when he came to publish the volume "M." But it occurred to me that "M" might have been printed off before "K." I therefore consulted the title pages and saw that "K" was published in 1890, and "M" in 1892. The restoration of Kyffin to his old place at last appeared to be the expression of a final judgment in the case. In order, however, to remove all doubt, I communicated with an accomplished Museum official, who replied thus,—

"The explanation of the discrepancy in our catalogues is as follows. Our only copy of the Mary Queen of Scots' book is in the Grenville Library. The books in this library have a separate catalogue, completed before they came to the Museum, and they were not entered in the General Catalogue until we began to print. The re-cataloguing of the books in the Grenville Library was then taken in hand, the books being catalogued in their alphabetical order, and the new slips were inserted in the Manuscript Volumes when they were sent to the printers. The book in question, being anonymous, is entered under the heading "Mary," with a cross reference to the supposed author, so that the entry for Kyffin for this book did not come up for printing until Mary was reached, when of course letter "K" was already

printed. The gentleman who did this portion of the Grenville Library is dead, but he no doubt followed what he found in Lowndes."

My hope for Kyffin in the case is now pretty nearly extinguished. I say pretty nearly, but not quite. The very faint spark of hope still surviving is based on the consideration that, after all, it is just possible that Herbert meant to ascribe the book to Kyffin. I have witnessed stranger things. Time may tell. If such was Herbert's intention, we may feel satisfied that he had some good authority for what he proposed to do. He was not, like J. P. Collier, a brilliant writer, but he was accurate and conscientious. We owe very much to Dibdin, Lowndes, and others, not excluding Collier; but Herbert's great work, the result of many years of anxious, arduous, honest labour in the great libraries of the country, remains to this day the firm foundation of a very great deal of our knowledge of ancient English books.

I fear the foregoing story is rather dry, but it may save further workers a little trouble; and it may also serve to give a new point to an old moral,—verify your references.

IVOR JAMES.

University College, Cardiff.

GABRIEL YORETH.

A STORY ILLUSTRATIVE OF WELSH THOUGHT FIFTY YEARS AGO.

BY THE REV. E. CYNFFIG DAVIES, M.A., MENAI BRIDGE.

CHAPTER VI.—*Continued.*

PERPLEXITY AND LOVE.

"I HAVE been much struck, Gabriel, by your quotations of the Bible, particularly of the New Testament, because they are so close a rendering of the original, and yet strikingly precise in diction. Do you know the Greek Testament?"

"The little Greek I learnt is nearly forgotten, and the verses I quote from Scripture are translated from the Welsh I have stored in memory. It is a good usage in Wales to learn a great deal of the Word by heart; but the Welsh Bible, it

appears, is one of the most literal and graceful translations of Scripture ever achieved."

"As far as I am given to understand, the literary excellence of the Welsh Bible is far in advance of the English one, notwithstanding the music, fine rhythm, and the pleasing smoothness of the latter."

"The difference between the two translations," said Gabriel, "does not lie altogether in the undoubted fact you specify. In the Englishman's Bible there are many scores of words which an illiterate reader does not understand, on account of the composite structure of the English tongue; but for the ordinary

Welsh reader the case is totally different, thanks to the self-explaining nature of his language; all its rich resources being derived from primitive words, he is able to comprehend with ease the meaning of his much beloved sacred book."

"That is tantamount to saying that your Bible meets the masses; and who can say how great a blessing to a nation is signified thereby?"

Then Mrs. Riley gave a slight turn to the conversation by saying,—

"Wales, I find, has been favoured with extraordinary religious revivals. Have you ever seen one?"

"I shall never be able," replied Gabriel, "to forget the only one I was privileged to witness and to feel. Music and prayer were prominent factors in fanning the flame when once lighted; and they also serve the purpose of giving any religious outburst a popular vehicle of expression, as well as warmth and coherence."

"Consequently," added May, "it amounts to this,—that the spread of revivals in Wales is largely due to your national fondness for music."

"That is true to some extent," remarked the pastor, "of most revivals. Those of Luther, for instance, were closely connected with the religious songs he gave the people; and the popular airs to which he applied the words wafted the spirit of the movement all over Germany."

"We should enjoy hearing you describe one of the revival meetings you attended," said Mrs. Riley, "and shall reserve the favour until to-morrow evening, but for the present let us sing together a translation of one of the hymns of musical Wales, composed by Williams of Pantycelyn,—

'Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land,
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand.
Bread of Heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.'

I like to hear the three stanzas on the tune Sicilian Mariners, for the tune breathes an aroma of trustfulness which matches well with the spirit of the hymn."

On the following evening Gabriel called at the Manse, intimating to the servant at

the door that he desired to go to Mr. Riley to his study, where he might introduce a subject brought under his notice during the day by those who had been invited a few days before to hear the report of the deputation to Tasmania to enquire concerning missionary work among the natives of that country. It was suggested that Jason Penrith, who had just been released for good conduct, should be appointed missionary to the Tasmanian aborigines, inasmuch as he had been doing much useful work in that direction since the time Gabriel had taken the initiative in mission duties at the penal settlement. Around the hearth, later on in the evening, the scheme was discussed and reduced to form, Gabriel undertaking to defray half the expense of appointing one missionary for five years if Mr. Riley could persuade the neighbouring churches to meet the other half, the donor's name to remain undivulged. The evening being taken up with the discussion of Tasmanian missions, it was suggested by Gabriel that he should tell them something about the religious revivals of Wales some other time.

The preparations for the wedding were advancing apace, and the happy event was close at hand. Gabriel begged of Mr. Riley to bring under May's notice ostensibly the formalities and the stipulations connected with her marriage settlement, while in reality the point to smooth over was the question of Gabriel's surname. An hour or two was devoted by Mr. Riley every morning in reading and studying with his daughter, so that she continued acquiring much sound knowledge with her father in theology, philosophy, English literature, and devotional reading, after she had finished her education at Melbourne. Most profitable to both was the time thus spent, and very often the subject of their study in the morning became the topic of their conversation later on in the day. In exemplifying the Roman usage of adding, on special occasions, to their surname another name called agnomen, he referred to a Celtic custom which Gabriel had followed in taking the Christian name of his father as his own surname.

"I spoke to his solicitor on this point," the father added, "and I was informed

that Gabriel should sign his name as Gabriel Yoreth, seeing he would otherwise exclude his issue, should he have any, from possessing the property which he owns in Wales."

"Our marriage will be so quiet that this item in our signature will call forth no notice. Yoreth is a more common name in Wales than I would have thought."

"How do you make it to be so, my child?"

"Here are two within our knowledge called by the surname Yoreth, that is Gabriel and the convict of whom my cousin wrote to us."

May's mind was naturally healthful, childlike, and ingenuous, and she therefore

gave but little thought to what seemed to be a mere coincidence, and her leisure hours were so much occupied in sharing her parent's pastoral and philanthropic activity that little time was left her for any useless speculation.

On their return from their wedding tour, the young couple received information concerning Gabriel's grandfather's death. All the property, with the exception of five hundred pounds to be paid to a distant relative who had superintended over his grandfather's house, was left to Gabriel. Being taught in the school of adversity, he knew how to use, without abusing, the wealth that was quickly accumulating around him.

EDITOR'S NOTES.

CARDIFF has begun to attract the attention of Englishmen, and many are beginning to ask where it is. So far, the articles on it in the English magazines are not very successful; though so young among the gigantic towns of Britain, Cardiff certainly has a few characteristics, some of them Welsh.

The vacant shelves devoted by libraries to books on Welsh history are gradually filling. I see that Mr. Charles Wilkins is publishing a book on the steel industries of South Wales, and that Mr. W. R. Williams, of Talybont, Breconshire, is issuing to subscribers "The Parliamentary History of Wales and Monmouthshire."

Mr. Stephen Evans is to have his portrait presented to him. It may safely be said that no man has worked harder for his country. "For more than 40 years he has spent without stint time and money in promoting every movement that had for its object the advancement of Wales and of its people." The work is to be entrusted to Mr. William Oliver. Some time or other the University College of Wales ought to have a portrait of Mr. Stephen Evans.

"Welsh members of Parliament, 1894," is something new in Wales. It contains full length portraits of the 34 Welsh members, with a short racy article on each. It is published at the *Western Mail* office, and it is impossible to give too much praise to the letterpress or to the way in which the illustrations have been reproduced. The portraits are excellent,—the face, the pose, all peculiarities



THE EX-MAYOR OF CARDIFF.

of expression and of dress,—and the members of 1894 are brought very vividly before the mind of anyone who has happened to see them. There is an occasional dash of the caricaturist,—for example, Mr. Herbert Lewis,—who is

described in the letterpress as a "very very good young man," and who is really one of the best representatives Wales has ever had,—is made to look more like Mephistophiles than Machiavelli. But, undoubtedly, this collection of portraits will be a delight for many a day, and Will Morgan has given himself a lasting place in Welsh history.

Mr. Marchant Williams has a way of saying things. His style is pithy and forcible; if he has to choose between making an enemy and holding his tongue when he has a good thing to say, he generally says the good thing. It would be a great mistake if Mr. Marchant Williams claimed accuracy as one of his virtues; but this, I believe, is not one of his mistakes. He cannot be expected to know everything about the immortalized thirty four; but what he says, accurate or inaccurate, is highly entertaining,—except, of course, to the thirty four themselves. There is too much in the book about the late Montgomeryshire election; and one is made to remember quite well the exact number of the thirty four who totally abstain from intoxicating matter and who can not speak Welsh. I found the descriptions very interesting; but came to the conclusion that, rather than have a niche in this temple of fame, I am content with being, like the author himself, out of Parliament and out of a certain "set" he denounces so freely. My friends, when they see the book, say they will buy it.

Mr. Andrew W. Tuer, of the Leadenhall Press, is preparing a volume on horn books. He would be glad to hear from anyone in possession of any wood or horn books used for the education of children. I hope Mr. Tuer will be supplied with many Welsh horn books.

PRINCE LLYWELYN'S MEMORIAL.—The movement will certainly succeed, as the Marquis of Bute is taking much interest in it.

H. R. D. sends me a long article full of enthusiastic praise of the "philosophy" of Thomas Carlyle, saying that I ought to print the article

because "the Welsh youth, poor imbecilities and dumb potentialities" do not read and admire "the sage of Chelsea." The essay is much more absurd than anything Carlyle ever wrote, and this is saying a great deal. I hope I have other grounds for my dislike for Carlyle than his insolent sneers at Welshmen. Mr. Swinburne once asked Jowett why he disliked Carlyle. "He replied that his enmity was grounded on the belief that no writer had done or was doing so much harm to young men as the preacher of tyranny and the apologist of cruelty."

The fifth volume of "Cambrian Minstrelsie," the new national collection of Welsh songs published by Messrs. Jack of Edinburgh, has made its appearance. It contains, among twenty four others, *Blodau'r Cwm*, *Cwynfan Prydain*, *Distyll y Don*, *Ffanni Blodau'r Ffair*, *Mel Gusan*, and *Ymdaith y Mwnc*. And very pretty the names of most of these airs are.

In the next volume of WALES special attention will be given to local history, to the history of industries, and to the history of education. In the first two numbers there will be illustrated articles on Cardiff, Holyhead, and Pwllheli, by scholars who have made a special study of these towns. In the same numbers there will be profusely illustrated articles on the steel, iron, coal, and tin industries of South Wales. In the numbers of the next volume, it is intended to give an interesting and trustworthy account of the fight for intermediate education in every shire in Wales. The same volume will, it is hoped, by means of powerful articles, help the development of technical education in Wales.

The Rev. W. Glynne Williams, M.A., Headmaster of the Bangor County School,—the old Friars' School,—is preparing an edition of his father Nicander's works. It is the duty of every Welshman who can do so to help Mr. Williams in making the volume as complete as possible.

QUERIES AND REPLIES.

QUERIES.

XIII. RICHARD WILSON.

What are the best authorities on the life of Richard Wilson, and in what estimation is he held by the art critics of these days? OLD MAN.

XIV. CROMWELL.

What connection, if any, had Thomas Cromwell and Oliver Cromwell with Wales? Carlyle seems to me to dismiss the subject rather contemptuously, when he refers to "the little hill beyond Cardiff," which is claimed as the original home of the Cromwell family.

Cardiff.

J. W.

XV. Can Maurice Kyffin's "Blessedness of Britain," be obtained without much difficulty?

ASAPH.

ANSWERS.

8. RADNORSHIRE.—So much interesting matter has been sent me about Radnorshire and its borders, by Mr. Darlington and others, that I hold it over until the next number, hoping to be able to give two or three full pages to it. EDITOR.

3. CATHOLICS.—The Catholic missions of Holywell, Brecon, Carmarthen, Monmouth, and Welsh Bicknor date from the old penal days, and have

had a resident clergy since the early part of the last century. The old mission of Raglan is now continued at Llanarth, the seat of the Herberts. The Catholics of the sturdily "Popish" Darren district of east Monmouthshire were ministered to by itinerant priests, until the Powells of Perthyr established the Franciscan novitiate there, circa 1750. Soon after its removal a church was built for the Darren Catholics at Skenfrith. Many old Catholic gravestones are to be seen clustered round the churchyard crosses of Rockfield and Welsh Newton. My wife, who was a Hughes, is a Monmouth Catholic, and the great grand-daughter of one of the numerous Watkinsons who cherished the ancient faith in many a farmhouse between Abergavenny and Hereford.

Cardiff.

JOHN HOBSON MATTHEWS.

12. SUBSIDIES.—I copy the following from an old record. W. L. Anwyl was high sheriff of Merioneth in 1611 and 1624, he died in 1642. Morris Williams, Hafod Garegog, the successor of Rhys Goch Eryri, was sheriff in 1649, his wife was Lowry, daughter of Morys Prydderch, of Blaen y Pennant, Eifionnydd. Griffith ab Rees was of the family of the Prices of Rhiwlas, near Bala; half of the parish of Llanfrothen belonged to them in 1798, when it was sold.

"MERIONETHSHIRE.—The extracts of the third and last entire subsidy of the three subsidies granted by the Laytye, anno tertio Jacobi nuper Regis anno regis Caroli nunc Angliæ duodecimo, 1636.

Comot Ardudwy.

Llanfrothen and Nanmor.

William Lewis Anwyl, Esquire, in Terr. VI., XXs.

Morris Williams, do. in Terr. XXs. iiis.

Griffith ap Rees, in Terr. XXs. iiis.

The names of the Commissioners.

H. Pryse of Ynys y Maengwyn.

James Pryse, Esgarwydden of Taltreuddyn.

Jo. Davies, D.D. (Mallwyd).

Hugh Nanney, of Nannau."

ALLTUD EIFION.

Tremadoc.

11. A WELSH ARTIST.—Much can be known about Hugh Hughes, the Welsh artist. He has

left a diary, now in the possession of J. H. Davies, Esq., B.A., of Cwrt Mawr. Mr. Davies informs me that Hughes was the "Amicus" who wrote the answer to Judge Johnes' "Causes of Dissent in Wales." Those who knew him said he was careless, in debt, and obstinate. Perhaps his best literary work was the "Hanesion," printed at Carmarthen in 1823.

(Hugh Hughes' diary, and a good number of his sketches, will be found in the second volume of WALES. ED.)

13. WILLIAM JONES.—William Jones, referred to by your correspondent Map, was the father of the celebrated Sir William Jones. He was the son of a small farmer in the parish of Llanfihangel Tre'r Beirdd, Anglesey, where he was born in the year 1680. He displayed early an extraordinary taste for mathematical studies, and he began his career as a teacher of mathematics on board of a man-of-war, and here he obtained the friendship of Lord Anson. When twenty two years of age he published "A New Compendium on the whole Art of Navigation." On the return of the fleet to England he settled in London as teacher of mathematics, and in the year 1706 he published his "Synopsis Palmariorum Matheseos, or New Introduction to the Mathematics," which, like his previous work, displayed his profound knowledge of the sciences. He enjoyed the friendship of the most distinguished men of the day, in science and literature, such as Chief Justice Hardwicke, to whom he acted as secretary, Lord Parker, Sir Isaac Newton, Halley, Mead, and Dr. Johnson. He was elected a member, and afterwards a vice-president, of the Royal Society. He is said to have possessed the best mathematical library in England, which, by a bequest in his will, he left to the Earl of Macclesfield, in whose household he spent the latter part of his life. His death took place July, 1749.

The Bible referred to, of which 15,000 copies were issued, was printed at Cambridge, in the year 1746, by the S.P.C.K., and was edited by Mr. Richard Morris, of the Navy office, brother of Mr. Lewis Morris, who was also a native of the same parish as W. Jones. For further particulars see Lord Teignmouth's Memoirs of Sir William Jones.

GLAN MENAI.

THE WELSH DRAMA.

WALES, September, '94.

"WHY do the poets not hasten the development of the drama in Wales? The drama seems always on the point of appearing, and it never does. Once it begins I venture to prophesy that its development will be wonderful."

These words are of very great interest to the writer of this article. And he will

tell you why. When at school and college he developed a great liking for amateur theatricals. As a comedian he was unusually successful. A learned scholar,—now deservedly one of the best known bishops,—said he "possessed a remarkable talent for acting." So enthusiastic did he become that he determined to adopt the stage as a calling. And directly he

took his degree he went into the matter. He found he would require a large sum to be paid as a premium when joining a respectable company, would have to serve a long term for a nominal salary, and to undergo certain indignities that would render his new life anything but tempting. His aspirations and hopes went to the four winds of heaven. Under the present system the stage is not an outlet for such young men as the Universities turn out. It would be a precarious living for a young man who would have to rely upon, not his pocket, but his brains. The writer fell back upon the profession his gentle mother and dear old Rector had called him to. He is in it now, and steadily doing his duty too. But his heart is on the stage.

During the last five years he has read nearly everything from Euripides and Sophocles down to Oscar Wilde and Arthur Pinero. And to illustrate the extent to which he carries his hobby he will mention one instance out of many. One evening, in the Parish Room, he saw in the *Graphic* a glowing account of "Charlie's Aunt." Next evening he was at the Globe theatre witnessing the antics of the dear old girl. Next morning he was back in his Welsh parish, without anyone being any the wiser as to his little bit of dissipation. His sides ached for some time.

Now, readers, would you like to know what an enthusiast thinks of the Welsh drama. For certain reasons of his own he went this year into all the details of the matter.

The Welsh people have always been, in their relations to the stage, very Puritanical. Many, many, years ago, the stage and most of those connected with it were steeped in vice and immorality,—a characteristic that has now happily all but disappeared. The stage is now as pure as any other similar body of men and women. But, partial as we may be to the stage, we dare not say it is, even now, in that respect, perfect. But is there a church or a chapel we could say so much of? The cause of it being now removed, I believe the Welsh Puritanical spirit of bigotry against the stage is also dying,—may I not even say, dead?

Then there is the language difficulty, as it would affect both the company and

the audience. If you were to collect all the existing Welsh actors and actresses together they would be hardly sufficient in point of number to form a company. But there is no reason, certainly, why an entirely new company should not be trained. It would have to be a duoglot one. The population of Wales is something over two millions,—a little less than half that of London. A very large proportion of the two millions is entirely English, especially in the large centres of population,—Newport, Cardiff, Swansea, &c. The Welsh colonies in the large English towns could hardly be counted upon for purposes of a Welsh drama. The Welsh population of Wales is too small and too scattered to maintain a monoglot Welsh company going all through the year. Only let the company be a duoglot one that could give representations in English as well as Welsh, and it would have all the theatrical world before it,—as well as Wales.

A much more serious difficulty, however, is the non-existence of dramas. True there never has been any demand for them. There have been no rewards, pecuniary or otherwise, to induce men to write. And, possibly, playwrights,—like poets,—are born, not made. There is not at present, to my knowledge, anything that we could seriously designate a drama. Some attempts,—praiseworthy attempts,—have certainly been made, but of quite an amateurish kind. But really this is not an insurmountable difficulty either; for we might get adaptations and translations of all kinds of English and foreign masterpieces.

The Eisteddfod Association goes out of its way to offer a substantial prize, and make all the fuss in the world over a piece of poetry that ninety-five per cent. of Welshmen,—including probably the Eisteddfod Association,—never afterwards see; and, even if they did see it, would not,—any more than yours truly,—understand one half of it. What is a paltry sum of £10 for a drama,—offered at Carnarvon; and three reverend adjudicators, forsooth, who would not have dared to darken the doors of a theatre, unless,—and tell it not in Gath,—on the sly, when up in town.

The Eisteddfod Association must offer a

grand prize, leave the subject open, and give one Eisteddfod night to have the prize drama staged and acted. Before another Eisteddfod came round the whole of Wales would have seen and appreciated it. And the successful author as well as some of the unsuccessful ones would have pocketed good round sums in the shape of acting fees for their dramas.

The last point to mention is the want of theatres, and even of suitable halls in Wales. This difficulty might be got over by taking along with the company a marquee, or, as it would be technically called, a "portable theatre."

Now who wants to form a Welsh Theatrical Company? If it is to be a respectable one and to succeed, the following must be the estimate. It is not a random one, but correct, and based upon details carefully gone into.

Original Cost.

	£
Cost of marquee to hold 1,000	176
" " 150 folding forms	90
" " Stage, scenery, &c.	100
" " 3 vans for travelling	150
" " 6 horses (say £30 each)	180
	<u>£696</u>

Weekly Expenditure.

	£
Salary of 12 actors at £3 each	36
" " 2 harpists at £3 each	6
Wages of 6 baggage men at £1 10s. each	9
Salary and expenses of agent in advance	5
Advertisements	10
Ground for marquee at £1 per night	6
Keep of 6 horses at £1 10s. per day	9
Sundries (say)	4
	<u>£85</u>

TOM JONES.

NIGHT.

(From the Welsh of Teganwy.)

THE sun lies low within his western tomb ;

All nature is attired in mourning deep,

Like some pale widow-queen that, clothed with gloom,

Sits by the grave wherein her lord doth sleep.

Winds moan their dirge ; stars watch the Almighty spread

A sombre raiment o'er the ocean's bed.

Beauteous night ! God's manifestations grand,

Where myriad suns swim in the ethereal sea ;

And stars fresh-lit by the Creator's hand

O'er that celestial deep smile gloriously.

Beacons that burn through all time's period

Guiding, each one, our faltering minds to God !

Nurse of the world that givest peace,

Thy children hush upon thy vast dim breast,

The fiery wheels of commerce make to cease,

And bring with thee the better boon of rest,

While to thy soft sphere-harmonies that unfold

The nightingale doth tune its flute of gold.

Unto halls fast by thy shadowy shore

Comes Mercury leading Venus, snowy fair

As when all mortals did her power adore ;

And Saturn with his golden belts is there ;

And that lone star anchored by God for aye,

To guide the mariner on his mystic way.

Benificent night, that in yon garden sad

Did'st veil my Saviour in his sufferings,

Whose groaning pierced thy heart, His anguish made

A gloom like thine, which even deepening

Closed round his soul till in the cavernous height

Rang forth that cry that haunts thee yet, O night !

Ancient night ! Thou wert ere day was born

At the imperious summons " Let there be ! "

And when the last sun wakes on the last morn

To sink in slumber of Eternity,

Lo ! thou shalt brood as now above his sleep

And o'er his veiled tomb for ever weep.

ENOCH HUGHES.

BY DANIEL OWEN,

Author of *The Autobiography of Rhys Lewis, Gwen Tumor, &c.*

Translated from the Welsh by the HON. CLAUD VIVIAN.

CHAPTER XI.

ON OPPOSITE SIDES OF THE FENCE.

AS has been said, someone knocked at the door of the Cross Shop, which put a stop to Enoch Hughes' soliloquy. In a minute Enoch heard Margaret dragging herself along the lobby, and grumbling. He listened attentively, expecting to hear her laying down the law to Mrs. Bennet, or old Murphy, for bothering after closing time. Instead of this he heard her say "Come in," and then Margaret flung open the office door, in her usual manner, without knocking, and said,—

"Come in, my girl. Master,—oh lawks!—you have been smoking unconscionably; you are sure to kill yourself one of these days. Here's a letter from Captain Trevor, and the girl wants an answer."

It was lucky for Enoch that he had a sprinkling of flour over his face, for, but for that, Margaret and the girl would have been able to see that he turned white the moment Captain Trevor's name was mentioned. With shaking hands Enoch opened the letter and read it. It only contained a few words,—

"Ty'nnyrardd.

"Dear Sir,

If not too late, and if you are not too tired after your numerous duties, and have not company that you can conveniently leave, I should be much obliged to you if you would walk as far as here, as I want to talk to you on a matter of importance to you and me. I shall expect word by the bearer.

Yours truly,

RICHARD TREVOR."

It was with considerable difficulty that Enoch was able to write a line to send back by the bearer, saying that he would come to Ty'nnyrardd in half an hour's time. He had presence of mind enough to think of naming "half an hour," in order to have time to wash and dress himself. Enoch asked Margaret for a candle.

"What does the Captain want with you, master?" asked Margaret, with her usual freedom.

"Business," said Enoch quickly; which word usually acted as a talisman on Margaret. But its

effect this time was not entirely successful, and she said,—

"Business, at this time of night? What business have you got to do now?"

"The Fly Wheel Company has got out of its latitude, and there is something the matter with the bramoke," said Enoch, quite seriously.

Margaret of course had nothing to say against this, and the candle was fetched at once. But Enoch's mind was much disturbed, his heart was beating quickly, and his nerves working like a factory. After washing, he had a great job in putting on his best clothes, and when he tried to put a clean collar round his neck, he thought he never would manage it, so violently did his hands shake. He thought, more than once, that he would have to call Margaret to help him. He succeeded at last, but not before the sweat was oozing out of his forehead like beads. After tidying himself as best he could, he hastened downstairs, and to his surprise the first thing he saw was Margaret with Captain Trevor's note in her hands, thumbing it as if trying to read it, though she didn't know a letter of the alphabet. It would have been a pleasure to Enoch to have given her a box on the ears, but he restrained himself, as he had done hundreds of times before.

"I should like to be a scholar, master, to be able to understand business," said Margaret, unconcernedly putting the note on the table and leaving the room.

"You are enough of a scholar for me, you old bag," said Enoch to himself, putting on his boots.

Before starting out Enoch read Captain Trevor's letter over again, and when he came to the words,—which he had not taken particular notice of before,—"I want to talk to you on a matter of importance to you and me," he blushed to the roots of his hair. What could be the meaning of these words? asked Enoch. Could it be possible that his thoughts about Miss Trevor, through some means he knew nothing of, had become known to the Captain? Enoch felt sure he had not spoken a word about it to any living soul. And yet, he thought, the Captain must have got to know all. Had his face or his conduct betrayed him? Or had someone read his inmost thoughts, and

informed the Captain about them? The Captain himself was a very clever man, and, perhaps, a bit of a thought reader. Was it possible that he had found him out, and that he was inviting him to Ty'nyrardd to rebuke him for his presumption? Had he himself been talking in his sleep, had Margaret heard him, and had she been jabbering about it? And so Enoch went on asking himself a hundred and more questions, the one more silly than the other, and he heartily repented within himself of his promise to go to Ty'nyrardd. He thought of inventing an excuse for breaking his promise, and of sending a note to that effect by Margaret. But he at once remembered that she would not be able to get her boots on, because her feet were in the habit of swelling at nights, and did not come to their natural size till the morning. The half hour was up, and he must either go or stay away. He looked in the small glass he had in the office, and perceived that his face looked lean and white, and would be likely to make the impression on anyone who saw it that its proprietor was not likely to live long. He rubbed his cheeks, summoned all the courage he possessed, and set out for Ty'nyrardd. Enoch hoped that, no matter what else happened, he would not be seen by Miss Trevor that night. He felt that this was the greatest struggle he had ever made, and that his future happiness depended entirely on this his first visit to Ty'nyrardd. Between himself and the post, he had been accustomed to call himself "a weak cat," but he never imagined that he was really like one till this night. When he knocked at the door of Ty'nyrardd he felt his legs giving way under him, and he had to lean against the wall to prevent himself from falling, whilst he was waiting for the door to be opened. He was led into a room, which was called the "smoking room," by Captain Trevor, and it was not displeasing to Enoch to perceive that there was no one there but the Captain and Mr. Denman. Mr. Denman had no doubt been brought there, Enoch thought, as a witness; and he felt that the matter had taken an important aspect in the Captain's mind, and he never in his life was more glad of a chair to sit down in than the one which was handed to him, cheerfully and hospitably, by the Captain himself.

"The Captain," reflected Enoch, "must look favourably on the matter, else he is acting the hypocrite in order to find out the truth."

"I hope, Mr. Hughes," said the Captain, "that you are well, though I must say,—it is not complimentary, I know,—that I have seen you looking better. You work too hard, I am sure. You people who are doing well, I am afraid, take too much out of your bodies. The body must have rest, or the penalty will have to be paid somehow,

you know. You must look, as the saying goes, after number one. Your business, I know, is large, and it is necessary for someone to look after it. But take care, Mr. Hughes. I always say that making money is not everything in this old world, and though it is necessary to have it,"—"He wants to find out how much I am worth," said Enoch to himself),—"we must always remember that there is another world after this, musn't we, Mr. Denman? Whilst it is our duty to make the best we can of the two worlds, we must take care of the body, as I have said, and not fall, when the sun is shining smilingly on us, into an untimely grave. I think, Mr. Hughes,—forgive my boldness,—that that is your danger. The world is smiling on you,"—"He is trying to pump me," thought Enoch),—"but remember that your nature will only stand a certain amount of weight, and if you put too much strain on the machinery it is sure to break."

"I have—have—have hurried—a little,—because I didn't—want—to keep you, Captain Trevor,—waiting for me. To tell—the truth—I have—lost my breath—blown—as they say—and I am not—a Samson style of a man," said Enoch, with difficulty.

"You were foolish, Mr. Hughes," said the Captain, "for half an hour is neither here nor there at this time of night. There was no need for you to hurry in the least; indeed it was I who ought really to have gone to you, Mr. Hughes; for the matter about which I wish to talk to you has more to do with me,—at my time of life,—than with you. Next spring, please God, I shall,—well, a man of my age ought to know a thing or two; his mind is made up, and no small thing will turn it."—"It is looking very black for me," whispered Enoch in his heart).

"The matter, Mr. Hughes," repeated the Captain, "that I want to talk to you seriously about, is one very near my heart, as Mr. Denman knows. It is, so to speak, my only child, and whatever your determination about it may be, I am not going to let go of it."—"It's all up with me," thought Enoch).—Mr. Denman is, as you know, a father of children, and he must, as I must, take the future and the comfort of his family into consideration, and he is of exactly the same opinion as I am about this subject. The matter I want to speak to you about, Mr. Hughes, is not a new thing to me; it is not a thing of yesterday or the day before."—"That's true enough," thought Enoch, "but how in the world did he get to know of it?"—"No, I have lost many a night's sleep in consequence of it, although I have never hinted a word about it up to the present even to Mrs. Trevor, to whom I ought to have made it known

first of all, for she is as much connected with it as I am myself, so far as the comfort of the family is in question. But you know, Mr. Hughes, though you are an old bachelor,—I beg your pardon, you are not an old bachelor yet, nor intend to be one, I should think,—but, though you are unmarried, you know women don't look at things in the same way as men do. Women look at things through their hearts,—everything is sentiment,—but we men have to look at things through the eye of common sense. 'How do I feel about it?' is what a woman asks; but 'How ought it to be?' is what a man asks."—"I should like him to come to the point and have done with it," said Enoch in his bosom).—"But what I was saying is that the matter I want to talk to you about is not a new matter to me, and Mr. Denman is the only man that I have mentioned a word about it to,—is it not so, Mr. Denman?"

"Yes," said Mr. Denman, "and I must say the Captain is a very sharp man. I could scarcely believe the thing at first, but the Captain is serious and determined with regard to the matter, and I advised him to send for you here to-night. I thought it was better to see you on the matter, Mr. Hughes, than to write a letter to you."

"Just so," said the Captain, "we both agreed that it was better for us to come face to face, so as to get a proper understanding on the point. It may be indeed, Mr. Hughes, and doubtlessly it will be necessary for us,—even if you fall in with our project,—to have some one else in, such as Mr. Lloyd, the attorney, in this business, though we wish to narrow it to the smallest possible limit."—"He means the marriage settlement, I expect," said Enoch in his bosom, and his heart beat more quickly).—"I have, with some little craftiness," continued the Captain, "already secured the 'virgin ground,' as the saying goes."—"Thanks, if she is agreeable, but I am just fainting," said Enoch in himself).—"but the question is will you, Mr. Hughes, be willing to join in the venture, that is, if I succeed in showing you the advantage of the thing?"

Enoch was just about to say,—"I'm sure I shall be willing," when the Captain continued,—"I am afraid, Mr. Hughes, that you don't feel well; your looks show so, clearly. Come here, sir, and lie down on the sofa for a minute. You have over-worked yourself, and your digestion, perhaps, is out of order. Lie down, Mr. Hughes, I will get something to restore you."

Enoch felt himself quite powerless, and obeyed the Captain's invitation. Though he was furious with himself for being such a "weak cat," he felt sure that he was going to faint. The Captain opened the door of the room and shouted loudly,—

"Susie, bring a little brandy here at once."

"No, no," said Enoch, for he had not fainted, "I shall be all right directly."

"You must take something, Mr. Hughes, to restore yourself. You have over-worked yourself," said the Captain.

Thinking that it was for her father that the brandy was wanted, Susie came hastily into the room with the usual quantum, which, to say the least, was "stiff." Susie was much astonished when she saw Enoch Hughes lying on the sofa, with his face as white as chalk, and her heart was stirred,—for even Miss Trevor had a heart,—and she said tenderly,—

"Oh, dear Mr. Hughes, you are ill! Oh, I am sorry, really I am. Take this, dear Mr. Hughes, do," and she put her arm round his neck to help him to raise his head.

Enoch had been a teetotaler from birth, but how could he refuse? His hand shook so much that he could not hold the glass steady, and Susie took the glass in her own hand, and placed it to his lips. The spirit was so hot, and Enoch so utterly unaccustomed to it, that tears sprang to his eyes when he swallowed it.

"Don't cry, dear Mr. Hughes, you will soon be better. Come, take it all," said Susie, either kindly, or perhaps to make fun of him.

And take it he did; and if the contents of the glass had been deadly poison, and he had known it, he could not have refused it from that fair and tender hand.

"Lie down, now, dear Mr. Hughes, and you will be better in a minute," said Miss Trevor.

"Thank you," said Enoch, falteringly. All at once he felt extremely happy all over. After a few minutes he felt desirous to sing a song, and half expected someone to ask him to do so, and he began to suck his memory as to which song he knew best, and he fixed on "Y Deryn du Pigfelyn" if he was asked. As no one asked him to sing, he did not think it correct to offer to do so on his own account. After a long pause, a sort of stupor came over him, but he was afraid to close his eyes lest he should go to sleep, for he remembered that he was a snorer, and he would not, for a thousand pounds, have had Susie know that he belonged to that class of animals. At one time he thought that he was in a fever, and at another that he was dreaming. But he could not be dreaming, for he was quite certain that Susie, Captain Trevor, and Mr. Denman were looking at him. At times they seemed far away from him, and very small, at another time alongside of him,—painfully near,—more especially the Captain and Mr. Denman. He felt desirous of speaking to Susie, and of telling his whole mind to her, and he knew he

could have done this quite fearlessly and confidently, if it had not been that he saw her father and Mr. Denman before his eyes. He was perfectly confident in his mind that he was on good terms with everybody in the world, and that he could make an *ex tempore* speech on any subject. For how long he was like this he never could find out, and he did not like to recall the circumstance to mind. He was carefully watched by the Captain, Susie, and Mr. Denman, and when they saw signs that he was coming to himself the Captain said,—

"How do you feel now, Mr. Hughes?"

"All right," said Enoch.

"I knew," said the Captain, "that a drop would do you good. Well, as it has done Mr. Hughes good, Susie, why shouldn't it do me good? And when you have brought it me, Susie, you can go, and leave us to finish our business,—that is, if Mr. Hughes feels ready to go on."

"Certainly," said Enoch, vivaciously, "I am ready to enter into any reasonable arrangement, and I promise you, Captain Trevor, when I come into nearer relationship with you, if ever I do, that you shall not have the trouble with me that you have had to-night. I never felt like it before. Usually I am a strong enough man, and work as hard as anyone almost, but I couldn't help somehow"—

"That's your fault, Mr. Hughes," said the Captain, before Enoch finished the sentence. "You work too hard, and that's why a man like you ought to—(thank you, Susie, you can go now)—yes, that's why a man like you ought to have someone to share in your load and cares, and to look after your comforts. That is your great want, Mr. Hughes, and if you would only fill up that want you would be a happy man. What would have become of me, sir, if it had not been for Mrs. Trevor? I should have been in my grave many a day ago. Pardon me, Mr. Hughes, but a man who has reached his,—well, say my age,—ought to be a bit of a philosopher. I don't see any object or aim worthy of a man in a single life. You know, Mr. Hughes,—for you are, like myself, one who has read a lot,—when a man simply

thinks of himself in his search for happiness he always fails to get it; but when he directs his endeavours towards making others happy, then he gains his own happiness. For example,—for there's nothing better than an example,—if I had made my own happiness the chief aim of my life, and if Mrs. Trevor had done the same, we should both of us have been bound to have failed. But, as the great aim of Mrs. Trevor's and of my life has been for each to make the other happy, we have gained our happiness together. And this is entirely in accordance with the teaching of our Lord on self denial, no matter how loth the world is to believe such teaching. Is it not so, Mr. Denman?"

"I never heard anyone put the thing more neatly. You are a sharp'un, Captain," said Mr. Denman, though he had for some time been thinking of the sort of reception he would get from Mrs. Denman when he got home.

"No," said the Captain, "it is not necessary for a man to be a sharp one to discover such a truth as that, and I very much expect that Mr. Hughes will have gained experience in the matter before many more months."—"He is hurrying on the wedding; but the sooner the better so far as I am concerned," said Enoch to himself).—"But it is time for me to come to the point," continued the Captain.

"Yes," said Enoch, "and I am quite ready. The sooner we come to an understanding with each other the better."

"Well," said the Captain, "I have been beating about the bush for a good long time before coming to the point,—("Dreadfully so," said Enoch in his breast),—"but I should have come to it before if it had not been,—well, there is no need to talk of that again. But this is the point, Mr. Hughes."—(Enoch held his breath).—"You know,—no one knows better except Mr. Denman and myself, perhaps,—that Pwllgwynt mine has been, and still is, a great support to the neighbourhood in which Providence has thought fit to let your and my lines fall. And, perhaps,"—and here the Captain allowed himself to fall a-talking.

END VOL. I.

WREXHAM :

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY HUGHES AND SON, 56, HOPE STREET.

**For those who desire
To LEARN WELSH.**

Ab Owen's Publications.

Welsh Classics.

HANES Y FFYDD YNG NGHYMRU
(History of the Faith in Wales.)

By Charles Edwards. Three Pence.

DINISTR JERUSALEM (Destruction of
Jerusalem.)—Illustrated.

By Eben Fardd. Three Pence.



LUD'S CAVES. (From Hanes Cymru.)

HANES CYMRU (History of Wales.)
One Penny.)

PLANT Y BEIRDD (Poet's Children.)
One Penny.

HANES JOHN PENRI. Three Pence.

CANEUON MOELWYN. One Shilling.

PENHILLION TELYN. First Series.
One Shilling.

To be obtained from Hughes and Son,
56, Hope Street, Wrexham.

Relief from Cough in Ten Minutes

HAYMAN'S Balsam of Horehound

For INFLUENZA, COUGH, COLD, &c.

"NEVER KNOWN IT FAIL to give relief."

Mr. Eli Bousher, Fenn Cottage, Lamborne.

"FIND IT INVALUABLE for bad Coughs and Colds."

Mrs. Eason, London Road, Steaford.

PREPARED ONLY BY—

A. HAYMAN & Co., London, E.C.

Sold everywhere, Price 1/1½ and 2/9.

Y LLENOR.

**A NEW WELSH
ILLUSTRATED
QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.**

EDITED BY

O. M. EDWARDS, M.A.

96 pp.

Price ONE SHILLING.

Articles by

WELL KNOWN WRITERS.

Illustrated by

The BEST ARTISTS.

Printed on

EXCELLENT PAPER.

As to its Aims, &c., see Prospectus, to be
had at all Booksellers.

As a Large Demand is anticipated for the

FIRST NUMBER

(Ready End of December)

Intending Subscribers should Order Early
through a Bookseller or from the

Publishers: Hughes & Son,

56, Hope Street, WREXHAM.

TIME TESTED TEA.

Pure Indian Souchong

(PRIZE MEDAL LIVERPOOL EXHIBITION)

At 1/7 per lb.

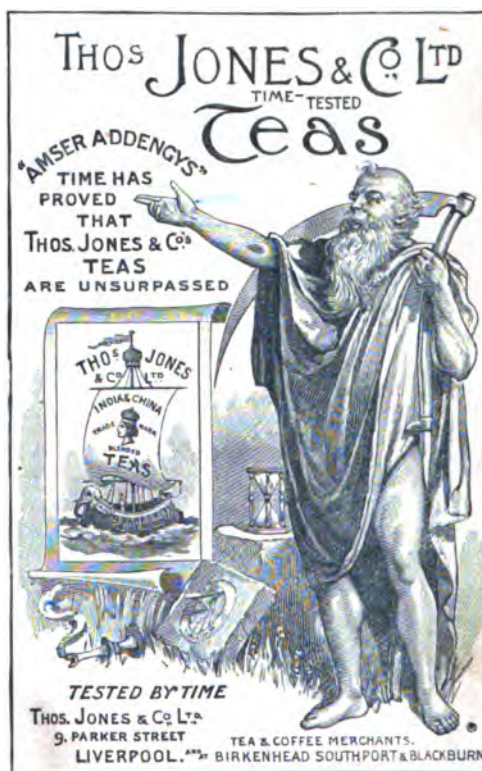


Superior
Blended

TEA

At 2/- per lb.

Specially
recommended



Choice
"Afternoon"

TEA

At 2/6 per lb.

rich delicate
flavour



Samples and Price List on application.

THOS. JONES & CO., LTD.
Tea and Coffee Importers,
9, PARKER STREET,
LIVERPOOL.

All Advertisements for this Magazine to be sent to MR. THOMAS SANDERS,
Advertising Agent, 11, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

TIME TESTED TEA.

Pure Indian Souchong

(PRIZE MEDAL LIVERPOOL EXHIBITION)

At 1/7 per lb.



Superior
Blended

TEA

At 2/- per lb.

Specially
recommended



Choice
“Afternoon”

TEA

At 2/6 per lb.

rich delicate
flavour



Samples and Price List on application.

THOS. JONES & CO., LTD.
Tea and Coffee Importers,
9, PARKER STREET,
LIVERPOOL.

This book should be returned to
the Library on or before the last date
stamped below.

A fine is incurred by retaining it
beyond the specified time.

Please return promptly.

JAN 2 1950 H

184 180

CANCELLED